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FROM THE ESTATE  
OF  
ABRAM H. WINTERSTEEN '78





William Shakespeare

THE

# Stratford Shakspeare.

1678/12

EDITED BY

CHARLES KNIGHT.

"In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,  
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,  
To Him the mighty mother did unveil  
Her awful face."

GRAY.

VOL. VI.

## TRAGEDIES.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

HAMLET.

KING LEAR.

OTHELLO.

PERICLES.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

NEW YORK:

D. APPLETON AND CO., BROADWAY.

1876.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3.

PARIS, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5.  
Act V. sc. 3.

MONTAGUE, *head of a house, at variance with the house of Capulet.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3.

CAPULET, *head of a house, at variance with the house of Montague.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5.  
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3.

An old Man, *uncle to Capulet.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 5.

ROMEO, *son to Montague.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5.

Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

MERCUTIO, *kinsman to the Prince and friend to Romeo.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

BENVOLIO, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4.  
Act III. sc. 1.

TYBALT, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1.

FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 3; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5.  
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

FRIAR JOHN, *a Franciscan.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 2.

BALTHASAR, *servant to Romeo.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

SAMPSON, *servant to Capulet.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

GREGORY, *servant to Capulet.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

ABRAM, *servant to Montague.*

1945-11

An Apothecary.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 1.

Three Musicians.

*Appear*, Act IV. sc. 5.

Chorus.

*Appears*, Act I.

Boy.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1.

Page to Paris.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 3.

PETER.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 5.

An Officer.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1.

LADY MONTAGUE, *wife to Montague*.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.

LADY CAPULET, *wife to Capulet*.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 4; sc. 5.

Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3.

JULIET, *daughter to Capulet*.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 6.

Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

Nurse to Juliet.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5.

Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.

*Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses;  
Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—DURING THE GREATER PART OF THE PLAY, IN VERONA; ONCE (IN  
THE FIFTH ACT) AT MANTUA.

'Romeo and Juliet' was first printed in the year 1597. The second edition was printed in 1599. The title of that edition declares it to be

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

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## PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows  
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
The which if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

---

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.*

SAM. Gregory, o' my word, we 'll not carry coals.

GREG. No, for then we should be colliers.

SAM. I mean, if we be in choler, we 'll draw.

GREG. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

SAM. I strike quickly, being moved.

GREG. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAM. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GRE. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

SAM. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GRE. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

SAM. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

GRE. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

SAM. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

GRE. The heads of the maids?

SAM. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

GRE. They must take it sense, that feel it.

SAM. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GRE. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes of the house of the Montagues.

*Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.*

SAM. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

GRE. How? turn thy back, and run?

SAM. Fear me not.

GRE. No, marry: I fear thee!

SAM. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

GRE. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

SAM. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

ABR. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAM. I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABR. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAM. Is the law of our side, if I say—ay?

GRE. No.

SAM. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

GRE. Do you quarrel, sir?

ABR. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

SAM. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

ABR. No better.

SAM. Well, sir.

*Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.*

GRE. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

SAM. Yes, better.

ABR. You lie.

SAM. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy *violent = swashing* blow. *[They fight.]*

*see 5 lines 16*  
*the 2nd 2:42-44*  
BEN. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. *[Beats down their swords.]*

*Enter TYBALT.*

TYB. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BEN. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYB. What, draw, and talk of peace? I hate the word, As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward. *[They fight.]*

*Enter several partisans of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs.*

1 CIT. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down! Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

*Enter CAPULET, in his gown; and LADY CAPULET.*

CAP. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

LA. CAP. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

CAP. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.*

MON. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

LA. MON. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

*Enter PRINCE, with Attendants.*

PRIN. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—  
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,—  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins!  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.  
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;  
And made Verona's ancient citizens  
Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments,  
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,  
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:  
If ever you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
For this time, all the rest depart away:  
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;  
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
To know our farther<sup>e</sup> pleasure in this case,  
To old Frec-town, our common judgment-place.  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*[Exeunt PRINCE and Attendants; CAPULET, LADY CAPULET,  
TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.]*

MON. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?—  
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

BEN. Here were the servants of your adversary,  
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:  
I drew to part them; in the instant came  
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;  
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,  
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,  
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,  
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,  
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

LA. MON. O, where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?  
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

BEN. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun  
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,  
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;  
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore,  
That westward rooteth from this city's side,  
So early walking did I see your son:  
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,  
And stole into the covert of the wood:

I, measuring his affections by my own,—

(That most are busied when they are most alone,—)  
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,  
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

MON. Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,  
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:  
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
Should in the farthest east begin to draw  
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
And private in his chamber pens himself;  
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,  
And makes himself an artificial night:  
Black and portentous must this humour prove,  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BEN. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MON. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

BEN. Have you importun'd him by any means?

MON. Both by myself, and many others, friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—  
But to himself so secret and so close,  
So far from sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

*Enter ROMEO, at a distance.*

BEN. See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;  
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

MON. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

*[Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.]*

BEN. Good morrow, cousin.

ROM. Is the day so young?

BEN. But new struck nine.

ROM. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BEN. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROM. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

BEN. In love?

ROM. Out—

BEN. Of love?

ROM. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

BEN. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROM. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O anything, of nothing first created!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

BEN. No, coz, I rather weep.

ROM. Good heart, at what?

BEN. At thy good heart's oppression.

ROM. Why, such is love's transgression.—

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd  
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,  
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;  
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with loving tears:  
What is it else? a madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.  
Farewell, my coz.

[Going.

BEN. Soft, I will go along;  
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROM. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;  
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

BEN. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

ROM. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

BEN. Groan? why, no;

But sadly tell me, who.

ROM. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—

Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BEN. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

ROM. A right good marksman!—And she's fair I love.

BEN. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROM. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;

And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

O, she is rich in beauty; only poor

That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

BEN. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROM. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

BEN. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

ROM. O teach me how I should forget to think.

BEN. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;

Examine other beauties.

ROM. 'T is the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more:

These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;

He that is stricken blind, cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:

Show me a mistress that is passing fair,

What doth her beauty serve, but as a note

Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

BEN. I 'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

*Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.*

CAP. And Montague is bound as well as I,

In penalty alike; and 't is not hard, I think,

For men so old as we to keep the peace.

PAR. Of honourable reckoning are you both;

And pity 't is, you liv'd at odds so long.

But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAP. But saying o'er what I have said before.

My child is yet a stranger in the world,

She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;

Let two more summers wither in their pride,

Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride:

PAR. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAP. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.

Earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,

She is the hopeful lady of my earth:

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,

My will to her consent is but a part;

An she agree, within her scope of choice

Lies my consent and fair according voice.

This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,

Whereto I have invited many a guest,

Such as I love; and you, among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
At my poor house, look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:  
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel  
When well-apparell'd April on the heel  
Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
Among fresh female buds shall you this night  
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,  
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:  
Which on more view of many, mine, being one,  
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.  
Come, go with me;—Go, sirrah, trudge about  
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,  
Whose names are written there [*gives a paper*], and to them  
say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.*]

SERV. Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

*Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.*

BEN. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,  
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;  
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;  
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:  
Take thou some new infection to the eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.

ROM. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

BEN. For what, I pray thee?

ROM. For your broken shin.

BEN. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROM. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:  
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good e'en, good fellow.

SERV. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?

ROM. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERV. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:

But, I pray, can you read anything you see?

ROM. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

SERV. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

ROM. Stay, fellow: I can read.

[*Reads.*]

"Signor Martino, and his wife and daughter; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvius; Signor Placentio, and his lovely nieces: Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signor Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena."

A fair assembly [*gives back the note*]; Whither should they come?

SERV. Up.

ROM. Whither to supper?

SERV. To our house.

ROM. Whose house?

SERV. My master's.

ROM. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

SERV. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit.*]

BEN. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's

Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;

With all the admired beauties of Verona:

Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROM. When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!

And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun

Ne'er saw her match, since first the world began.

BEN. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,  
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:

But in that crystal scales, let there be weigh'd  
Your lady's love against some other maid  
That I will show you, shining at this feast,  
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

ROM. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,  
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exeunt

SCENE III.—A Room in Capulet's House.

*Enter* LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

LA. CAP. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth  
to me.

NURSE. Now by my maidenhead,—at twelve year old,—  
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, ladybird!—  
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

*Enter* JULIET.

JUL. How now, who calls?

NURSE. Your mother.

JUL. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

LA. CAP. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave a while,  
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;  
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.  
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LA. CAP. She's not fourteen.

NURSE. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,

And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—

She is not fourteen.—How long is it now

*August 15th* To Lammas-tide?

LA. CAP. A fortnight, and odd days.

NURSE. Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.  
Susan and she,—God rest all christian souls!—  
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;  
She was too good for me: But, as I said,  
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;  
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.  
'T is since the earthquake now eleven years;

And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—  
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day:  
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,  
 Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,  
 My lord and you were then at Mantua:—  
 Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,  
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple  
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!  
 To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.  
 Shake, quoth the dove-house: 't was no need, I trow,  
 To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years:  
 For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,  
 She could have run and waddled all about.  
 For even the day before, she broke her brow:  
 And then my husband—God be with his soul!  
 'A was a merry man!—took up the child:  
 Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?  
 Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;  
 Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy dam,  
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said—Ay:  
 To see now, how a jest shall come about!  
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,  
 I never should forget it; Wilt thou not, Jule? quoth he:  
 And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—Ay.

LA. CAP. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

NURSE. Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose but laugh,  
 To think it should leave crying, and say—Ay:  
 And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow  
 A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;  
 A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly.  
 Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face?  
 Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;  
 Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—Ay.

*stopped*

JUL. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

NURSE. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!  
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:  
 An I might live to see thee married once,  
 I have my wish.

LA. CAP. Marry, that marry is the very theme  
 I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married?

JUL. It is an honour that I dream not of.

NURSE. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,  
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

LA. CAP. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,  
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
Are made already mothers: by my count,  
I was a mother much upon these years  
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—  
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,  
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

LA. CAP. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

LA. CAP. What say you? can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:  
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;  
Examine every several lineament,  
And see how one another lends content;  
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,  
Find written in the margin of his eyes.  
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:  
The fish lives in the sea; and 't is much pride,  
For fair without the fair within to hide:  
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;  
So shall you share all that he doth possess,  
By having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men

LA. CAP. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JUL. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:  
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,  
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you  
called. my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the

pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait;  
I beseech you, follow straight.

LA. CAP. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

NURSE. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with Five or Six Maskers,  
Torchbearers, and others.*

ROM. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse;  
Or shall we on without apology?

BEN. The date is out of such prolixity:  
We 'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,  
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,  
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;  
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke  
After the prompter, for our entrance:  
But, let them measure us by what they will,  
We 'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

ROM. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;  
Being but heavy I will bear the light.

MER. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROM. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,  
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,  
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

MER. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,  
And soar with them above a common bound.

ROM. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,  
To soar with his light feathers; and to bound—  
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:  
Under love's heavy burthen do I sink.

MER. And, to sink in it, should you burthen love:  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROM. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,  
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

MER. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—  
Give me a case to put my visage in: [*Putting on a mask*]  
A visor for a visor!—what care I,

What curious eye doth quote deformities?  
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

BEN. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,  
But every man betake him to his legs.

ROM. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,  
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;  
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—  
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—  
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

MER. Tut! dun 's the mouse, the constable's own word:  
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire  
Of this, sir reverence, love, wherein thou stick'st  
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight, ho.

ROM. Nay, that 's not so.

MER. I mean, sir, in delay  
We waste our lights in vain, lights, lights, by day.  
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits  
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

ROM. And we mean well in going to this mask;  
But 't is no wit to go.

MER. Why, may one ask?

ROM. I dreamt a dream to-night.

MER. And so did I.

ROM. Well, what was yours?

MER. That dreamers often lie.

ROM. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

MER. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:  
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,  
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers;  
Her traces of the smallest spider's web;  
Her collars of the moonshine's watery beams;

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:  
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;  
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.  
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:  
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,  
Then dreams he of another benefice:  
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon  
Drums in his ears; at which he starts, and wakes;  
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,  
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  
That plats the manes of horses in the night;  
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,  
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.  
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,  
Making them women of good carriage.  
This is she—

ROM. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace,  
Thou talk'st of nothing.

MER. True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;  
Which is as thin of substance as the air;  
And more inconstant than the wind who woos  
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

BEN. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

ROM. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives  
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,  
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
With this night's revels; and expire the term  
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,  
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:  
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,  
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

BEN. Strike drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Hall in Capulet's House.*

*Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.*

1 SERV. Where 's Potpan, that he helps not to take away?  
he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 SERV. When good manners shall lie all in one or two  
men's hands, and they unwashed too, 't is a foul thing.

1 SERV. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court  
cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of  
*a kind of cake* = marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in  
Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 SERV. Ay, boy; ready.

1 SERV. You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and  
sought for, in the great chamber.

2 SERV. We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly,  
boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*]

*Enter CAPULET, &c., with the Guests, and the Maskers.*

CAP. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes  
Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with you:—  
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all  
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,  
I 'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near ye now?  
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,  
That I have worn a visor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,  
Such as would please; 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone:  
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.  
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

*[Music plays, and they dance.]*

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,  
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—  
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.  
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;  
For you and I are past our dancing days:  
How long is 't now, since last yourself and I  
Were in a mask?

2 CAP. By 'r lady, thirty years.

1 CAP. What, man! 't is not so much, 't is not so much:  
'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,  
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,  
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 CAP. 'T is more, 't is more: his son is elder, sir;  
His son is thirty.

1 CAP. Will you tell me that?  
His son was but a ward two years ago.

ROM. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand  
Of yonder knight?

SERV. I know not, sir.

ROM. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night  
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!  
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,  
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.  
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,  
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.  
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!  
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYB. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—  
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What? dares the slave  
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,  
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?  
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,  
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 CAP. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?

TYB. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;  
A villain, that is hither come in spite,  
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 CAP. Young Romeo is 't?

TYB. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

1 CAP. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,  
He bears him like a portly gentleman;  
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,  
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:  
I would not for the wealth of all the town,  
Here in my house, do him disparagement:  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,  
It is my will; the which if thou respect,  
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,  
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYB. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;  
I'll not endure him.

1 CAP. He shall be endur'd.  
What, Goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—Go to;—  
Am I the master here, or you? go to.  
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—  
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!  
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

TYB. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

1 CAP. Go to, go to,  
You are a saucy boy:—Is 't so indeed?  
This trick may chance to scath you;—I know what.  
You must contrary me!—marry, 't is time—  
Well said, my hearts!—You are a prince; go:— = a cock-crow.  
Be quiet, or—More light, more light.—For shame!—  
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

TYB. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.  
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,  
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[Exit.

ROM. If I profane with my unworthiest hand [To JULIET.

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,—

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JUL. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,  
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,  
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

ROM. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JUL. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROM. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;  
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JUL. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

ROM. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take.  
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd. [*Kissing her*]

JUL. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROM. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!  
Give me my sin again.

JUL. You kiss by the book.

NURSE. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

ROM. What is her mother?

NURSE. Marry, bachelor,  
Her mother is the lady of the house,  
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:  
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;  
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,  
Shall have the chinks.

ROM. Is she a Capulet?  
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

BEN. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

ROM. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1 CAP. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;  
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—

More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah [*To 2 CAP.*], by my fay, it waxes late; *See Appendix P 214.*  
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.*]

JUL. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?

NURSE. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JUL. What's he, that now is going out of door?

NURSE. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

JUL. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

NURSE. I know not.

JUL. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,  
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;  
The only son of your great enemy.

JUL. My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!  
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
That I must love a loathed enemy.

NURSE. What 's this? What 's this?

JUL. A rhyme I learn'd even now  
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within "Juliet."*]

NURSE. Anon, anon:—  
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CHORUS.*

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,  
And young affection gapes to be his heir;  
That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,  
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.  
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,  
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;  
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,  
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:  
Being held a foe, he may not have access  
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;  
And she as much in love, her means much less  
To meet her new-beloved anywhere:  
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,  
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*]

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open Place adjoining Capulet's Garden.*

*Enter ROMEO.*

ROM. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?  
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it*]  
VOL. VI.

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

BEN. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

MER. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

BEN. He ran this way, and leapt this orchard wall:  
Call, good Mercutio.

MER. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied.

Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but love and dove;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,

Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim,

When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

BEN. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

MER. This cannot anger him: 't would anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand

Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;

That were some spite: my invocation

Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,

I conjure only but to raise up him.

BEN. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night:

Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

MER. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark

Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,

And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,

BEN. Go, then; for 't is in vain  
To seek him here, that means not to be found. [Exeunt

## SCENE II.—Capulet's Garden.

X<sup>1</sup>*Enter ROMEO.*

ROM. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—  
[JULIET appears above, at a window

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady: O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

JUL. Ah me!

ROM. She speaks:—

O speak again, bright angel! for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes

Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JUL. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?  
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROM. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*]

JUL. 'T is but thy name that is my enemy;—  
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.  
What's Montague? it is nor hand nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,  
By any other name would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,  
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;  
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

ROM. I take thee at thy word:  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JUL. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,  
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROM. By a name  
I know not how to tell thee who I am;  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
Because it is an enemy to thee;  
Had I it written I would tear the word.

JUL. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words  
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound;  
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROM. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

JUL. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?  
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb;  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROM. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls:  
For stony limits cannot hold love out:  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

JUL. If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

ROM. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,  
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity.

JUL. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROM. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;  
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:  
My life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

JUL. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROM. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;  
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.  
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far  
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise.

JUL. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke. But farewell compliment!  
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;  
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;  
And therefore thou mayst think my behaviour light:  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,  
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROM. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

JUL. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon

That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROM. What shall I swear by?

JUL. Do not swear at all;  
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

ROM. If my heart's dear love—

JUL. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract to-night:  
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,  
Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!  
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest  
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

ROM. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied!

JUL. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

ROM. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JUL. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:  
And yet I would it were to give again.

ROM. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

JUL. But to be frank, and give it thee again.  
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:  
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite. [*Nurse calls within*  
I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!  
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.  
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit*

ROM. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,  
Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

JUL. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.  
If that thy bent of love be honourable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;  
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,  
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

NURSE. [*Within.*] Madam.

JUL. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,  
I do beseech thee—

NURSE. [*Within.*] Madam.

JUL. By and by, I come:—  
To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief!  
To-morrow will I send.

ROM. So thrive my soul,—

JUL. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*]

ROM. A thousand times the worse to want thy light—  
( Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books;  
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[*Retiring slowly*]

X v

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

JUL. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,  
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!  
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;  
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,  
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine  
With repetition of my Romeo.

ROM. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:  
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears!

JUL. Romeo.

ROM. My—

NURSE. [*Within.*] Madam.

JUL. What o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

ROM. By the hour of nine.

JUL. I will not fail; 't is twenty years till then.  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROM. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JUL. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

ROM. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

JUL. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:  
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;  
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROM. I would I were thy bird.

JUL. Sweet, so would I:  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
( Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow, )  
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow. *[Exit.]*

ROM. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—  
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell;  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket.*

FRI. The gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;  
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels  
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,  
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,  
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.  
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;  
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:  
And from her womb children of divers kind  
We sucking on her natural bosom find:  
Many for many virtues excellent,  
None but for some, and yet all different.  
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies  
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities:  
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,  
But to the earth some special good doth give;  
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;  
And vice sometime 's by action dignified.  
Within the infant rind of this weak flower  
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;  
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
In man as well as herbs,—grace, and rude will;  
And, where the worser is predominant,  
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

*Enter ROMEO.*

ROM. Good morrow, father!

FRI. *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?  
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:  
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;  
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain  
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:  
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,  
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature,  
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

ROM. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

FRI. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

ROM. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;  
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

FRI. That's my good son: but where hast thou been then?

ROM. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.  
I have been feasting with mine enemy;  
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,  
That's by me wounded; both our remedies  
Within thy help and holy physic lies;  
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,  
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

FRI. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;  
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

ROM. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set  
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;  
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine  
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,  
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,  
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

FRI. Holy saint Francis! what a change is here!  
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,  
( So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies )  
( Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. )  
*Jesu Maria!* what a deal of brine  
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
How much salt water thrown away in waste,  
To season love, that of it doth not taste!  
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,  
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;  
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:  
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,  
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;  
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then—  
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men. }

ROM. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline

FRI. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROM. And bad'st me bury love.

FRI. Not in a grave

To lay one in, another out to have.

ROM. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,  
Doth grace for grace, and love for love, allow;  
The other did not so.

FRI. O, she knew well,

SCENE IV.—*A Street.**Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

MER. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—  
Came he not home to-night?

BEN. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

MER. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that  
Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

BEN. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,  
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

MER. A challenge, on my life.

BEN. Romeo will answer it.

MER. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

BEN. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares,  
being dared.

MER. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with  
a white wench's black eye! run thorough the ear with a love-  
song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-  
boy's butt-shaft; And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

BEN. Why, what is Tybalt?

MER. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is  
the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you  
sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests  
me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom:  
the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a  
gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second  
cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the puncto reverso! the  
hay!

BEN. The what?

MER. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes;  
these new tuners of accents!—By Jesu, a very good blade!—  
a very tall man!—a very good whore!—Why, is not this a  
lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted  
with these strange flies, these fashionmongers, these *pardon-*  
*mes*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot  
sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

*Enter ROMEO.*

BEN. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MER. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbé, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

ROM. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

MER. The slip, sir, the slip; Can you not conceive?

ROM. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

MER. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

ROM. Meaning—to court'sy.

MER. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROM. A most courteous exposition.

MER. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROM. Pink for flower.

MER. Right.

ROM. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

MER. Sure wit. Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, sole singular.

ROM. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

MER. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

ROM. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

MER. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

ROM. Thou wast never with me for anything, when thou wast not there for the goose.

MER. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

ROM. Nay, good goose, bite not.

MER. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

ROM. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

MER. O, here's a wit of cheverel that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

ROM. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

MER. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

BEN. Stop there, stop there.

MER. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

BEN. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

MER. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

ROM. Here's goodly gear!

*Enter NURSE and PETER.*

MER. A sail, a sail, a sail!

BEN. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

NURSE. Peter!

PET. Anon?

NURSE. My fan, Peter.

MER. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

NURSE. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MER. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE. Is it good den?

MER. 'T is no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

NURSE. Out upon you! what a man are you?

ROM. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

NURSE. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth 'a!—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

ROM. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

NURSE. You say well.

MER. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

NURSE. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

BEN. She will indict him to some supper.

MER. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

ROM. What hast thou found?

MER. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,  
And an old hare hoar,  
Is very good meat in Lent:  
But a hare that is hoar  
Is too much for a score,  
When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

ROM. I will follow you.

MER. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

NURSE. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

ROM. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

NURSE. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure!

PET. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

*P. "Y. imperfect"; 2. 1.*

NURSE. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

ROM. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

NURSE. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

ROM. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

NURSE. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

ROM. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Laurence's cell Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

NURSE. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

ROM. Go to; I say, you shall.

NURSE. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

ROM. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall: Within this hour my man shall be with thee; And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair: Which to the high top-gallant of my joy Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quite thy pains.

Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

ROM. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

NURSE. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

ROM. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

NURSE. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord!—when 't was a little prating thing,—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see

\* One of "Poor Richard's" aphorisms was,  
"Three may keep a secret, if two of them  
are dead."

him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

ROM. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

NURSE. Ah, mocker! that 's the dog's name. R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

ROM. Commend me to thy lady.

[Exit.

NURSE. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

PET. Anon?

NURSE. Before, and apace.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Capulet's Garden.

AX

Enter JULIET.

JUL. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;  
In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that 's not so.—

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over low'ring hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were dead;

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE and PETER.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

NURSE. Peter, stay at the gate.

[Exit PETER.

in emblem  
of fidelity.

JUL. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord! why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE. I am aweary, give me leave a while;—  
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

JUL. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:  
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

NURSE. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay a while?  
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JUL. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath  
To say to me—that thou art out of breath?  
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay  
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.  
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;  
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:  
Let me be satisfied, Is 't good or bad?

NURSE. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know  
not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his  
face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's;  
and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not  
to be talked on, yet they are past compare: He is not the  
flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a  
lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—What, have you  
dined at home?

JUL. No, no: But all this did I know before;  
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

NURSE. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!  
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.  
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—  
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,  
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

JUL. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:  
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

NURSE. Your love says like an honest gentleman,  
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,  
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

JUL. Where is my mother?—why, she is within;  
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest:

"Your love says like an honest gentleman,—  
Where is your mother?"

NURSE. O, God's lady dear!  
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;  
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?  
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JUL. Here's such a coil,—Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

JUL. I have.

NURSE. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence's cell,  
There stays a husband to make you a wife:  
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,  
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.  
Hie you to church; I must another way,  
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:  
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;  
But you shall bear the burthen soon at night.  
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

JUL. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

xv

SCENE VI.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.*

FRI. So smile the Heavens upon this holy act  
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

ROM. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight:  
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

FRI. These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,  
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey

*Enter JULIET.*

Here comes the lady;—O, so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:  
A lover may bstride the gossamers  
That idle in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

JUL. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRI. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JUL. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

ROM. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue  
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JUL. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,  
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:  
(They are but beggars that can count their worth;  
But my true love is grown to such excess,  
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

FRI. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;  
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,  
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.*

BEN. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;  
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,  
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;  
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MER. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he  
enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the

table, and says, "God send me no need of thee!" and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

BEN. Ain I like such a fellow?

MER. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

BEN. And what to?

MER. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

BEN. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

MER. The fee-simple? O simple!

*Enter TYBALT and others.*

BEN. By my head, here come the Capulets.

MER. By my heel, I care not.

TYB. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

MER. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

TYB. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

MER. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYB. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

MER. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels! an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but dis-

cords: here 's my fiddlestick; here 's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

BEN. We talk here in the public haunt of men:  
Either withdraw unto some private place,  
Or reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

MER. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter ROMEO.*

TYB. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

MER. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:  
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;  
Your worship in that sense, may call him—man.

TYB. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford  
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

ROM. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;  
Therefore, farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

TYB. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

ROM. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:  
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender  
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

MER. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!  
*Alla stoccata carries it away.*

[*Draws.*]

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYB. What wouldst thou have with me?

MER. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine | \*  
lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall  
use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you  
pluck your sword out of his pitcher by the ears? make *scabbard, &c.*  
haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

TYB. I am for you.

[*Drawing.*]

ROM. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MER. Come, sir, your passado.

[*They fight.*]

\* A reference here to the common saying,  
"A cat has nine lives".

ROM. Draw, Benvolio. Beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage;

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold Tybalt—good Mercutio— [Exeunt TYBALT and his  
Partisans.

MER. I am hurt.—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

BEN.

What, art thou hurt?

MER. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is enough.—

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [Exit Page.

ROM. Courage, man: the hurt cannot be much.

MER. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 't is enough, 't will serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your houses!—What, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROM. I thought all for the best.

MER. Help me into some house, Benvolio,

Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses,

They have made worm's meat of me:

I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses.

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENV.

ROM. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,

My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt

In my behalf; my reputation stain'd

With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour

Hath been my cousin.—O sweet Juliet,

Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,

And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

BEN. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;

That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,

Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROM. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;  
This but begins the woe, others must end.

*Re-enter TYBALT.*

BEN. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROM. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Away to heaven, respective lenity,  
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!—  
Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again,  
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him company;  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

TYB. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,  
Shalt with him hence.

ROM. This shall determine that.

*[They fight; TYBALT falls.]*

BEN. Romeo, away, be gone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—  
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,  
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

ROM. Oh! I am fortune's fool!

BEN. Why dost thou stay? *[Exit ROMEO.]*

*Enter Citizens, &c.*

1 CIT. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BEN. There lies that Tybalt.

1 CIT. Up, sir, go with me;  
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter PRINCE, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives,  
and others.*

PRIN. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BEN. O noble prince, I can discover all  
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:  
There lies the man slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

LA CAP. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!  
O prince,—O cousin,—husband,—the blood is spill'd  
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,  
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—  
O cousin, cousin!

PRIN. Benvolio, who began this fray?

BEN. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;  
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink  
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal  
Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd—  
Could not take truce with the unholy spleen  
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts  
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;  
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,  
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats  
Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

Sram!

Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,  
Hold, friends! friends, part! and swifter than his tongue,  
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,  
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm  
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life  
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:  
But by and by comes back to Romeo,  
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,  
And to 't they go like lightning; for, ere I  
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;  
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly;  
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LA. CAP. He is a kinsman to the Montague,

The life of Tybalt.

PRIN. And for that offence,  
Immediately we do exile him hence:  
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,  
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;  
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,  
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:  
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;  
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,  
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.  
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:  
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter JULIET.*

JUL. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phoebus' lodging; such a waggoner  
As Phaëton would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!  
That runaways' eyes may wink; and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
And <sup>n</sup>learn me how to lose a winning match,  
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:  
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,  
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,  
Think true love acted, simple modesty.  
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.—  
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,  
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,

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That all the world will be in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day,  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child, that hath new robes  
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

*Enter NURSE, with cords.*

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks  
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—  
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords  
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

NURSE.

Ay, ay, the cords.

*[Throws them down.]*

JUL. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!  
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—  
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!—

JUL. Can Heaven be so envious?

NURSE.

Romeo can,  
Though Heaven cannot:—O Romeo, Romeo!—  
Whoever would have thought it?—Romeo!

JUL. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?  
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.  
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,  
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more  
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:  
I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;  
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*  
If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no:  
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

NURSE. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—  
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:  
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;  
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,  
All in gore blood;—I swooned at the sight.

JUL. O break, my heart!—poor bankrout, break at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!  
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;  
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

NURSE. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!  
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!  
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JUL. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?  
Is Romeo slaughtered; and is Tybalt dead?  
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord!—  
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!  
For who is living, if those two are gone?

NURSE. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;  
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

JUL. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

NURSE. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

JUL. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvis'h-ravening lamb!  
Despised substance of divinest show!  
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,  
A damned saint, an honourable villain!—  
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,  
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend  
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—  
Was ever book containing such vile matter  
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace!

NURSE. There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,  
All forsworn, all nought, all dissemblers.—  
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vita*:—  
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.  
Shame come to Romeo!

JUL. Blister'd be thy tongue,  
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:  
(Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;)  
For 't is a throne where honour may be crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

NURSE. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

JUL. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,  
When I, thy three hours' wife, have mangled it?—  
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:  
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;  
Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
And Tybalt dead, that would have slain my husband:  
All this is comfort: Wherefore weep I then?  
Some word there was worser than Tybalt's death.  
That murther'd me: I would forget it fain;  
But, O! it presses to my memory,  
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.  
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;"  
That—"banished," that one word—"banished,"  
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death  
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:  
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,  
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—  
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,  
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,  
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?  
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,  
"Romeo is banished,"—to speak that word,  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
All slain, all dead:—"Romeo is banished,"—  
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—  
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

NURSE. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:  
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JUL. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be

He made you for a highway to my bed;  
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.  
Come, cord; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;  
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo  
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.  
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;  
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

JUL. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,  
And bid him come to take his last farewell. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.*

FRI. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;  
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,  
And thou art wedded to calamity.

ROM. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?  
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not?

FRI. Too familiar  
Is my dear son with such sour company:  
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

ROM. What less than doomsday is the prince's doom?

FRI. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROM. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death.  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

FRI. Here from Verona art thou banished:  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROM. There is no world without Verona walls,  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,  
And world's exile is death:—then banished  
Is death mis-term'd. Calling death banishment,  
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

FRI. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!

Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.  
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROM. 'T is torture, and not mercy: Heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,  
But Romeo may not.—More validity,  
More honourable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;  
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
But Romeo may not, he is banished.  
This may flies do, when I from this must fly.  
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death!  
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,  
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,  
But—banished—to kill me; banished?  
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;  
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
To mangle me with that word—banished?

104. 104. See How much, 104. P. 104. FRI. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

ROM. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRI. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

ROM. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;  
It helps not, it prevails not,—talk no more.

FRI. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

104. 104. See  
104. 104. P. 107.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
An hour but married, Tybalt murder'd,  
Doting like me, and like me banished,  
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,  
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

FRI. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

[*Knocking within.*]

ROM. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,  
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*]

FRI. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo,  
arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while;—stand up; [*Knocking.*]  
Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!

What simpleness is this!—I come, I come. [*Knocking.*]  
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

NURSE. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my  
errand;

I come from lady Juliet.

FRI. Welcome then.

*Enter NURSE.*

NURSE. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

FRI. There on the ground, with his own tears made  
drunk.

NURSE. O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case!

FRI. O woeful sympathy!  
Piteous predicament!

NURSE. Even so lies she,  
Blubbing and weeping, weeping and blubbing:—  
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

ROM. Nurse!

NURSE. Ah, sir! ah, sir!—Well, death's the end of all.

ROM. Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?  
Doth not she think me an old murderer,

Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy  
With blood remov'd but little from her own?  
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says  
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

NURSE. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;  
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,  
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,  
And then down falls again.

ROM. As if that name,  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me  
In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack  
The hateful mansion. *[Draws his sword.]*

FRI. Hold thy desperate hand:  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;  
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote  
The unreasonable fury of a beast:  
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!  
And ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!  
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?  
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?  
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet  
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.  
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit:  
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,  
And usest none in that true use indeed  
Which would bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:  
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
Digressing from the valour of a man:  
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,

Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,  
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.  
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy:  
The law, that threaten'd death, became thy friend,  
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy:  
A pack of blessing lights upon thy back;  
Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,  
Thou puttest up thy fortune and thy love:  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
Go get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;  
But, look thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;  
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
Beg pardon of thy prince, and call thee back  
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.  
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:  
Romeo is coming.

NURSE. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night,  
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—  
My lord, I 'll tell my lady you will come.

ROM. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

NURSE. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:  
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit NURSE.*]

ROM. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

FRI. Go hence: Good night; and here stands all your  
state;  
Either be gone before the watch be set,  
Or by the break of day, disguis'd, from hence;  
Sojourn in Mantua: I 'll find out your man,  
And he shall signify from time to time  
Every good hap to you, that chances here:

Give me thy hand; 't is late: farewell; good night.

ROM. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
It were a grief so brief to part with thee:

Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.*

CAP. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,  
That we have had no time to move our daughter:  
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
And so did I;—Well; we were born to die.—  
'T is very late, she 'll not come down to-night:  
I promise you, but for your company,  
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

PAR. These times of woe afford no time to woo;  
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

LA. CAP. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;  
To-night she 's mew'd up to her heaviness.

CAP. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd  
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.  
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;  
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;  
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—  
But soft; What day is this?

PAR. Monday, my lord.

CAP. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,  
O' Thursday let it be;—O' Thursday, tell her,  
She shall be married to this noble earl:—  
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?  
We 'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—  
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,  
It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:  
Therefore we 'll have some half a dozen friends,  
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

PAR. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

CAP. Well, get you gone:—O' Thursday be it then:—  
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—  
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!  
Afore me, it is so very late, that we  
May call it early by and by:—Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

† SCENE V.—*Loggia to Juliet's Chamber.*

*Enter ROMEO and JULIET.*

JUL. Wilt thou be gone? 't is not yet near day:  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROM. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain's tops;  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JUL. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:  
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
To be to thee this night a torchbearer,  
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:  
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

ROM. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death:  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,  
'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;  
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:  
I have more care to stay than will to go;—  
Come, death, and welcome!—Juliet wills it so.—  
How is 't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

JUL. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.  
Some say the lark makes sweet division;  
This doth not so, for she divideth us:  
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;

O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!  
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,  
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.  
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

ROM. More light and light!—more dark and dark our woes.

*Enter NURSE.*

NURSE. Madam!

JUL. Nurse?

NURSE. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:  
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit NURSE.*]

JUL. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

ROM. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*ROMEO descends.*]

JUL. Art thou gone so? love! lord! ay—husband, friend!  
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,  
For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years,  
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

ROM. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JUL. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROM. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

JUL. O God! I have an ill-divining soul;  
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:  
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale

ROM. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu! [*Exit ROMEO.*]

JUL. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;  
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back.

LA. CAP. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

JUL. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?  
Is she not down so late, or up so early?  
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

*Enter LADY CAPULET.*

LA. CAP. Why, how now, Juliet?

JUL. Madam, I am not well.

LA. CAP. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?  
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?  
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live:  
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;  
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JUL. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LA. CAP. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend  
Which you weep for.

JUL. Feeling so the loss,  
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LA. CAP. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his  
death,  
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

JUL. What villain, madam?

LA. CAP. That same villain, Romeo.

JUL. Villain and he be many miles asunder.  
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;  
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

LA. CAP. That is, because the traitor lives.

JUL. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.  
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

LA. CAP. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:  
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—  
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—  
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,  
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:  
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

JUL. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead—  
Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vex'd:  
Madam, if you could find out but a man  
To bear a poison, I would temper it;  
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors  
To hear him nam'd—and cannot come to him,—

To wreak the love I bore my cousin  
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

LA. CAP. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a  
man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JUL. And joy comes well in such a needy time:  
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

LA. CAP. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;  
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,

Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,  
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

JUL. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

LA. CAP. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,  
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,  
The county Paris, at St. Peter's church,  
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride!

JUL. Now, by St. Peter's church, and Peter too,  
He shall not make me there a joyful bride!

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed  
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.

I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,  
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!

LA. CAP. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,  
And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter CAPULET and NURSE.*

CAP. When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew;  
But for the sunset of my brother's son,  
It rains downright.—

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?

Evermore showering? In one little body

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Doth wash and wash with tears, the bark that's made of

Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?  
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

LA. CAP. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

CAP. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.  
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?  
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,  
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JUL. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:  
Proud can I never be of what I hate;  
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

CAP. How now! how now, chop-logic! What is this  
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—  
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,  
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,  
To go with Paris to St. Peter's church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.  
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!  
You tallow-face!

LA. CAP. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

JUL. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

CAP. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!  
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,  
Or never after look me in the face:  
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;  
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,  
That God had lent us but this only child;  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in having her:  
Out on her, hilding!

NURSE. God in heaven bless her!—  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

CAP. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,  
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

NURSE. I speak no treason;

CAP. O, God ye good den!

NURSE. May not one speak?

CAP. Peace, you mumbling fool!  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,  
For here we need it not.

LA. CAP. You are too hot.

CAP. God's bread! it makes me mad.  
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd; and having now provided  
A gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's heart would wish a man,—  
And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer—"I 'll not wed,—I cannot love,  
I am too young, I pray you, pardon me;"—  
But, an you will not wed, I 'll pardon you:  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:  
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.  
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:  
An you be mine, I 'll give you to my friend;  
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,  
For, by my soul, I 'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:  
Trust to 't, bethink you, I 'll not be forsworn

[Exit.]

JUL. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?  
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;  
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LA. CAP. Talk not to me, for I 'll not speak a word;  
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[Exit.]

JUL. O God!—O nurse!—how shall this be prevented?  
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;  
How shall that faith return again to earth,

What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?  
Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE. 'Faith, here it is: Romeo  
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,  
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;  
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
I think it best you married with the county.  
O, he's a lovely gentleman!  
Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,  
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,  
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
I think you are happy in this second match,  
For it excels your first: or if it did not,  
Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,  
As living here and you no use of him.

JUL. Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE. From my soul too;  
Or else beshrew them both.

JUL. Amen!

NURSE. What?

JUL. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.  
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,  
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

NURSE. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [Exit

JUL. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!  
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare  
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—  
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;  
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[Exit

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.*

FRI. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

PAR. My father Capulet will have it so:  
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

FRI. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;  
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

PAR. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
And therefore have I little talk'd of love:  
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.  
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,  
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;  
And, in his wisdom, hastens our marriage,  
To stop the inundation of her tears;  
Which, too much minded by herself alone,  
May be put from her by society:  
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRI. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd. [*Aside.*]  
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

*Enter JULIET.*

PAR. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

JUL. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PAR. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

JUL. What must be shall be.

FRI. That's a certain text.

PAR. Come you to make confession to this father?

JUL. To answer that, I should confess to you.

PAR. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

JUL. I will confess to you, that I love him.

PAR. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

JUL. If I do so, it will be of more price,  
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

PAR. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

JUL. The tears have got small victory by that;  
For it was bad enough, before their spite.

PAR. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

JUL. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;  
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

PAR. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

JUL. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—

Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?

FRI. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now :—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

PAR. God shield I should disturb devotion !—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you :

Till then, adieu ! and keep this holy kiss. [Exit PARIS.

JUL. O, shut the door ! and when thou hast done so,  
Come weep with me : Past hope, past care, past help !

FRI. O Juliet, I already know thy grief ;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits :  
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,  
On Thursday next be married to this county.

JUL. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :  
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;  
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,  
Shall be the label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both :  
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,  
Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,  
Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
Shall play the umpire ; arbitrating that  
Which the commission of thy years and art  
Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRI. Hold, daughter ; I do spy a kind of hope,  
Which craves as desperate an execution  
As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
If, rather than to marry county Paris,

Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it ;  
And, if thou dar'st, I 'll give thee remedy.

JUL. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;  
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk  
Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ;  
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,  
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;  
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;  
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble ;  
And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

FRI. Hold, then ; go home, be merry, give consent  
To marry Paris : Wednesday is to-morrow ;  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,  
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :  
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off :  
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowy humour ; for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest ;  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,  
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;  
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,  
Shall, stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death :  
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :  
Then (as the manner of our country is)  
In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier,  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;  
And hither shall he come; and he and I  
Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present shame;  
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,  
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

JUL. Give me, give me! O tell not me of fear.

FRI. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous  
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

JUL. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help  
afford.

Farewell, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, and Servants.

CAP. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[*Exit* Servant.]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 SERV. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they  
can lick their fingers.

CAP. How canst thou try them so?

2 SERV. Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that cannot lick his  
own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes  
not with me.

CAP. Go, begone.—

[*Exit* Servant.]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

NURSE. Ay, forsooth.

CAP. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:  
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

*Enter* JULIET.

NURSE. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

CAP. How now, my headstrong? where have you been  
gadding?

JUL. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition  
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd  
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,  
To beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!  
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

CAP. Send for the county; go tell him of this;  
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

JUL. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;  
And gave him what becomed love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAP. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up:  
This is as 't should be.—Let me see the county;  
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—  
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,  
All our whole city is much bound to him.

JUL. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,  
To help me sort such needful ornaments  
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

LA. CAP. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

CAP. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow.

[*Exeunt JULIET and NURSE.*]

LA. CAP. We shall be short in our provision;  
'T is now near night.

CAP. Tush! I will stir about,  
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:  
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;  
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;  
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—  
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself  
To county Paris, to prepare him up

To move the Heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

*Enter LADY CAPULET.*

LADY CAP. What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

JUL. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities  
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;  
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,  
In this so sudden business.

LADY CAP. Good night.  
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

*[Exeunt LADY CAPULET and NURSE.]*

JUL. Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.  
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life:  
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—  
Nurse!—What should she do here?  
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—  
Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all?  
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?  
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

*[Laying down a dagger.]*

What if it be a poison, which the friar  
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,  
Because he married me before to Romeo?  
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,  
For he hath still been tried a holy man:  
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo  
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!  
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?  
Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,  
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—  
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,  
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;  
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,  
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—  
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
Environed with all these hideous fears?  
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?  
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost  
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—  
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo!—I drink to thee.

*[She throws herself on the bed.]*

SCENE IV.—Capulet's Hall.

*Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.*

LA. CAP. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,  
NURSE.

NURSE. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

*Enter CAPULET.*

CAP. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd.  
The curfew bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock:—  
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:  
Spare not for cost.

NURSE. Go, you cot-quean, go,  
Get you to bed; 'faith, you 'll be sick to-morrow  
For this night's watching.

CAP. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now  
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

LA. CAP. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt* LADY CAPULET and NURSE

CAP. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,  
What's there?

*Enter* Servants, *with spits, logs, and baskets.*

1 SERV. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

CAP. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit* 1 Serv.]—Sirrah,  
fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 SERV. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,  
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

CAP. 'Mass, and well said; A merry whoreson! ha,  
Thou shalt be loggerhead.—Good father, 't is day:  
The county will be here with music straight, [*Music within.*  
For so he said he would. I hear him near:—  
Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

*Enter* NURSE.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;  
I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,  
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:  
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Juliet's Chamber; JULIET on the Bed.*

*Enter* NURSE.

NURSE. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I war-  
rant her, she:—  
Why, lamb!—Why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—  
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweetheart!—why, bride!—  
What, not a word!—you take your pennyworths now;  
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,  
The county Paris hath set up his rest,  
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,  
(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!  
I must needs wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!  
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;  
He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?  
What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!

I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!  
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—  
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—  
Some *agua viva*, ho!—my lord! my lady!

*Enter LADY CAPULET.*

LA. CAP. What noise is here?  
NURSE. O lamentable day!  
LA. CAP. What is the matter?  
NURSE. Look, look! O heavy day!  
LA. CAP. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,  
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—  
Help, help!—call help.

*Enter CAPULET.*

CAP. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.  
NURSE. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!  
LA. CAP. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's  
dead.  
CAP. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;  
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;  
Life and these lips have long been separated.  
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.  
NURSE. O lamentable day!  
LA. CAP. O woeful time!  
CAP. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,  
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.*

FRI. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?  
CAP. Ready to go, but never to return:  
O son, the night before thy wedding-day  
Hath Death lain with thy wife:—There she lies,  
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.  
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;  
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,

And leave him all; life-leaving, all is death's.

PAR. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,  
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

LA. CAP. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!  
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw  
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

NURSE. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!  
Most lamentable day! most woeful day,  
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!  
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!  
Never was seen so black a day as this:  
O woeful day, O woeful day!

PAR. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!  
Most detestable Death, by thee beguil'd,  
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!—  
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

CAP. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—  
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now  
To murder, murder, our solemnity?—  
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—  
Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead!  
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

FRI. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not  
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid; now Heaven hath all,  
And all the better is it for the maid:  
Your part in her you could not keep from death;  
But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
The most you sought was her promotion;  
For 't was your heaven, she should be advanc'd:  
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,  
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?  
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,  
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:  
She's not well married that lives married long;  
But she's best married that dies married young.  
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary

On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,  
In all her best array bear her to church:  
For though some nature bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAP. All things that we ordained festival,  
Turn from their office to black funeral:  
Our instruments to melancholy bells;  
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;  
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
And all things change them to the contrary.

FRI. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—  
And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare  
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.  
The Heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;  
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR.

1 MUS. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

NURSE. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up,  
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit* NURSE.

1 MUS. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

*Enter* PETER.

PET. Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease, Heart's ease;"  
O, an you will have me live, play "Heart's ease."

1 MUS. Why "Heart's ease?"

PET. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—"My  
heart is full!" O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

2 MUS. Not a dump we; 't is no time to play now.

PET. You will not then?

MUS. No.

PET. I will then give it you soundly.

1 MUS. What will you give us?

PET. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give  
you the minstrel.

1 MUS. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

PET. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your  
pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do  
you note me?

1 MUS. An you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us.

2 MUS. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

PET. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Answer me like men:

When griping griefs the heart doth wound,  
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,  
Then music, with her silver sound;

Why, silver sound? why, music with her silver sound?  
What say you, Simon Catling?

1 MUS. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PET. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 MUS. I say—silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.

PET. Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

3 MUS. Faith, I know not what to say.

PET. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—music with her silver sound, because musicians have no gold for sounding:—

Then music, with her silver sound,  
With speedy help doth lend redress.

[*Exit, singing.*]

1 MUS. What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 MUS. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here: tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.  
[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. *A Street.*

*Enter ROMEO.*

ROM. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:  
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;

And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.  
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;  
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)  
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.  
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

*Enter BALTHASAR.*

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?  
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?  
How doth my lady? Is my father well?  
How doth my lady Juliet? That I ask again;  
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

BAL. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.  
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,  
And her immortal part with angels lives.  
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,  
And presently took post to tell it you:  
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

ROM. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—  
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,  
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

BAL. I do beseech you, sir, have patience.  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
Some misadventure.

ROM. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;  
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:  
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

BAL. No, my good lord.

ROM. No matter: get thee gone  
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

*[Exit BALTHASAR.]*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!  
I do remember an apothecary,—  
And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted

See P. 561.

In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:  
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins  
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves  
A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,  
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.  
Noting this penury, to myself I said—  
An if a man did need a poison now,  
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.  
O, this same thought did but forerun my need:  
And this same needy man must sell it me.  
As I remember, this should be the house:  
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—  
What, ho! apothecary!

*Enter Apothecary.*

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor;  
Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have  
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear  
As will disperse itself through all the veins,  
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;  
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath  
As violently as hasty powder fir'd  
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law  
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,  
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,  
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;  
The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROM. I pray thy poverty, and not thy will.

AP. Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

ROM. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,  
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,  
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:  
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.  
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—  
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me  
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter* FRIAR JOHN.

JOHN. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE.

LAU. This same should be the voice of friar John.—  
Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

JOHN. Going to find a barefoot brother out,  
One of our order, to associate me,  
Here in this city visiting the sick,  
And finding him,—the searchers of the town,  
Suspecting that we both were in a house  
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,  
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;  
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

LAU. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

JOHN. I could not send it,—here it is again,—  
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee;  
So fearful were they of infection.

LAU. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,  
*tripling* = The letter was not nice, but full of charge  
Of dear import; and the neglecting it  
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;  
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight  
Unto my cell.

JOHN. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[*Exit.*]

LAU. Now must I to the monument alone;  
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.  
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo  
Hath had no notice of these accidents;  
But I will write again to Mantua,  
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.  
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [Exit.

SCENE III.—*A Churchyard; in it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.*

*Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.*

PAR. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof :—  
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.  
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread  
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves),  
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE. I am almost afraid to stand alone  
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. [Retires.

PAR. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal-bed I strew:

O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones,

Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

Or wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans;

The obsequies that I for thee will keep,

Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.

[The Boy whistles.

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,

To cross my obsequies, and true-love's rite?

What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, awhile. [Retires

*Enter ROMEO, and BALTHASAR with a torch, mattock, &c.*

ROM. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning

See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee.

Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
And not interrupt me in my course.  
Why I descend into this bed of death,  
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:  
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger  
A precious ring; a ring, that I must use  
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—  
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
In what I further shall intend to do,  
By Heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs  
The time and my intents are savage-wild;  
More fierce, and more inexorable far,  
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

BAL. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

ROM. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that:  
Live and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

BAL. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;  
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Retires.]

ROM. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,  
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,  
*[Breaking open the door of the monument.]*

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

PAB. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,  
That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which grief,  
It is supposed the fair creature died,—  
And here is come to do some villainous shame  
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.— [Advances]  
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.  
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?  
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:  
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

ROM. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.  
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,  
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone;  
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,  
Put not another sin upon my head,  
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!  
By Heaven, I love thee better than myself;

For I come hither arm'd against myself:  
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—  
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

PAR. I do defy thy conjurations,  
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROM. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.

[*They fight.*]

PAGE. O Lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.

[*Exit Page.*]

PAR. O, I am slain! [*falls*].—If thou be merciful,  
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

[*Dies.*]

ROM. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face;—  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—  
What said my man, when my betossed soul  
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,  
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:  
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,  
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,  
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—  
A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,  
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying PARIS in the monument.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death,  
Have they been merry! which their keepers call  
A lightning before death: O, how may I  
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:  
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—  
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
O, what more favour can I do to thee,  
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,  
To sunder his that was thine enemy?  
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
That unsubstantial Death is amorous;  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again; here, here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O, here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest;  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!  
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—  
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!  
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!  
Here's to my love!—*[Drinks]* O, true apothecary;  
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. *[Dies]*

*Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE,  
with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

FRI. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?

BAL. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

FRI. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,  
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light  
To grubs and eyeless skulls; as I discern,  
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

BAL. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master  
One that you love.

FRI. Who is it?

BAL. Romeo.

FRI. How long hath he been there?

BAL. Full half an hour.

FRI. Go with me to the vault.

BAL. I dare not, sir;

My master knows not but I am gone hence;  
And fearfully did menace me with death,

If I did stay to look on his intents.

FRI. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon me;  
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

BAL. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,  
I dreamt my master and another fought,  
And that my master slew him.

FRI. Romeo!— *[Advances.*  
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—  
What mean these masterless and gory swords  
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

*[Enters the monument.*  
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?  
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs. *[JULIET wakes and stirs.*

JUL. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?  
I do remember well where I should be,  
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo? *[Noise within.*

FRI. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest  
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;  
A greater Power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;  
And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;  
Come, go, good Juliet,—*[Noise again]* I dare no longer stay.  
*[Exit.*

JUL. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—  
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?  
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—  
O churl! drink all; and left no friendly drop,  
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;  
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,  
To make me die with a restorative. *[Kisses him.*

This is thy sheath; [*Stabs herself*] there rust, and let me die.  
[*Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies.*]

*Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.*

PAGE. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 WATCH. The ground is bloody; Search about the churchyard:

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach. [*Exeunt some.*]

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—

And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain these two days buried.

Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—

Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;—

[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes,

We cannot without circumstance descry.

*Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.*

2 WATCH. Here 's Romeo's man, we found him in the churchyard.

1 WATCH. Hold him in safety till the prince come hither.

*Enter another Watchman, with FRIAR LAURENCE.*

3 WATCH. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps.

We took this mattock and this spade from him,

As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 WATCH. A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

*Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.*

PRINCE. What misadventure is so early up,  
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.*

CAP. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

LA. CAP. The people in the streets cry—Romeo,  
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,  
With open outcry, toward our monument.

PRINCE. What fear is this, which startles in your ears?

1 WATCH. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,  
Warm and new kill'd.

PRINCE. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder  
comes.

I WATCH. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;  
With instruments upon them, fit to open  
These dead men's tomba.

CAP. O, Heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!  
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house  
Is empty on the back of Montague,—  
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

LA. CAP. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,  
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter MONTAGUE and others.*

PRINCE. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,  
To see thy son and heir now early down.

MON. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;  
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:  
What further woe conspires against my age?

PRINCE. Look, and thou shalt see.

MON. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,  
To press before thy father to a grave?

PRINCE. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while  
Till we can clear these ambiguities,  
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;  
And then will I be general of your woes,  
And lead you even to death: Meantime forbear,  
And let mischance be slave to patience.—  
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

FRI. I am the greatest, able to do least,  
Yet most suspected, as the time and place  
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;  
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

PRINCE. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRI. I will be brief, for my short date of breath  
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.  
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,  
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:

I married them; and their stolen marriage-day  
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death  
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;  
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.  
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,  
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce  
To county Paris:—Then comes she to me;  
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means  
To rid her from this second marriage,  
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.  
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,  
A sleeping potion; which so took effect  
As I intended, for it wrought on her  
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,  
That he should hither come as this dire night,  
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,  
Being the time the potion's force should cease.  
But he which bore my letter, friar John,  
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight  
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,  
At the prefixed hour of her waking,  
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;  
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,  
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:  
But when I came (some minute ere the time  
Of her awaking), here untimely lay  
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.  
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,  
And bear this work of Heaven with patience:  
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;  
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,  
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.  
All this I know; and to the marriage  
Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this  
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
Be sacrific'd, some hour before the time,  
Unto the rigour of severest law.

PRINCE. We still have known thee for a holy man.—  
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?

BAL. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;

And then in post he came from Mantua,  
To this same place, to this same monument.  
This letter he early bid me give his father;  
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,  
If I departed not, and left him there.

PRINCE. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—  
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—  
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

PAGE. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;  
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:  
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;  
And, by and by, my master drew on him;  
And then I ran away to call the watch.

PRINCE. This letter doth make good the friar's words,  
Their course of love, the tidings of her death;  
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison  
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal  
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.  
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—  
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!  
And I, for winking at your discords too,  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

CAP. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand.  
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more  
Can I demand.

MON. But I can give thee more:  
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;  
That whiles Verona by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at that rate be set,  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAP. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

PRINCE. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;

The sun for sorrow will not shew his head:

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:

For never was a story of more woe

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*]

## VARIOUS READINGS.

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THE variations in the several editions of this play are so numerous, that it would be impossible here to point them out. They are noticed minutely in our 'Pictorial' and 'National' editions. Several of the corrections in Mr. Collier's folio are adoptions of the early readings of the quartos. There are also a few other unimportant changes in that folio, which it is scarcely necessary to discuss. We therefore content ourselves with giving the following note on a long-disputed passage:

"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
That *enemies'* eyes may wink; and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen."

ACT III., SC. 2.

The common reading, which is that of all the old copies, is—

"That *runawayes'* eyes may weep.

This passage has been a perpetual source of contention to the commentators. Their difficulties are well represented by Warburton's question—"What runaways are these, whose eyes Juliet is wishing to have stopped?" Warburton says *Phœbus* is the runaway. Steevens proves that *Night* is the runaway. Douce thinks that *Juliet* is the runaway. In several early poems Cupid is styled *Runaway*. Monck Mason is confident that the passage ought to be, "That *Renomy's* eyes may wink," *Renomy* being a new personage, created out of the French *Renommée*, and answering, we suppose, to the "Rumour" of Spenser. An unlearned compositor, Zachary Jackson, suggests that *runaways* is a misprint for *unawares*. The word *unawares*, in the old orthography, is *unawayres* (it is so spelt in 'The Third Part of Henry VI.', and the *r*, having been misplaced, produced this word of puzzle, *runawayes*. Mr. Collier adopted this reading in his edition of 1842. Mr. Dyce suggests "that *rude day's* eyes may wink." Mr. B. G. White proposes "*rumour's*

## GLOSSARY

ABRAHAM. Act II., Sc. 1.

"Young Abraham Cupid."

*Abraham Cupid* is the cheat or rogue Cupid, a designation applied from the "Abraham man" of our old statutes.

ALLA STOCCATA. Act III., Sc. 1.

"*Alla stoccata* carries it away."

*Alla stoccata* was one of the terms of art of the Italian fencing-school, and meant a thrust with the rapier.

APE. Act II., Sc. 1.

"The ape is dead."

*Ape* is here an expression of kindly familiarity, as we sometimes now use *monkey*.

BEAR A BRAIN. Act I., Sc. 3. This is a common expression, meaning to have a memory.

BECOMED. Act IV., Sc. 2.

"And gave him what becomed love I might."

*Becomed* is used for the participle *becoming*.

BITE MY THUMB. Act I., Sc. 1. This mode of insult, we apprehend, was originally peculiar to Italy, and was, perhaps, a mitigated form of the greater insult of making the fig, or fico, that is, thrusting out the thumb in a peculiar manner between the fingers. In Lodge's 'Wit's Miserie,' we have "Behold, I see contempt marching forth, giving me the fico with his thumb in his mouth," which shows almost an identity of the two. The practice had become naturalised in Shakspeare's time, for Dekker, in 1608, describing the licentious groups that frequented "Paul's," has, "what swearing is there—what biting of thumbs to beget quarrels."

BITTER SWEETING. Act II., Sc. 4.

"Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting."

*Bitter sweeting* was the name of an apple.

CATLING. Act IV., Sc. 5.

"What say you, Simon Catling?"

A *catling* was a lute-string, from the same original as our catgut.

CARRY COALS. Act I., Sc. 1.

"O' my word, we'll not carry coals."

Gifford has well explained this phrase in a note on Jonson's 'Every Man out of his Humour.' He says that the lowest

and dirtiest office in a large household was that of carrying coals for the kitchen, and that those who did so were called "*blackguards*;" from this servile occupation was deduced the secondary meaning of tamely submitting to an affront; and he gives satisfactory instances of the use of the phrase in both senses.

CHEVEREL. Act II., Sc. 4.

"O, here's a wit of cheverel."

*Cheverel*—from the French *chevreuil*, or roebuck, was kid leather.

COCK-A-HOOP. Act I., Sc. 5.

"You will set cock-a-hoop!"

The origin of this phrase is very doubtful. It is often used in the sense of violent excess, or hasty irritation. The generally-received opinion is, that on certain festive occasions the *cock*, or spigot, was taken out of the barrel and laid on the hoop, so that the ale ran out uninterruptedly, and naturally gave rise to intemperance.

COPHETUA. Act II., Sc. 1.

"When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid."

There was an old ballad on this subject, of which there are several versions; one of them is given in Percy's '*Reliques*.'

COUSIN. Act II., Sc. 5.

"Good cousin Capulet."

Cousin is used by Shakspeare, as it was by Chaucer and other old writers, as a collateral relation of any degree, or even sometimes as an intimate friend. In this play we have "Tybalt, my cousin, oh my brother's child;" and Richard the Third frequently addresses Buckingham as cousin.

DIVISION. Act III., Sc. 5.

"Some say the lark makes sweet division."

Formerly in music a number of quick notes, a kind of warbling, held on one syllable, was called a division; Handel, in accordance with the fashion, has introduced *divisions* into many of his airs and choruses.

DUMP. Act IV., Sc. 5.

"Play me some merry dump, to comfort me."

See '*Two Gentlemen of Verona*.'

EARTH. Act I., Sc. 2.

"She is the hopeful lady of my earth."

*Lady of my earth* is here used to express heiress, as in the French phrase *fille de terre* in a like sense; and see '*Richard II.*' Glossary. In Act II., Sc. 1, of this play, *earth* is used in the sense of the mortal part, the body.

**FLECKED.** Act II., Sc. 3.

"And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels."

*Flecked* is dappled, or speckled.

**HUMOROUS.** Act II., Sc. 1.

"To be consorted with the humorous night."

*Humorous* is dewy, vaporous.

**HUNTS-UP.** Act III., Sc. 5.

"Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day."

*Hunts-up* was the name of an old song, of which the burden was, "The hunt is up, the hunt is up." Douce has reprinted the song.

1. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Say thou but I."

In this passage it has been necessary to retain the old spelling of the affirmative particle *ay*.

**MARCHPANE.** Act I., Sc. 5.

"Save me a piece of marchpane."

Marchpane was a kind of sweet cake or biscuit, sometimes called almond cake; our maccaroons are diminutive marchpanes.

**MARK.** Act III., Sc. 2.

"God save the mark."

The *mark*, used by persons who could not write, was the cross; and thus *mark* was probably used as a slighter form of oath or ejaculation than "by the rood," another phrase formerly in common use.

**MEASURE.** Act I., Sc. 4.

"We'll measure them a measure."

The "measure" was the courtly dance of the days of Elizabeth, "full of state and ancientry," as Beatrice describes it in 'Much Ado about Nothing.'

**MEW'D.** Act III., Sc. 4.

"To night she's mew'd up to her heaviness."

*Mew'd* is a term of falconry. The mew is the place where hawks were kept.

**NICE.** Act III., Sc. 1.

"How nice the quarrel was."

*Nice* is trifling, of little import. It is used again in this play (Act V., Sc. 2) in the same sense—

"The letter was not nice, but full of charge."

In 'Richard III.' (Act III., Sc. 7) it is used in a like manner. Chaucer uses it in the sense of foolish.

PARLOUS. Act I., Sc. 3.

"A parlous knock."

*Parlous* is merely a corruption of *perilous*.

PILCHER. Act III., Sc. 1.

"Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears?"

*Pilcher* is here used for the scabbard; *pilch* is still used for a sort of wrapper for young children. The Anglo-Saxon *pylce* was a fur garment.

POOR JOHN. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Thou hadst been poor John."

*Poor John* was the *hake*, a fish nearly allied to the cod, salted and dried.

PRICK-SONG. Act II., Sc. 4.

"He fights as you sing prick-song."

*Prick-song* was music pricked or noted down, so as to be read according to rule, and thus by rule would Tybalt fight.

PRINCOX. Act I., Sc. 5.

"You are a princox."

*Princox*, from the Latin *præcox*, is a forward boy, a young coxcomb.

PUMP. Act II., Sc. 4.

"Why, then is my pump well flowered."

A *pump* was a shoe, and we yet retain the name. The ribbons in the pump were formed into ornamental shapes, as flowers.

PUTTEST UP. Act III., Sc. 3.

"Thou puttest up thy fortune and thy love."

*Puttest up* is probably used in the sense of *puttest aside*.

R. Act II., Sc. 4.

"R is for the dog."

Erasmus has told us the meaning of R being called the dog's letter: "R litera quæ in Rixando, prima est, canina vocatur." The old writers formed a verb from the noise of a dog, as in Nashe (1600), who has, "They *arre* and bark at night against the moon."

REBECK. Act IV., Sc. 5.

"What say you, Hugh Rebeck?"

The *rebeck* was a musical instrument, a three-stringed violin.

RUSHES. Act I., Sc. 4.

"Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels."

Though carpets for the floor were known in Italy, they were not in use in England in the time of Elizabeth, whose pre

sence-chamber is described by Hentzner as being spread with hay, by which he meant rushes.

SAUCY MERCHANT. Act II., Sc. 4.

"What saucy merchant was this?"

It has been pointed out by Steevens, that *merchant* was used in contradistinction to *gentleman*, in the same way as we now use *chap.*, which is a contraction of chapman.

SCALES. Act I., Sc. 2.

"But in that crystal scales."

Scales, a pair of scales in modern language, is used as a noun singular.

SCATH. Act I., Sc. 5.

"This trick may chance to scath you."

*Scath*, from the Anglo-Saxon *sceath*, is hurt, damage, injury.

SLIP. Act II., Sc. 4.

"What counterfeit did I give you?"

The slip, sir, the slip."

The *slip*, and the *counterfeit*, were alike terms for false coin. Robert Greene, in his 'Thieves Falling Out,' says, "therefore he went and got him certain slips, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brass, and covered over with silver, which the common people call slips."

STINTED. Act I., Sc. 3.

"It stinted, and said—Ay."

*Stinted* is the past participle of the Anglo-Saxon *standan*, to stand, stop, or stay. The word is often used by our old writers, but frequently in the forms of *stent*, or *stynt*: as in Chaucer, 'The Knight's Tale'—

"All stenten is the mourning, and the tears."

SUIT. Act I., Sc. 4.

"And then dreams he of smelling out a suit."

The courtier's solicitation at court was called a *suit*, he was a suitor; a process is a suit at law.

SWASHING. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Remember thy swashing blow."

See 'As You Like It.'

TEEN. Act I., Sc. 3.

"To my teen be it spoken."

*Teen* is sorrow, or vexation.

TORCH. Act I., Sc. 4.

"Give me a torch."

Rooms of state were formerly lighted by waxen torches borne by attendants, and thus Romeo desires to be "a candle

holder, and look on." It was not a merely servile office in England, for the torches were held by gentlemen pensioners while a play was acted before Elizabeth in King's College Chapel, Cambridge.

TOWARDS. Act I., Sc. 5.

"We have a trifling foolish banquet towards."

*Towards* is ready, at hand.

TYBALT. Act II., Sc. 4.

"More than prince of cats."

In the old tale of Reynard the Fox, *Tybert* is the name of the cat.

UNMANN'D. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Hood my unmann'd blood."

*Unmann'd* is a term used in hawking. To *man* a hawk is to render her familiar with the falconer, and was sometimes used in the general sense of training.

## PLOT AND CHARACTERS.

"Of the truth of Juliet's story, they (the Veronese) seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact—giving a date (1303), and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly-decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love." Byron thus described the tomb of Juliet to his friend Moore, as he saw it at the close of autumn, when withered leaves had dropped into the decayed sarcophagus, and the vines that are trailed above it had been stripped of their fruit. His letter to Moore, in which this passage occurs, is dated the 7th November. But this wild and desolate garden only struck Byron as appropriate to the *legend*—to that simple tale of fierce hatreds and fatal loves which tradition has still preserved, amongst those who may never have read Luigi da Porto or Bandello, the Italian romancers who give the tale,

and who, perhaps, never heard the name of Shakspeare. To the legend only is the blighted place appropriate. For who that has ever been thoroughly imbued with the story of Juliet, as told by Shakspeare,—who that has heard his “glorious song of praise on that inexpressible feeling which ennobles the soul and gives to it its highest sublimity, and which elevates even the senses themselves into soul,”\*—who that, in our great poet’s matchless delineation of Juliet’s love, has perceived “whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the first opening of the rose,”†—who, indeed, that looks upon the tomb of the Juliet of Shakspeare, can see only a shapeless ruin amidst wildness and desolation?

“—— A grave? O, no: a lantern,  
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence full of light.”

In ‘Romeo and Juliet’ the principle of limiting the pathetic according to the degree in which it is calculated to produce emotions of pleasure, is interwoven with the whole structure and conduct of the play. The tragical part of the story, from the first scene to the last, is held in subjection to the beautiful. It is not only that the beautiful comes to the relief of the tragic, as in ‘Lear’ and ‘Othello,’ but here the tragic is only a mode of exhibiting the beautiful under its most striking aspects. Shakspeare never intended that the story of ‘Romeo and Juliet’ should lacerate the heart. When Mrs. Inchbald, therefore, said in her preface to the acted play, “‘Romeo and Juliet’ is called a pathetic tragedy, but it is not so in reality—it charms the understanding and delights the imagination, without melting, though it touches, the heart,”—she paid the highest compliment to Shakspeare’s skill as an artist, for he had thoroughly worked out his own idea.

Coleridge has described the homogeneousness—the totality of interest—which is the great characteristic of this play, by one of those beautiful analogies which could only proceed from the pen of a true poet:—

\* A. W. Schlegel’s Lectures.

† Ibid.

"Whence arises the harmony that strikes us in the wildest natural landscapes,—in the relative shapes of rocks, the harmony of colours in the heaths, ferns, and lichens, the leaves of the beech and the oak, the stems and rich brown branches of the birch and other mountain trees, varying from verging autumn to returning spring,—compared with the visual effect from the greater number of artificial plantations?—From this, that the natural landscape is effected, as it were, by a single energy modified *ab intra* in each component part. And as this is the particular excellence of the Shaksperian drama generally, so is it especially characteristic of the 'Romeo and Juliet.'"<sup>\*</sup>

Schlegel carried out the proofs of this assertion in an Essay on 'Romeo and Juliet';<sup>†</sup> in which, to use his own words, he "went through the whole of the scenes in their order, and demonstrated the inward necessity of each with reference to the whole; showed why such a particular circle of characters and relations was placed around the two lovers; explained the signification of the mirth here and there scattered; and justified the use of the occasional heightening given to the poetical colours."<sup>‡</sup> Schlegel wisely did this to exhibit what is more remarkable in Shakspeare than in any other poet, "the thorough formation of a work, even in its minutest part, according to a leading idea—the dominion of the animating spirit over all the means of execution."<sup>§</sup> The general criticism of Schlegel upon 'Romeo and Juliet' is based upon a perfect comprehension of this great principle upon which Shakspeare worked. The following is the close of a celebrated passage upon 'Romeo and Juliet,' which has often been quoted;—but it is altogether so true and so beautiful, that we cannot resist the pleasure of circulating it still more widely:—

"Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the first opening of the rose, is breathed into this poem. But, even more rapidly than the earliest blossoms of youth and beauty decay, it hurries on from the first timidly-

<sup>\*</sup> Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 150.

<sup>†</sup> Charakteristiken und Kritiken.

<sup>‡</sup> Lectures.

<sup>§</sup> Ibid.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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TIMON, a noble *Athenian*.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4; sc. 6.  
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LUCIUS, a Lord, and a flatterer of Timon.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.

LUCULLUS, a Lord, and a flatterer of Timon.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

SEMPRONIUS, a Lord, and a flatterer of Timon.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3.

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 3.

ALCIBIADES, an *Athenian* general.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 5.  
Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 5.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4.

Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

FLAMINIUS, servant to Timon.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.

LUCILIUS, servant to Timon.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

SERVILIUS, servant to Timon.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4.

CAPUS, servant to Timon's creditors.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

PHILOTUS, servant to Timon's creditors.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 4.

TITUS, servant to Timon's creditors.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 4.

LUCIUS, servant to Timon's creditors.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 4.

HORTENSIVS, servant to Timon's creditors.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 4.

Two Servants of Varro, a creditor of Timon.

*Appear*, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4.

A Servant of Isidore, a creditor of Timon.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2.

Cupid and Maskers.

*Appear*, Act I. sc. 2.

Three Strangers.

*Appear*, Act III. sc. 2.

Poet.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

Painter.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

Jeweller.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

Merchant.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

An old Athenian.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

A Page.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2.

A Fool.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2.

PHRYNIA, a mistress to Alcibiades.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 3.

TIMANDRA, a mistress to Alcibiades.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 3.

*Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—ATHENS, AND THE WOODS ADJOINING.

'The Life of Tynon of Athens' was first published in the folio collection of 1623. The text, in this first edition, has no division into acts and

# TIMON OF ATHENS.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.*

POET. Good day, sir.

PAIN. I am glad you are well.

POET. I have not seen you long: How goes the world?

PAIN. It wears, sir, as it grows.

POET. Ay, that 's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange,  
Which manifold record not matches? See,  
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power  
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

PAIN. I know them both; th' other 's a jeweller.

MER. O, 't is a worthy lord!

JEW. Nay, that 's most fix'd.

MER. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,  
To an untirable and continue goodness:  
He passes.

JEW. I have a jewel here.

MER. O, pray, let 's see 't: For the lord Timon, sir?

JEW. If he will touch the estimate: But for that—

POET. "When we for recompense have prais'd the vile  
It stains the glory in that happy verse  
Which aptly sings the good."

MER. 'T is a good form. [*Looking at the jewel.*]

JEW. And rich: here is a water, look you.

PAIN. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication  
To the great lord.

POET. A thing slipp'd idly from me.  
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes  
From whence 't is nourished: The fire i' the flint  
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame  
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies  
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

PAIN. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?

POET. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.  
Let's see your piece.

PAIN. 'T is a good piece.

POET. So 't is; this comes off well and excellent.

PAIN. Indifferent.

POET. Admirable: How this grace  
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power  
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination  
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture  
One might interpret.

PAIN. It is a pretty mocking of the life.  
Here is a touch: Is 't good?

POET. I will say of it,  
It tutors nature: artificial strife  
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

*Enter certain Senators, and pass over.*

PAIN. How this lord's follow'd!

POET. The senators of Athens:—Happy men!

PAIN. Look, more!

POET. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,  
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man  
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug  
With amplest entertainment: My free drift  
Halts not particularly, but moves itself  
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice  
Infects one comma in the course I hold;

Of grave and austere quality,) tender down  
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,  
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,  
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance  
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer  
To Apemantus, that few things loves better  
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down  
The knee before him, and returns in peace  
Most rich in Timon's nod.

PAIN. I saw them speak together.

POET. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill  
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o' the mount  
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinds of natures,  
That labour on the bosom of this sphere  
To propagate their states: amongst them all,  
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,  
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,  
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;  
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants  
Translates his rivals.

PAIN. 'T is conceiv'd to scope.  
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill methinks,  
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,  
Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd  
In our condition.

POET. Nay, sir, but hear me on:  
All those which were his fellows but of late,  
(Some better than his value,) on the moment  
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,  
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,  
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him  
Drink the free air.

PAIN. Ay, marry, what of these?

POET. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,  
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,  
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,  
Even on their hands and knees, let him slip down,  
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

PAIN. 'T is common:

A thousand moral paintings I can show,  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune's  
More pregnant than words. Yet you do well,  
To show lord Timon that mean eyes have seen  
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the Servant of  
VENTIDIUS talking with him.*

TIM. Imprison'd is he, say you?

VEN. SERV. Ay, my good lord; five talents is his debt;  
His means most short, his creditors most strait:  
Your honourable letter he desires  
To those have shut him up; which failing,  
Periods his comfort.

TIM. Noble Ventidius! Well;  
I am not of that feather, to shake off  
My friend when he must need me. I do know him  
A gentleman that well deserves a help,  
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and free him.

VEN. SERV. Your lordship ever binds him.

TIM. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;  
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—  
'T is not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

VEN. SERV. All happiness to your honour.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter an old Athenian.*

OLD ATH. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

TIM. Freely, good father.

OLD ATH. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

TIM. I have so: What of him?

OLD ATH. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

TIM. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

*Enter LUCILIUS.*

And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd  
Than one which holds a trencher.

TIM. Well; what further?

OLD ATH. One only daughter have I, no kin else,  
On whom I may confer what I have got:  
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,  
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,  
In qualities of the best. This man of thine  
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,  
Join with me to forbid him her resort;  
Myself have spoke in vain.

TIM. The man is honest.

OLD ATH. Therefore he will be, Timon:  
His honesty rewards him in itself,  
It must not bear my daughter.

TIM. Does she love him?

OLD ATH. She is young, and apt:  
Our own precedent passions do instruct us  
What levity's in youth.

TIM. [To LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?

LUC. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

OLD ATH. If in her marriage my consent be missing,  
I call the gods to witness, I will choose  
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,  
And dispossess her all.

TIM. How shall she be endow'd,  
If she be mated with an equal husband?

OLD ATH. Three talents, on the present; in future, all.

TIM. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;  
To build his fortune I would strain a little,  
For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:  
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,  
And make him weigh with her.

OLD ATH. Most noble lord,  
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

TIM. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

LUC. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may  
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,  
Which is not ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*]

POET. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

TIM. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:  
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

PAIN. A piece of painting, which I do beseech  
Your lordship to accept.

TIM. Painting is welcome.  
The painting is almost the natural man;  
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,  
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are  
Even such as they give out. I like your work;  
And you shall find I like it; wait attendance  
Till you hear further from me.

PAIN. The gods preserve you!

TIM. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand:  
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel  
Hath suffer'd under praise.

JEW. What, my lord? dispraise?

TIM. A mere satiety of commendations.  
If I should pay you for 't as 't is extoll'd  
It would unclew me quite.

JEW. My lord, 't is rated  
As those which sell would give: But you well know,  
Things of like value, differing in the owners,  
Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,  
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

TIM. Well mock'd.

MER. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,  
Which all men speak with him.

TIM. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

JEW. We will bear with your lordship.

MER. He'll spare none.

TIM. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

APEM. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;  
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

TIM. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st  
them not.

APEM. Are they not Athenians?

TIM. Yes.

APEM. Then I repent not.

JEW. You know me, Apemantus.

APEM. Thou know'st I do; I called thee by thy name.

TIM. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

APEM. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

TIM. Whither art going?

APEM. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

TIM. That 's a deed thou 'lt die for.

APEM. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

TIM. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

APEM. The best, for the innocence.

TIM. Wrought he not well that painted it?

APEM. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he 's but a filthy piece of work.

PAIN. You are a dog.

APEM. Thy mother 's of my generation: What 's she, if I be a dog?

TIM. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

APEM. No; I eat not lords.

TIM. An thou shouldst, thou 'dst anger ladies.

APEM. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

TIM. That 's a lascivious apprehension.

APEM. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

TIM. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

APEM. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

TIM. What dost thou think 't is worth?

APEM. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

POET. How now, philosopher?

APEM. Thou liest.

POET. Art not one?

APEM. Yes.

POET. Then I lie not.

APEM. Art not a poet?

POET. Yes.

APEM. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

POET. That 's not feign'd, he is so.

APEM. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy

labour: He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

TIM. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

APEM. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

TIM. What, thyself?

APEM. Ay.

TIM. Wherefore?

APEM. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

MER. Ay, Apemantus.

APEM. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not.

MER. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

APEM. Traffic 's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

*Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.*

TIM. What trumpet 's that?

SERV. 'T is Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,  
All of companionship.

TIM. Pray entertain them; give them guide to us.—

*[Exeunt some Attendants.]*

You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence  
Till I have thank'd you; and when dinner 's done,  
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with his company.*

Most welcome, sir!

*[They salute.]*

APEM. So, so; there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—  
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,  
And all this court'ry! The strain of man 's bred out  
Into baboon and monkey.

ALCIB. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed  
Most hungrily on your sight.

TIM. Right welcome, sir.

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time  
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

*[Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.]*

*Enter Two Lords.*

APEM. Time to be honest.

1 LORD. That time serves still.

APEM. The most accursed thou that still omitt'st it.

2 LORD. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

APEM. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 LORD. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

APEM. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 LORD. Why, Apemantus?

APEM. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 LORD. Hang thyself.

APEM. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2 LORD. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

APEM. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. [*Exit.*]

1 LORD. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,  
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes  
The very heart of kindness.

2 LORD. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,  
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays  
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,  
But breeds the giver a return exceeding  
All use of quittance.

1 LORD.           The noblest mind he carries,  
That ever govern'd man.

2 LORD. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 LORD. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in Timon's House.*

*Haulboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in;  
FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES,  
LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian  
Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes,  
dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.*

VEN. Most honour'd Timon,  
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,  
And call him to long peace.  
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:  
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,  
Doubled with thanks, and service, from whose help  
I deriv'd liberty.

TIM. O, by no means,  
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;  
I gave it freely ever; and there's none  
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:  
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare  
To imitate them: Faults that are rich, are fair.

VEN. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.*]

TIM. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devis'd at first  
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown;  
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.  
Pray sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,  
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*]

1 LORD. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

APEM. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

TIM. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

APEM. No, you shall not make me welcome:  
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

TIM. Fye, thou 'rt a churl; you've got a humour there  
Does not become a man, 't is much to blame:—  
They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,  
But yond' man's ever angry.  
Go, let him have a table by himself;  
For he does neither affect company,  
Nor is he fit for 't, indeed.

APEM. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon;  
I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

TIM. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian; therefore welcome: I myself would have no power: prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

APEM. I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me, for I should  
Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number  
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!  
It grieves me to see so many dip their meat  
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,  
He cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men;  
Methinks they should invite them without knives;  
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.  
There 's much example for 't; the fellow, that  
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges  
The breath of him in a divided draught,  
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.  
If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;  
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:  
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

TIM. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2 LORD. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

APEM. Flow this way! A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides  
well.

Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill, Timon;  
Here 's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,  
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:  
This, and my food, are equals; there 's no odds.  
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;  
I pray for no man, but myself:  
Grant I may never prove so fond,  
To trust man on his oath or bond;  
Or a harlot, for her weeping;  
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;  
Or a keeper with my freedom;  
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.  
Amen. So fall to 't:

Rich men sin, and I eat root. [*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

TIM. Captain Alcibiades, your heart 's in the field now.

ALCIB. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

TIM. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a  
dinner of friends.

ALCIB. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there 's no  
meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

APEM. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then;  
that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to em.

1 LORD. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

TIM. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 't is to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

APEM. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

2 LORD. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

APEM. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 LORD. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

APEM. Much!

[*Tucket sounded.*]

TIM. What means that trumpet?—How now?

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

TIM. Ladies? What are their wills?

That of his bounties taste!—the five best senses  
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely  
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom:  
The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;  
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

TIM. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance,  
Music, make their welcome. [Exit CUPID.]

1 LORD. You see, my lord, how ample y' are belov'd.

*Music. Re-enter CUPID, with a mask of Ladies as Amazons,  
with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

APEM. Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!  
They dance! they are mad women.  
Like madness is the glory of this life,  
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.  
We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves;  
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,  
Upon whose age we void it up again,  
With poisonous spite and envy.  
Who lives that's not depraved, or depraves?  
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves  
Of their friends' gift?  
I should fear those that dance before me now,  
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done:  
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and,  
to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all  
dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the haultboys,  
and cease.*

TIM. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies  
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,  
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;  
You have added worth unto 't, and lustre,  
And entertain'd me with mine own device;  
I am to thank you for it.

1 LADY. My lord, you take us even at the best.

APEM. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold  
taking, I doubt me.

TIM. Ladies, there is an idle banquet  
Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

ALL LAD. Most thankfully, my lord.

*[Exeunt CUPID and Ladies.]*

TIM. Flavius!

FLAV. My lord.

TIM. The little casket bring me hither.

FLAV. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; *[Aside.]*

Else I should tell him,—Well,—i' faith, I should,  
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind;  
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

*[Exit, and returns with the casket.]*

1 LORD. Where be our men?

SERV. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 LORD. Our horses.

TIM. O my friends,

I have one word to say to you;—Look you, my good lord,  
I must entreat you, honour me so much,  
As to advance this jewel; accept it, and wear it,  
Kind my lord.

1 LORD. I am so far already in your gifts,—

ALL. So are we all.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate  
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

TIM. They are fairly welcome.

FLAV. I beseech your honour,  
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

*Enter a third Servant.*

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3 SERV. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

TIM. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd, Not without fair reward.

FLAV. [*Aside.*] What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, And all out of an empty coffer.— Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good; His promises fly so beyond his state, That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes for every word; He is so kind, that he now pays interest for't; His lands put to their books. Well, 'would I were Gently put out of office, before I were forc'd out! Happier is he that has no friend to feed, Than such that do even enemies exceed. I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*]

TIM. You do yourselves Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits: Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 LORD. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 LORD. O, he is the very soul of bounty!

TIM. And now I remember, my lord, you gave Good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it!

2 LORD. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

TIM. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man Can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh my friend's affection with mine own; I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

ALL LORDS. O, none so welcome.

TIM. I take all and your several visitations So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give; Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends, And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,

Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;  
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living  
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast  
Lie in a pitch'd field.

ALCIB. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

1 LORD. We are so virtuously bound,—

TIM. And so

Am I to you.

2 LORD. So infinitely endear'd—

TIM. All to you.—Lights, more lights.

1 LORD. The best of happiness,  
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

TIM. Ready for his friends. [*Exeunt* ALCIB., Lords, &c.]

APEM. What a coil 's here!

Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!  
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums  
That are given for 'em. Friendship 's full of dregs:  
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.  
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

TIM. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,  
I would be good to thee.

APEM. No, I'll nothing: for if I should be brib'd too,  
there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou  
wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear  
me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: What need  
these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

TIM. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am  
sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with  
better music. [*Exit.*]

APEM. So,—Thou 'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not  
then.

I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in a Senator's House.**Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.*

SEN. And late, five thousand: to Varro, and to Isidore,  
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,  
Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in motion  
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.  
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog  
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:  
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more  
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,  
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,  
And able horses: No porter at his gate;  
But rather one that smiles, and still invites  
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason  
Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, ho!  
Caphis, I say!

*Enter CAPHIS.*

CAPH. Here, sir: What is your pleasure?

SEN. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;  
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd  
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—  
“Commend me to your master”—and the cap  
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah,  
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn  
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,  
And my reliances on his fracted dates  
Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him;  
But must not break my back, to heal his finger:  
Immediate are my needs; and my relief  
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,  
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:  
Put on a most importunate aspect,  
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,  
When every feather sticks in his own wing,

Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,  
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

CAPH. I go, sir.

SEN. Ay, go, sir,—take the bonds along with you,  
And have the dates in compt.

CAPH.

I will, sir.

SEN.

Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.*

FLAV. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense  
That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account  
How things go from him; nor resumes no care  
Of what is to continue. Never mind  
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.  
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:  
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.  
Fye, fye, fye, fye!

*Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.*

CAPH. Good even, Varro: What,  
You come for money?

VAR. SERV. Is 't not your business too?

CAPH. It is;—and yours too, Isidore?

ISID. SERV. It is so.

CAPH. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

VAR. SERV. I fear it.

CAPH. Here comes the lord.

*Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.*

TIM. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,  
My Alcibiades.—With me? What is your will?

CAPH. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

TIM. Dues? whence are you?

CAPH. Of Athens here, my lord.

My master is awak'd by great occasion,  
To call upon his own: and humbly prays you,  
That with your other noble parts you 'll suit,  
In giving him his right.

TIM. Mine honest friend,  
I prithee but repair to me next morning.

CAPH. Nay, good my lord,—

TIM. Contain thyself, good friend.

VAR. SERV. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

ISID. SERV. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

CAPH. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

VAR. SERV. 'T was due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,  
And past,—

ISID. SERV. Your steward puts me off, my lord;  
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

TIM. Give me breath:—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords.*]

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you,

[*To FLAVIUS.*]

How goes the world that I am thus encounter'd  
With clamorous demands of date-broken bonds,  
And the detention of long-since-due debts,  
Against my honour?

FLAV. Please you, gentlemen,  
The time is unagreeable to this business:  
Your importunacy cease till after dinner;  
That I may make his lordship understand  
Wherefore you are not paid.

TIM. Do so, my friends:  
See them well entertained.

[*Exit TIMON.*]

FLAV. Pray draw near. [*Exit FLAVIUS.*]

*Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.*

CAPH. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus;  
let 's have some sport with 'em.

VAR. SERV. Hang him, he 'll abuse us.

ISID. SERV. A plague upon him, dog!

VAR. SERV. How dost, fool?

APEM. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

VAR. SERV. I speak not to thee.

APEM. No; 't is to thyself.—Come away. [*To the Fool.*]

ISID. SERV. [*To VAR. SERV.*] There 's the fool hangs on your back already.

APEM. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

CAPH. Where 's the fool now?

APEM. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

ALL SERV. What are we, Apemantus?

APEM. Asses.

ALL SERV. Why?

APEM. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

FOOL. How do you, gentlemen?

ALL SERV. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

FOOL. She 's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would we could see you at Corinth.

APEM. Good! Gramercy.

*Enter Page.*

FOOL. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

PAGE. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

APEM. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

PAGE. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

APEM. Canst not read?

PAGE. No.

APEM. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd.

APEM. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

ALL SERV. Ay; 'would they served us!

APEM. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

FOOL. Are you three usurers' men?

ALL SERV. Ay, fool.

FOOL. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

VAR. SERV. I could render one.

APEM. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master and a knave; which, notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

VAR. SERV. What is a whoremaster, fool?

FOOL. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one: He is very often like a knight, and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

VAR. SERV. Thou art not altogether a fool.

FOOL. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

APEM. That answer might have become Apemantus.

ALL SERV. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

APEM. Come with me, fool, come.

FOOL. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.

*[Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.]*

FLAV. 'Pray you walk near; I 'll speak with you anon.

*[Exeunt Serv.]*

FLAV. You would not hear me,  
At many leisures I propos'd.

TIM. Go to:  
Perchance, some single vantages you took,  
When my indisposition put you back;  
And that unaptness made your minister,  
Thus to excuse yourself.

FLAV. O, my good lord!  
At many times I brought in my accounts;  
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,  
And say, you found them in mine honesty.  
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me  
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept:  
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you  
To hold your hand more close: I did endure  
Not seldom nor no slight checks; when I have  
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,  
And your great flow of debts. My lov'd lord,  
Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now 's a time,  
The greatest of your having lacks a half  
To pay your present debts.

TIM. Let all my land be sold.

FLAV. 'T is all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;  
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth  
Of present dues: the future comes apace:  
What shall defend the interim? and at length  
How goes our reckoning?

TIM. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

FLAV. O, my good lord, the world is but a word!  
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone!

TIM. You tell me true.

FLAV. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,  
Call me before the exactest auditors,  
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,  
When all our offices have been oppress'd  
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept  
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room  
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;  
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,

And set mine eyes at flow.

TIM. Prithee, no more.

FLAV. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!  
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,  
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?  
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?  
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!  
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
Feast-won, fast-lost: one cloud of winter showers,  
These flies are couch'd.

TIM. Come, ~~sermon~~ sermon me no further:  
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;  
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.  
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack  
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;  
If I would broach the vessels of my love,  
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,  
Men, and men's fortunes, can I frankly use,  
As I can bid thee speak.

FLAV. Assurance bless your thoughts!

TIM. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,  
That I account them blessings; for by these  
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you  
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.  
Within there!—Flaminius! Servilius!

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.*

SERV. My lord, my lord,—

TIM. I will despatch you severally.—You to lord Lucius,  
to lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day;—  
you to Sempronius: Commend me to their loves; and, I am  
proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use them  
toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

FLAM. As you have said, my lord.

FLAV. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? humph! [*Aside*]

TIM. Go you, sir [*to another Serv.*], to the senators,  
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have  
Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o' the instant  
A thousand talents to me.

FLAV. I have been bold,  
(For that I knew it the most general way,)  
To them to use your signet, and your name;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in return.

TIM. Is 't true? can 't be?

FLAV. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,  
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot  
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—  
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—  
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature  
May catch a wench—would all were well—'t is pity—  
And so, intending other serious matters,  
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,  
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,  
They froze me into silence.

TIM. You gods, reward them!  
'Prithee, man, look cheerly! These old fellows  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:  
Their blood is cak'd, 't is cold, it seldom flows;  
'T is lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;  
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.  
Go to Ventidius—[to a Serv.]. 'Prithee [to FLAV.], be not sad,  
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,  
No blame belongs to thee:—[to Serv.] Ventidius lately  
Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd  
Into a great estate: when he was poor,  
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,  
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;  
Bid him suppose some good necessity

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in Lucullus's House.*FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a Servant to him.*

SERV. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

FLAM. I thank you, sir.

*Enter LUCULLUS.*

SERV. Here 's my lord.

LUCUL. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men! a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminus, honest Flaminus; you are very respectively welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

FLAM. His health is well, sir.

LUCUL. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminus?

FLAM. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

LUCUL. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he! alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 't is, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

*Re-enter Servant, with wine.*

SERV. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

LUCUL. Flaminus, I have noted thee always wise. Here 's to thee.

FLAM. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

LUCUL. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the Servant, who goes out.*—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

FLAM. Is 't possible, the world should so much differ:  
And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,  
To him that worships thee! [*Throwing the money away.*]

LUCUL. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit LUCULLUS.*]

FLAM. May these add to the number that may scald thee!  
Let molten coin be thy damnation,  
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!  
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,  
It turns in less than two nights? O, you gods,  
I feel my master's passion! This slave unto his honour  
Has my lord's meat in him;  
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,  
When he is turn'd to poison?  
O, may diseases only work upon 't!  
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature  
Which my lord paid for, be of any power  
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A public Place.*

*Enter LUCIUS, with Three Strangers.*

LUC. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 STRAN. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now lord Timon's

happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

LUC. Fye no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 STRAN. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

LUC. How?

2 STRAN. I tell you, denied, my lord.

LUC. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man; there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

SER. See, by good hap, yonder 's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord.— [To LUCIUS.

LUC. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

SER. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

LUC. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he 's ever sending: How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

SER. He has only sent his present occasion, now, my lord: requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

LUC. I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

SER. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

LUC. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

SER. Upon my soul, 't is true, sir.

LUC. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself

honourable! How unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now before the gods I am not able to do 't, the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

SER. Yes, sir, I shall.

LUC. I 'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit SER.*]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;  
And he that 's once denied will hardly speed.

[*Exit LUC.*]

1 STRAN. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 STRAN.

Ay, too well.

1 STRAN. Why this is the world's soul;

And just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit: who can call him his friend

That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,

Timon has been this lord's father,

And kept his credit with his purse;

Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money

Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,

But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;

And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man

When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)

He does deny him, in respect of his,

What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 STRAN. Religion groans at it.

1 STRAN.

For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,

Nor came any of his bounties over me,

To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,

For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,

And honourable carriage,

Had his necessity made use of me,

I would have put my wealth into donation,  
And the best half should have return'd to him,  
So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,  
Men must learn now with pity to dispense:  
For policy sits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Sempronius's House.*

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.*

SEM. Must he needs trouble me in 't? Humph! 'bove all others!

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;  
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,  
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these  
Owe their estates unto him.

SERV. My lord,  
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal;  
For they have all denied him!

SEM. How! have they denied him?  
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?  
And does he send to me? Three? Humph!—  
It shows but little love or judgment in him.  
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,  
Thrice give him over: Must I take th' cure upon me?  
H' has much disgrac'd me in 't, I 'm angry at him,  
That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,  
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;  
For, in my conscience, I was the first man  
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:  
And does he think so backwardly of me now,  
That I 'll requite it last? No.  
So it may prove an argument of laughter  
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.  
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,  
H' had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;  
I had such a courage to do him good. But now return,  
And with their faint reply this answer join;  
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*

SERV. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The  
devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he

crossed himself by it: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire: Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,  
Save only the gods: Now his friends are dead,  
Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their wards  
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd  
Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;

Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and other Servants to Timon's creditors, waiting his coming out.*

VAR. SERV. Well met; good-morrow Titus and Hortensius.

TIT. The like to you, kind Varro.

HOR. Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

LUC. SERV. Ay, and I think

One business doth command us all; for mine  
Is money.

TIT. So is theirs, and ours.

*Enter PHILOTUS.*

LUC. SERV. And sir

Philotus too!

PHL. Good day at once.

LUC. SERV. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

PHL. Labouring for nine.

LUC. SERV. So much?

PHL. Is not my lord seen yet?

You must consider, that a prodigal course  
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear,

'T is deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;  
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet  
Find little.

PHL. I am of your fear for that.

TIT. I 'll show you how to observe a strange event.  
Your lord sends now for money.

HOR. Most true, he does.

TIT. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,  
For which I wait for money.

HOR. It is against my heart.

LUC. SERV. Mark, how strange it shows,  
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:  
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,  
And send for money for 'em.

HOR. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness:  
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,  
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 VAR. SERV. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: What's  
yours?

LUC. SERV. Five thousand mine.

1 VAR. SERV. 'T is much deep: and it should seem by  
the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine;  
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

*Enter FLAMINIUS.*

TIT. One of lord Timon's men.

LUC. SERV. Flaminius! sir, a word: 'Pray, is my lord  
ready to come forth?

FLAM. No, indeed, he is not.

TIT. We attend his lordship; 'Pray, signify so much.

FLAM. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too  
diligent. *[Exit FLAMINIUS.]*

*Enter FLAVIUS, in a cloak, muffled.*

LUC. SERV. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?  
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

TIT. Do you hear, sir?

1 VAR. SERV. By your leave, sir,—

FLAV. What do you ask of me, my friend?

TIT. We wait for certain money here, sir.

FLAV. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,

'T were sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,

And take down th' interest into their gluttonous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly:

Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

LUC. SERV. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

FLAV. If 't will not serve, 't is not so base as you;  
For you serve knaves. [Exit.

1 VAR. SERV. How! what does his cashier'd worship  
mutter?

2 VAR. SERV. No matter what; he's poor, and that's  
revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has  
no house to put his head in? Such may rail against great  
buildings.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

TIT. O, here 's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

SER. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some  
other hour, I should derive much from 't: for, take 't of my  
soul, my lord leans wond'rously to discontent. His comfort-  
able temper has forsook him; he is much out of health, and  
keeps his chamber.

LUC. SERV. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:

*Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.*

TIM. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?  
Have I been ever free, and must my house  
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?  
The place which I have feasted, does it now,  
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

LUC. SERV. Put in now, Titus.

TIT. My lord, here is my bill.

LUC. SERV. Here 's mine.

HOR. SERV. And mine, my lord.

BOTH VAR. SERV. And ours, my lord.

PHL. All our bills.

TIM. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

LUC. SERV. Alas! my lord,—

TIM. Cut my heart in sums.

TIT. Mine, fifty talents.

TIM. Tell out my blood.

LUC. SERV. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

TIM. Five thousand drops pays that.

What yours?—and yours?

1 VAR. SERV. My lord,—

2 VAR. SERV. My lord,—

TIM. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*]

HOR. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps  
at their money; these debts may well be called desperate  
ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

TIM. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:  
Creditors?—devils.

FLAV. My dear lord,—

TIM. What if it should be so?

FLAM. My lord,—

TIM. I 'll have it so:—My steward!

FLAV. Here, my lord,—

You only speak from your distracted soul;  
There is not so much left, to furnish out  
A moderate table.

TIM. Be't not in thy care; go,  
I charge thee; invite them all; let in the tide  
Of knaves once more: my cook and I'll provide. [Exit.

SCENE V.—*The Senate-House.*

*The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.*

1 SEN. My lord, you have my voice to it;  
The fault's bloody;  
'T is necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 SEN. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

ALCIB. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 SEN. Now, captain.

ALCIB. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;

For pity is the virtue of the law,

And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy

Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,

Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth

To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't.

He is a man, setting his fate aside,

Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;

(An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)

But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe:

And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave his anger, ere 't was spent,

As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 SEN. You undergo too strict a paradox,

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:

Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling

Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,

Is valour misbegot, and came into the world

When sects and factions were newly born:  
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer  
The worst that man can breathe;  
And make his wrongs his outsides,  
To wear them like his raiment, carelessly;  
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
To bring it into danger.  
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,  
What folly 't is to hazard life for ill!

ALCIB. My lord,—

1 SEN. You cannot make gross sins look clear;  
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

ALCIB. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,  
If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,  
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,  
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,  
Without repugnancy? If there be  
Such valour in the bearing, what make we  
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,  
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;  
And the ass, more captain than the lion;  
The fellow loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,  
If wisdom be in suffering. O, my lords,  
As you are great, be pitifully good:  
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?  
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;  
But, in defence, by mercy, 't is most just.  
To be in anger is impiety;  
But who is man that is not angry?  
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 SEN. You breathe in vain.

ALCIB. In vain? his service done  
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,  
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 SEN. What's that?

ALCIB. Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair service,  
And slain in fight many of your enemies:  
How full of valour did he bear himself  
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2 SEN. He has made too much plenty with 'em.  
He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin  
That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:  
If there were no foes, that were enough  
To overcome him: in that beastly fury  
He has been known to commit outrages,  
And cherish factions: 't is inferr'd to us,  
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 SEN. He dies.

ALCIB. Hard fate! he might have died in war.  
My lords, if not for any parts in him,  
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,  
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,  
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:  
And, for I know, your reverend ages love security,  
I'll pawn my victories, all my honour to you,  
Upon his good returns.

If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;  
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 SEN. We are for law; he dies; urge it no more,  
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,  
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

ALCIB. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,  
I do beseech you know me.

2 SEN. How?

ALCIB. Call me to your remembrances.

3 SEN. What?

ALCIB. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;  
It could not else be I should prove so base,  
To sue, and be denied such common grace:  
My wounds ache at you.

1 SEN. Do you dare our anger?  
'T is in few words, but spacious in effect;  
We banish thee for ever.

ALCIB. Banish me?  
Banish your dotage; banish usury,  
That makes the senate ugly.

1 SEN. If, after two days' shine Athens contain thee,  
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,

He shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt* Senators.]

ALCIB. Now, the gods keep you old enough; that you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!

I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,

While they have told their money, and let out

Their coin upon large interest; I myself,

Rich only in large hurts:—All those, for this!

Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate

Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment?

It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,

That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up

My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.

'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;

Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*A magnificent Room in Timon's House.*

*Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, at several doors.*

1 LORD. The good time of day to you, sir.

2 LORD. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 LORD. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 LORD. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 LORD. I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 LORD. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 LORD. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 LORD. Every man here 's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 LORD. A thousand pieces.

2 LORD. A thousand pieces!

1 LORD. What of you?

3 LORD. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

*Enter TIMON and Attendants.*

TIM. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1 LORD. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 LORD. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

TIM. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to 't presently.

1 LORD. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

TIM. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 LORD. My noble lord,—

TIM. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

*[The banquet brought in.]*

2 LORD. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that when your lordship this other day sent to me I was so unfortunate a beggar.

TIM. Think not on 't, sir.

2 LORD. If you had sent but two hours before,—

TIM. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2 LORD. All covered dishes!

1 LORD. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 LORD. Doubt not that, if money, and the season, can yield it.

1 LORD. How do you? What's the news?

3 LORD. Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 LORD. Alcibiades banished!

3 LORD. 'T is so, be sure of it.

1 LORD. How? how?

2 LORD. I pray you, upon what

TIM. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 LORD. I'll tell you more anon. Here 's a noble feast toward.

2 LORD. This is the old man still.

3 LORD. Will 't hold, will 't hold ?

2 LORD. It does: but time will—and so—

3 LORD. I do conceive.

TIM. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

*[The dishes uncovered, are full of warm water.]*

SOME SPEAK. What does his lordship mean?

SOME OTHER. I know not.

TIM. May you a better feast never behold,  
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and lukewarm water  
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;  
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,  
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

*[Throwing water in their faces.]*

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,  
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,  
You fools of fortune, ~~trencher~~-friends, time's flies,  
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!  
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady

Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?  
Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou;—

*[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.]*

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon, man, and all humanity.

*[Exit.]*

*Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords, and Senators.*

1 LORD. How now, my lords?

2 LORD. Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 LORD. Pish! did you see my cap?

4 LORD. I have lost my gown.

3 LORD. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour  
sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he  
has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

3 LORD. Did you see my cap?

2 LORD. Here 't is.

4 LORD. Here lies my gown.

1 LORD. Let's make no stay.

2 LORD. Lord Timon's mad.

3 LORD. I feel't upon my bones.

4 LORD. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

*[Exeunt.]*

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Walls of Athens.*

*Enter TIMON.*

TIM. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,

Do't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;  
Rather than render back, out with your knives,  
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!  
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,  
And pill by law! Maid, to thy master's bed;  
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,  
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,  
With it beat out his brains! piety and fear,  
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,  
Domestic awe, night rest, and neighbourhood,  
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,  
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,  
Decline to your confounding contraries,  
And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,  
Your potent and infectious fevers heap  
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,  
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt  
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty  
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;  
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,  
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop  
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath;  
That their society, as their friendship, may  
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,  
But nakedness, thou detestable town!  
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!  
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find  
The unkindest beast ~~more kinder~~ than mankind.  
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)  
The Athenians both within and out that wall!  
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow  
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!  
Amen.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in Timon's House.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with Two or Three Servants.*

1 SERV. Hear you, master steward, where's our master?  
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

FLAV. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?  
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods.  
I am as poor as you.

1 SERV. Such a house broke!  
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not  
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,  
And go along with him!

2 SERV. As we do turn our backs  
From our companion thrown into his grave,  
So his familiars to his buried fortunes  
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,  
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,  
A dedicated beggar to the air,  
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

*Enter other Servants.*

FLAV. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 SERV. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,  
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,  
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;  
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,  
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part  
Into this sea of air.

FLAV. Good fellows all,  
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.  
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,  
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,  
As't were a knell unto our master's fortunes,  
"We have seen better days." Let each take some;

*[Giving them money.]*

But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?  
 Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;  
 Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,  
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!  
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?  
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.  
 My dearest lord,—bless'd to be most accurs'd,  
 Rich, only to be wretched—thy great fortunes  
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!  
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat  
 Of monstrous friends:  
 Nor has he with him to supply his life,  
 Or that which can command it.  
 I'll follow, and inquire him out:  
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;  
 Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still. [Exit

SCENE III.—*The Woods.**Enter TIMON.*

TIM. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth  
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb  
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—  
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,  
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;  
 The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,  
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,  
 But by contempt of nature:  
 Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord  
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
 The beggar native honour:  
 It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,  
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,  
 in purity of manhood stand upright,  
 And say, "This man's a flatterer?" If one be,  
 So are they all; for every grize of fortune  
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate  
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;  
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,  
 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd

All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:  
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots: [*Digging.*  
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate  
With thy most operant poison! What is here?  
Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold?  
No, gods, I am no idle votarist.  
Roots, you clear heavens! Thus much of this, will make  
Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;  
Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.  
Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why this  
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;  
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:  
This yellow slave  
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;  
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,  
And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
With senators on the bench: this is it  
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again:  
~~She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores~~  
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices  
To the April-day again. Come, damned earth,  
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds  
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee  
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*]—Ha! a drum!—  
Thou 'rt quick,  
But yet I'll bury thee: Thou 'lt go, strong thief.  
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—  
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in warlike manner;  
PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.*

ALCIB. What art thou there? Speak!

TIM. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,  
For showing me again the eyes of man!

ALCIB. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,  
That art thyself a man?

TIM. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.  
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
That I might love thee something.

ALCIB. I know thee well;  
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.  
TIM. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,  
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;  
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:  
Religious canons, civil laws, are cruel;  
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine  
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,  
For all her cherubin look.

PHRY. Thy lips rot off!  
TIM. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns  
To thine own lips again.

ALCIB. How came the noble Timon to this change?  
TIM. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:  
But then renew I could not, like the moon;  
There were no suns to borrow of.

ALCIB. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?  
TIM. None, but to maintain my opinion.  
ALCIB. What is it, Timon?  
TIM. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If thou  
wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man!  
if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou'rt a man!

ALCIB. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.  
TIM. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.  
ALCIB. I see them now; then was a blessed time.  
TIM. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.  
TIMAN. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world  
Voic'd so regardfully?

TIM. Art thou Timandra?  
TIMAN. Yes.  
TIM. Be a whore still! They love thee not that use thee.  
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.  
Make use of thy salt hours; season the slaves  
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth  
To the tub-fast and the diet.

TIMAN. Hang thee, monster!  
ALCIB. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits  
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.  
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,  
The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,  
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,  
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,  
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

TIM. I prithee beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

ALCIB. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

TIM. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?  
I had rather be alone.

ALCIB. Why, fare thee well:

Here 's some gold for thee.

TIM. Keep 't, I cannot eat it.

ALCIB. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

TIM. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

ALCIB. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

TIM. The gods confound them all in thy conquest; and  
thee after, when thou hast conquered!

ALCIB. Why me, Timon?

TIM. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born to conquer my country.

Put up thy gold: Go on,—here 's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He 's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself 's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe.

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse: Swear against objects;

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There 's gold to pay thy soldiers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

ALCIB. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,  
Not all thy counsel.

TIM. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

PHRY. & TIMAN. Give us some gold, good Timon: Hast thou more?

TIM. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,  
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,  
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—  
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,  
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,  
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,  
I'll trust to your conditions: Be whores still;  
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,  
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;  
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,  
And be no turncoats: Yet may your pains, six months,  
Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin roofs  
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,  
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;  
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:  
A pox of wrinkles!

PHRY. & TIMAN. Well, more gold;—What then?—  
Believe 't, that we'll do anything for gold.

TIM. Consumptions sow  
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,  
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,  
That he may never more false title plead,  
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen  
That scolds against the quality of flesh,  
And not believes himself: down with the nose,  
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away  
Of him, that his particular to foresee,  
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald:  
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;  
That your activity may defeat and quell  
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—

Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  
And ditches grave you all!

PHRY. & TIMAN. More counsel with more money, bounteous  
Timon.

TIM. More whore, more mischief first: I have given you  
earnest.

ALCIB. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell,  
Timon;

If I thrive well, I 'll visit thee again.

TIM. If I hope well, I 'll never see thee more.

ALCIB. I never did thee harm.

TIM. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

ALCIB. Call'st thou that harm?

TIM. Men daily find it. Get thee away,

And take thy beagles with thee.

ALCIB. We but offend him.—

Strike. [*Drum beats. Exeunt ALCIB., PHRYNIA, and TIMAN.*]

TIM. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,  
Should yet be hungry;—Common mother, thou, [*Digging.*]  
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,  
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,  
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,  
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,  
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven  
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;  
Yield him, who all the human sons doth hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!  
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,  
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!  
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;  
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
Hath to the marbled mansion all above

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

More man? Plague! plague!

APEM. I was directed hither: Men report  
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

TIM. 'T is then, because thou dost not keep a dog  
Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

APEM. This is in thee a nature but infected;  
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung  
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?  
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?  
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;  
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot  
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,  
By putting on the cunning of a carper.  
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,  
And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,  
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,  
And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus:  
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade welcome,  
To knaves and all approachers: 'T is most just  
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,  
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

TIM. Were I like thee I 'd throw away myself.

APEM. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself.  
A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st  
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,  
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,  
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,  
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,  
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,—  
~~Whose naked natures~~ live in all the spite  
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,  
To the conflicting elements expos'd,  
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;  
O! thou shalt find—

TIM. A fool of thee: Depart.

APEM. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

TIM. I hate thee worse.

APEM. Why!

TIM. Thou flatter'st misery.

APEM. I flatter not; but say thou art a caltiff.

TIM. Why dost thou seek me out?

APEM. To vex thee.

TIM. Always a villain's office, or a fool's:

Dost please thyself in 't?

APEM. Ay.

TIM. What! a knave too?

APEM. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on  
To castigate thy pride, 't were well: but thou  
Dost it enforcedly; thou 'dst courtier be again,  
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery  
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:  
The one is filling still, never complete;  
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,  
Hath a distracted and most wretched being.  
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

TIM. Not by his breath that is more miserable.  
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm  
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.  
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath proceeded  
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords  
To such as may the passive drugs of it  
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself  
In general riot; melted down thy youth  
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd  
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd  
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,  
Who had the world as my confectionary:  
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men  
At duty, more than I could frame employment:  
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare  
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,  
That never knew but better, is some burden:  
Thy nature did commence in sufferance. time

Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men?  
They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?

If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,  
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff  
To some she beggar, and compounded thee  
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! begone!  
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,  
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

APEM. Art thou proud yet?

TIM. Ay, that I am not thee.

APEM. I, that I was no prodigal.

TIM. I, that I am one now;

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee  
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—  
That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a root.*]

APEM. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*]

TIM. First mend my company, take away thyself.

APEM. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

TIM. 'T is not well mended so, it is but botch'd;  
If not, I would it were.

APEM. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

TIM. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,  
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

APEM. Here is no use for gold.

TIM. The best and truest:  
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

APEM. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

TIM. Under that 's above me.  
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

APEM. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I  
eat it.

TIM. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

APEM. Where wouldst thou send it?

TIM. To sauce thy dishes.

APEM. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but  
the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy guilt,  
and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity;  
in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the con-  
trary. There 's a medlar for thee, eat it.

TIM. On what I hate I feed not.

APEM. Dost hate a medlar?

TIM. Ay, though it look like thee.

APEM. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

TIM. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

APEM. Myself.

TIM. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

APEM. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

TIM. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

APEM. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

TIM. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

APEM. Ay, Timon.

TIM. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety

TIM. How! has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

APEM. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

TIM. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

APEM. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

TIM. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

APEM. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

TIM. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

APEM. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

TIM. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

APEM. I would my tongue could rot them off!

TIM. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive; ,

I swoon to see thee.

APEM. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

TIM.

Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose

A stone by thee.

[*Throws a stone at him.*]

APEM. Beast!

TIM. Slave!

APEM. Toad!

TIM. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.*]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought

But even the mere necessities upon't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*]

Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,

That soldier'st close impossibilities,  
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,  
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!  
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue  
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts  
May have the world in empire!

APKM. 'Would 't were so;—  
But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:  
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

TIM. Throng'd to?

APKM. Ay.

TIM. Thy back, I prithee.

APKM. Live, and love thy misery!

TIM. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.

[Exit APEMANTUS.]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

*Enter Banditti.*

1 BAN. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 BAN. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

3 BAN. Let us make the assay upon him. If he care not for 't, he will supply us easily: If he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

2 BAN. True; for he bears it not about him, 't is hid.

1 BAN. Is not this he?

BANDITTI. Where?

2 BAN. 'T is his description.

3 BAN. He; I know him.

BANDITTI. Save thee, Timon.

TIM. Now, thieves?

BANDITTI. Soldiers, not thieves.

TIM. Both too; and women's sons.

BANDITTI. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

TIM. Your greatest want is you want much of meat.  
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;  
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:  
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush  
Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 BAN. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water.  
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

TIM. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes:  
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,  
That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not  
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft  
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,  
Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape,  
Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,  
And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician;  
His antidotes are poison, and he slays  
More than you rob. Take wealth and lives together;  
Do villainy, do, since you protest to do 't,  
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:  
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction  
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,  
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:  
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief;  
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen  
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;  
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power  
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves: away;  
Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;  
All that you meet are thieves: To Athens go;  
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,  
But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this  
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!

Amen.

[TIMON retires to his cave.]

3 BAN. He has almost charmed me from my profession, by  
persuading me to it.

1 BAN. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus  
advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 BAN. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my  
trade.

1 BAN. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time  
so miserable but a man may be true. [Exeunt Banditti.]

*Enter FLAVIUS.*

FLAV. O, you gods!  
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?  
Full of decay and failing? O, monument  
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!  
What an alteration of honour has  
Desperate want made!  
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,  
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends:  
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,  
When man was wish'd to love his enemies:  
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo  
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!  
He has caught me in his eye: I will present  
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,  
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

*TIMON comes forward from his cave.*

TIM. Away! what art thou?

FLAV. Have you forgot me, sir?

TIM. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;  
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

FLAV. An honest poor servant of yours.

TIM. Then I know thee not.

I ne'er had honest man about me; ay, all  
I kept were knaves to serve in meat to villains.

FLAV. The gods are witness,  
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief  
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

TIM. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer:—then I love  
thee,  
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st  
Flinty mankind: whose eyes do never give

So true, so just, and now so comfortable?  
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.  
Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man  
Was born of woman.—  
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness.  
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim  
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;—  
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—  
How fain would I have hated all mankind,  
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,  
I fell with curses.  
Methinks, thou art more honest now than wise;  
For by oppressing and betraying me,  
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:  
For many so arrive at second masters,  
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,  
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)  
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,  
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,  
Expecting in return twenty for one?

FLAV. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast  
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late;  
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:  
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.  
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,  
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,  
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,  
My most honour'd lord,  
For any benefit that points to me,  
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange  
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth  
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

TIM. Look thee, 't is so!—Thou singly honest man,  
Here, take:—the gods out of my misery  
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:  
But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men;  
Hate all, curse all: show charity to none:  
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,  
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs  
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them.

Debts wither them to nothing: Be men like blasted woods,  
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!  
And so, farewell, and thrive.

FLAV. O, let me stay, and comfort you, my master.

TIM. If thou hat'st curses,  
Stay not; fly, whilst thou art bless'd and free;  
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*Before Timon's Cave.*

*Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON behind, unseen.*

PAIN. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where  
he abides.

POET. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour  
hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

PAIN. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Ti-  
mandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor strag-  
gling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said he gave unto his  
steward a mighty sum.

POET. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his  
friends.

PAIN. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens  
again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 't is not  
amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of  
his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load  
our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and  
true report that goes of his having.

POET. What have you now to present unto him?

PAIN. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will  
promise him an excellent piece.

POET. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent  
that's coming toward him.

PAIN. Good as the best.  
Promising is the very air o' the time;

It opens the eyes of expectation:

Performance is ever the duller for his act;

And, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people,

The deed of saying is quite out of use.

To promise is most courtly and fashionable;

Performance is a kind of will, or testament,

Which argues a great sickness in his judgment

That makes it.

TIM. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

POET. I am thinking

What I shall say I have provided for him:

It must be a personating of himself:

A satire against the softness of prosperity;

With a discovery of the infinite flatteries

That follow youth and opulency.

TIM. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

POET. Nay, let's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate,

When we may profit meet, and come too late.

PAIN. True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,

Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.

Come.

TIM. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple

Than where swine feed!

'T is thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam:

Settlest admired reverence in a slave:

To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye

Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!

'Fit I meet them.

[*Advancing.*]

POET. Hail, worthy Timon!

PAIN. Our late noble master.

TIM. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

POET. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,

Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,

Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!  
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—  
What! to you!  
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence  
To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover  
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
With any size of words.

TIM. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better:  
You, that are honest, by being what you are,  
Make them best seen, and known.

PAIN. He, and myself,  
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,  
And sweetly felt it.

TIM. Ay, you are honest men.

PAIN. We are hither come to offer you our service.

TIM. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?  
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

BOTH. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

TIM. You are honest men: You have heard that I have  
gold;

I am sure you have: speak truth: you're honest men.

PAIN. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore  
Came not my friend, nor I.

TIM. Good, honest men:—Thou draw'st a counterfeit  
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;  
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

PAIN. So, so, my lord.

TIM. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,  
[To the Poet  
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth.  
That thou art even natural in thine art—

BOTH. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

TIM. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,  
That mightily deceives you.

BOTH. Do we, my lord?

TIM. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble.  
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,  
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd  
That he's a made-up villain.

PAIN. I know none such, my lord.

POET. Nor I.

TIM. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,  
Rid me these villains from your companies:  
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,  
Confound them by some course, and come to me,  
I'll give you gold enough.

BOTH. Name them, my lord; let's know them.

TIM. You that way, and you this,—but two in company:—

Each man apart, all single and alone,

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If where thou art, two villains shall not be, [*To the Painter.*

Come not near him,—If thou wouldst not reside

[*To the Poet.*

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:

You have work for me, there's payment: Hence!

You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—

Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

#### SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, and Two Senators.*

FLAV. It is vain that you would speak with Timon;  
For he is set so only to himself,  
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,  
Is friendly with him.

1 SEN. Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,  
To speak with Timon.

2 SEN. At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'T was time and griefs.

'That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,  
Offering the fortunes of his former days,  
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,  
And chance it as it may.

FLAV. Here is his cave.—  
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!  
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,  
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:  
Speak to them, noble Timon.

*Enter TIMON.*

TIM. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be  
hang'd:  
For each true word a blister! and each false  
Be as a caut'rising to the root o' the tongue,  
Consuming it with speaking!

1 SEN. Worthy Timon,—

TIM. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon

2 SEN. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

TIM. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,  
Could I but catch it for them.

1 SEN. O, forget  
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.  
The senators, with one consent of love,  
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought  
On special dignities, which vacant lie  
For thy best use and wearing.

2 SEN. They confess,  
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, grows:  
Which now the public body,—which doth seldom  
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself  
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal  
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;

TIM. You witch me in it;  
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:  
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,  
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1 SEN. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,  
And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take  
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,  
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name  
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back  
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;  
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up  
His country's peace.

2 SEN. And shakes his threat'ning sword  
Against the walls of Athens.

1 SEN. Therefore, Timon,—

TIM. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir: Thus,—  
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,  
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,  
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,  
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,  
Giving our holy virgins to the stain  
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;  
Then, let him know,—and tell him, 'Timon speaks it,  
In pity of our aged, and our youth,  
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,  
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not  
While you have throats to answer: for myself,  
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,  
But I do prize it at my love, before  
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you  
To the protection of the prosperous gods,  
As thieves to keepers.

FLAV. Stay not, all's in vain.

TIM. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;  
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness  
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,  
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;  
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,  
And last so long enough!

1 SEN. We speak in vain.

TIM. But yet I love my country, and am not  
One that rejoices in the common wrack,  
As common bruit doth put it.

1 SEN. That 's well spoke.

TIM. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 SEN. These words become your lips as they pass through  
them.

2 SEN. And enter in our ears like great triumphs  
In their applauding gates.

TIM. Commend me to them;  
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,  
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,  
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes  
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:  
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 SEN. I like this well, he will return again.

TIM. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,  
That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
And shortly must I fell it: Tell my friends,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,  
From high to low throughout, that whoso please  
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,  
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

FLAV. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find  
him.

TIM. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,  
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;  
Whom once a day with his embossed froth  
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,  
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—  
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:

2 SEN. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,  
And strain what other means is left unto us  
In our dear peril.

1 SEN. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Walls of Athens.*

*Enter Two Senators, and a Messenger.*

1 SEN. Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files  
As full as thy report?

MESS. I have spoke the least;  
Besides, his expedition promises  
Present approach.

2 SEN. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

MESS. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend:—  
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,  
Yet our old love made a particular force,  
And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding  
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,  
With letters of entreaty, which imported  
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,  
In part for his sake mov'd.

*Enter Senators from Timon.*

1 SEN. Here come our brothers.

3 SEN. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—  
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring  
Doth choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;  
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a Tombstone  
seen.*

*Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.*

SOLD. By all description this should be the place.  
Who 's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?  
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:  
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.  
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—What 's on this tomb  
I cannot read; the character I 'll take with wax:

Our captain hath in every figure skill;  
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:  
Before proud Athens he 's set down by this,  
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE V.—*Before the Walls of Athens.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES and Forces.*

ALCIB. Sound to this coward and lascivious town  
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded*

*Enter Senators on the walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time  
With all licentious measure, making your wills  
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such  
As slept within the shadow of your power,  
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd  
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,  
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,  
Cries, of itself, "No more:" now breathless wrong  
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;  
And pursy insolence shall break his wind,  
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 SEN. Noble, and young,  
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,  
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,  
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,  
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves  
Above their quantity.

2 SEN. So did we woo  
Transformed Timon to our city's love,  
By humble message, and by promis'd means;  
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve  
The common stroke of war.

1 SEN. These walls of ours

Who were the motives that you first went out:  
Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess,  
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,  
Into our city with thy banners spread:  
By decimation, and a tithed death,  
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,  
Which nature loathes,) take thou the destin'd tenth;  
And by the hazard of the spotted die,  
Let die the spotted.

1 SEN. All have not offended;  
For those that were, it is not square to take,  
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,  
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,  
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:  
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin  
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall  
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,  
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,  
But kill not all together.

2 SEN. What thou wilt,  
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,  
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

1 SEN. Set but thy foot  
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;  
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

2 SEN. Throw thy glove  
Or any token of thine honour else,  
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,  
And not as our confusion, all thy powers  
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we  
Have seal'd thy full desire.

ALCIB. Then there 's my glove;  
Descend, and open your uncharged ports;  
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,  
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,  
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears  
With my more noble meaning,—not a man  
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream  
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,

But shall be rendered, to your public laws,  
At heaviest answer.

BOTH. 'T is most nobly spoken.

ALCIB. Descend, and keep your words.

*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

*Enter a Soldier.*

SOLD. My noble general, Timon is dead;  
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:  
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which  
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression  
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

ALCIB. [*Reads.*]

Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:  
Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked cat-  
tiffs left!

Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:  
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here  
thy gait.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:  
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,  
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which  
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit  
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead  
Is noble Timon; of whose memory  
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,  
And I will use the olive with my sword:  
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make each  
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.  
Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt*]

## VARIOUS READINGS.

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"My free drift  
Halts not particularly, but moves itself  
In a wide sea of *verse*." ACT I., Sc. 1.

The original has "in a wide sea of *wax*." The Greek poet is describing the panegyric which he has prepared. Mr. Collier's corrected folio substitutes *verse* for *wax*. The commentators very properly explain that not only the ancients wrote with a style upon a tablet of wax, but that the practice was not discontinued in England till the beginning of the fourteenth century. Mr. Collier calls the explanation "forced," and holds that Shakspeare would not be guilty of what he calls "pedantry."

Mr. Collier has given us the real solution of the alteration of the passage—"It would scarcely be understood by popular audiences before whom this drama was originally acted." Probably not. But this is no reason why we should reject, as not written by Shakspeare, a very happy reference to the customs of "the time and country in which he laid his scene." We do not hold the poet so indifferent to these matters as some have assumed.

"It is the pasture lards the *rother's* sides." ACT IV., Sc. 3.

The original has "brother's sides." This valuable and undoubted correction is found in Mr. Collier's corrected folio.

In our Glossary to this play will be found the explanation of the term "*rother*."

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## GLOSSARY.

APPERIL. ACT I., Sc. 2.

"Let me stay at thine apperil."

*Apperil* is risk, danger. It is the same word as our modern peril. Apperil is often used by Ben Jonson—

"As you will answer it at your apperil,"  
occurs in his 'Tale of a Tub.'

APRIL-DAY. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"To the April-day again."

The *April-day* is not, as Johnson supposed, the fool's-day, but the spring-time of life; in one of his Sonnets Shakspeare has the same phrase—

"Calls back the lovely April of her prime."

ARTIFICIAL. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Artificial strife

Lives in these touches."

*Artificial* is used for art in contest with nature.

BILLS. Act III., Sc. 4.

"PHI. All our bills."

TIM. Knock me down with 'em."

This is a quibble on *bills*, accounts, and *bills*, the weapons so called. Shakspeare has the same play upon the word in 'Henry VI., Part II.' (Act IV., Sc. 7)—

"Take up commodities upon our bills;"

and Dekker, in his 'Gull's Horn Book,' also has, "they durst not *strike down* customers with large *bills*."

BLOOD. Act IV., Sc. 2.

"Strange, unusual blood."

*Blood* is here used for the natural disposition.

BREATH'D. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Breath'd as it were."

*Breath'd* is exercised, so as to fit the animal strength, for "untirable and continue goodness." Hamlet uses it thus when he says—

"It is the breathing time of day with me."

The analogy between this and the habitual exercise in the moral sense of "goodness" is obvious.

CONDITION. Act I., Sc. 1.

"In our condition."

Our *condition* is here used for our arts, our professions; the painter would say that Timon was a subject on which they might each exercise their skill.

CONVERT. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Convert of the instant moon's Visitation"

of the Bible (edit. 1589, 1 Kings, chap. 13, v. 33) where it occurs in a like sense, "Howbeit, after this, Jeroboam converted not from his wicked way."

**CUNNING.** Act V., Sc. 5.

"Shame that they wanted cunning."

*Cunning* is skill. It is not here used in the sense of deception. See 'Taming of the Shrew.'

**CURIOSITY.** Act IV., Sc. 3.

"They mocked thee for too much curiosity."

*Curiosity* is particularity, niceness, delicacy.

**DICH.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"Much good dich thy good heart."

Dr. Johnson considers *dich* to be a corruption of *do it*, used here in the sense of *may it do*. Archdeacon Nares says that there is no other instance of its use.

**DRINK.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"Drink the free air."

That is they lived, breathed, only through him.

**FIERCE.** Act IV., Sc. 2.

"O, the fierce wretchedness."

*Fierce* is violent, excessive; "*fierce credulity*" occurs in Ben Jonson.

**GRAVE.** Act IV., Sc. 3.

"And ditches grave you all."

To *grave* is to receive as in a grave. Chapman, in his translation of the 'Iliad,' has—

"The throats of dogs shall grave

His manly limbs."

**GRIZE.** Act IV., Sc. 3.

"For every grize of fortune."

*Grize* is degree, step. The word appears as *greece*, *gree*, *grieca*. See 'Twelfth Night.'

**HONESTY.** Act III., Sc. 1.

"Every man has his fault, and honesty is his."

*Honesty* here means liberality.

**KNIFE.** Act I. Sc. 2

OFFICES. Act II., Sc. 2.

"When all our offices have been oppress'd."

*Offices* is not here used in the modern sense of apartments for servants, but for rooms of entertainment, in the same way as it is used by Shirley:—

"Let all the offices of entertainment  
Be free and open."

PASSES. Act I., Sc. 1.

"He passes."

To *pass* is to excel. See 'Merry Wives of Windsor.'

RESPECTIVELY. Act III., Sc. 1.

"You are very respectively welcome."

*Respectively* is here respectfully.

ROTHER. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"It is the pasture lards the rother's sides."

Phillips, in his 'World of Words' (1696) says,—"*Rother* beasts, a word used in old statutes, and still in the northern parts of England for horned beasts, as cows, oxen, steers, heifers, &c." The usual reading is *brother's*, and the passage has given rise to many emendations; among the best was Warburton's, who proposed to read *wether's*. Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector has made the change to *rother*.

STOUT. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads."

*Stout* is here used in the sense of being in health. There was, and indeed is, a notion that the pangs of death were rendered more easy by taking away the pillow "from below" the head.

STRAIGHT. Act II., Sc. 1.

"It folds me, straight."

*Straight* is immediately, the modern straightway.

TOUCH. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"O thou touch of hearts."

*Touch* is a contraction of touchstone.

UNBOLT. Act I., Sc. I.

## PLOT AND CHARACTERS.

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IN the 'Pictorial Shakspeare' we expressed our belief that 'Timon of Athens' was founded by our poet upon some older play. The structure of the verse, in some scenes as compared with others, presents the most startling contrarities to the ear which is accustomed to the versification of Shakspeare. To account for this, it has been held that the original text is corrupt. Some German critics consider that 'Timon' was one of Shakspeare's latest performances, and has come down to us unfinished. We have gone minutely into an investigation through which we have arrived at the conclusion, that this was a play originally produced by an artist very inferior to Shakspeare, and which probably retained possession of the stage for some time in its first form; that it has come down to us not only re-written, but so far remodelled that entire scenes of Shakspeare have been substituted for entire scenes of the elder play; and lastly, that this substitution has been almost wholly confined to the character of Timon.

Charles Lamb has the following remarks connected with the character of Timon:—

"I was pleased with the reply of a gentleman, who being asked which book he esteemed most in his library, answered, 'Shakspeare:' being asked which he esteemed the next best, replied, 'Hogarth.' His graphic representations are indeed books: they have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words*. Others' pictures we look at,—his prints we read,

"In pursuance of this parallel, I have sometimes entertained myself with comparing the 'Timon of Athens' of Shakspeare (which I have just mentioned) and Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress' together. The story, the moral, in both is nearly the same. The wild course of riot and extravagance, ending in the one with driving the Prodigal from the society of men into the solitude of the deserts, and in the other with conducting the Rake through his several stages of dissipation into the still more complete desolations of the mad-house, in the play and in the picture are described with almost equal force and nature. The 'Levee of the Rake,'

which forms the subject of the second plate in the series, is almost a transcript of Timon's Levee in the opening scene of that play. We find a dedicating poet, and other similar characters, in both. The concluding scene in the 'Rake's Progress' is perhaps superior to the last scenes of 'Timon.'

We apprehend that this delightful writer has scarcely done justice to Shakspeare's Timon. Hogarth's Rake is a mere sensualist. He is a selfish profligate; whilst Timon, however lavish, is essentially high-minded and generous. Plutarch distinctly records the circumstance which converted the generous Timon into a misanthrope:—

"Antonius forsook the city (Alexandria) and company of his friends, and built him a house in the sea, by the Isle of Pharos, upon certain forced mounts which he caused to be cast into the sea, and dwelt there as a man that banished himself from all men's company: saying that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him that was afore offered unto Timon; and that for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man." But Plutarch says, that Timon was represented as "a viper and malicious man unto mankind, to shun all other men's companies but the company of young Alcibiades, a bold and insolent youth." The all-absorbing defect of Timon—the root of those generous vices which wear the garb of virtue—is the entire want of discrimination in the distribution of his bounty. Shakspeare has seized upon this point, and held firmly to it. He releases Ventidius from prison,—he bestows an estate upon his servant,—he lavishes jewels upon all the dependants who crowd his board. That universal philanthropy, of which the most selfish men sometimes talk, is in Timon an active principle; but let it be observed that he has no preferences—a most remarkable example of the profound sagacity of Shakspeare. When the ingratitude of those whom he had served was placed beyond doubt, his false confidence was at once, and irreparably, destroyed. If Timon had possessed one friend with whom he could have interchanged confidence upon equal terms, he would have been saved from his fall, and certainly from his misanthropy.





## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

HAMLET, son to the former, and nephew to the present King.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2.  
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

OLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.  
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.

HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2.  
Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LAERTES, son to Polonius.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 6.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

VOLTIMAND, a courtier.

*Appears* Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

CORNELIUS, a courtier.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

ROSENCRANTZ, a courtier.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.

GUILDENSTERN, a courtier.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.

OSRIC, a courtier.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 2.

A Courtier.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 5.

A Priest.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 1.

MARCELLUS, an officer.

*Appears, .*

*APB*

*GRETRUDE,  
Appears, Act I. sc  
Act IV. :*

*Appears, Act I*

*Lords, Ladies, Officer*

elements of value that seem to me essential. In my valuation by the following process. The Council would have to buy about four million voluntary seats. At £15 per seat this would amount to £60,000,000—sum would fairly represent the initial value of land and sites. But school managers would have a right to ask for more than this. It is not a question what the sites and deteriorated buildings would fetch in an open market, though that is obviously the basis of the estimates, varying from £25,000,000 to £40,000,000 (opponents of the voluntary system), are based. The Council, being unwilling to sell, would have a right to ask for payment to them of all moneys expended by them in maintenance during the existence of the school. This effect will sometimes be found in conveyances of land, where the vendor retains a right of pre-emption. In addition to this, the managers have a right to be considered in respect of two facts. The first is that they have a special article to sell which no one else has, namely, schools in working order. They have, in fact, made school districts with an organisation in

The earliest edition of 'Hamlet' known to exist is that of 1603. It bears the following title: 'The Tragical Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, by William Shakespeare. As it hath bene diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere. At London, printed for N. L. and John Trundell, 1603.' The only known copy of this edition is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire; and that copy is not quite perfect. It was reprinted in 1825.

The second edition of 'Hamlet' was printed in 1604, under the following title: 'The Tragical Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect copie. Printed by J. R. for N. Landure, 1604, 4to.' This edition was reprinted in 1605, in 1609, in 1611, and there is also a quarto edition without a date.

In the folio of 1623 some passages which are found in the quarto of 1604 are omitted. In our text we have given these passages. In other respects our text, with one or two minute exceptions, is wholly founded upon the folio of 1623. From this circumstance our edition will be found considerably to differ from the text of Johnson and Steevens, of Reed, of Malone, and of all the current editions which are founded upon these.

In the reprint of the edition of 1603, it is stated to be "the only known copy of this tragedy, as originally written by Shakespeare, which he afterwards altered and enlarged." We believe that this description is correct; that this remarkable copy gives us the play as originally written by Shakespeare. It may have been piratical, and we think it was so. The 'Hamlet' of 1603 is a sketch of the perfect 'Hamlet,' and probably a corrupt copy of that sketch.

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## HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

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### ACT I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. *A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *on his post.* Enter to him BERNARDO.

BER. Who's there?

FRAN. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

BER. Long live the king!

FRAN. Bernardo?

BER. He.

FRAN. You come most carefully upon your hour.

BER. 'T is now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

FRAN. For this relief, much thanks: 't is bitter cold,  
And I am sick at heart.

BER. Have you had quiet guard?

FRAN. Not a mouse stirring.

BER. Well, good night.

*Advers* If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,  
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.*

FRAN. I think I hear them.—Stand! <sup>he</sup> who's there?

BER.

Say.

What, is Horatio there?

HOR.

A piece of him.

BER. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

MAR. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

BER. I have seen nothing.

MAR. Horatio says, 't is but our fantasy; <sup>both this word & fancy are</sup>  
 And will not let belief take hold of him, <sup>can mostly used by Sh. in the</sup>  
 Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us: <sup>sense of 'imagination'.</sup>

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night;

That, if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

HOR. Tush! tush! 't will not appear.

BER.

Sit down awhile;

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we two nights have seen.

HOR.

Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

BER. Last night of all,

When yon same star, that's westward from the pole

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,

The bell then beating one,—

MAR. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

*Enter GHOST.*

BER. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

MAR. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.

BER. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

HOR. Most like:—it harrows me with fear, and wonder.

BER. It would be spoke to.

MAR.

Question it, Horatio.

HOR. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,

HOR. Stay; speak: speak I charge thee, speak.

[Exit Ghost.]

MAR. 'T is gone, and will not answer.

BER. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on 't?

HOR. Before my God, I might not this believe,

Without the sensible and true avouch

Of mine own eyes.

MAR. Is it not like the king?

HOR. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on,

When he the ambitious Norway combated;

So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,

He smote the studded Polacks on the ice.

'T is strange.

MAR. Thus, twice before, and just at this dead hour,  
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

HOR. In what particular thought to work, I know not;

But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

MAR. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land?

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,

And foreign mart for implements of war?

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week:

What might be toward that this sweaty haste

Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;

Who is 't that can inform me?

HOR.

That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,

Whose image even but now appear'd to us,

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,

Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,

Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet

(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,

Well ratified by law, and heraldry,

Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,  
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the conqueror:  
Against the which, a moiety competent  
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd  
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,  
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same cov'nant  
And carriage of the article design'd,  
His fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras,  
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,  
Shar'd up a list of landless resolute,  
For food and diet, to some enterprise  
That hath a stomach in 't: which is no other  
(And it doth well appear unto our state,)  
But to recover of us, by strong hand,  
And terms compulsative, those 'foresaid lands  
So by his father lost: And this, I take it,  
Is the main motive of our preparations;  
The source of this our watch; and the chief head  
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

BER. I think it be no other, but even so:  
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure  
Comes armed through our watch: so like the king  
That was, and is, the question of these wars.

HOR. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,

The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,

Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,

Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.

And even the like precursor of fierce events,

As harbingers preceding still the fates,

And prologue to the omen coming on,

Have heaven and earth together demonstrated

Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

See Julius Cæsar.

2.2.8214.

*Re-enter GHOST.*

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!

\* I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,

That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,

Speak to me:

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,

Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,

O, speak!

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life

Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,

For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

[*Cock crows.*

Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

MAR. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

HOR. Do, if it will not stand.

BER.

'T is here!

HOR.

'T is here!

MAR. 'T is gone!

[*Exit GHOST.*

We do it wrong, being so majestical,

To offer it the show of violence;

For it is, as the air, invulnerable,

And our vain blows malicious mockery.

BER. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

HOR. And then it started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat

Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

The extravagant and erring spirit hies

To his confine: and of the truth herein

This present object made probation.

MAR. It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawning singeth all night long:

And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;  
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

HOR. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:  
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,  
Let us impart what we have seen to-night  
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,  
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:  
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,  
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

MAR. Let 's do 't, I pray: and I this morning know  
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [Exeunt

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, and Lords Attendant.*

KING. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death  
The memory be green; and that it us befitted  
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom  
To be contracted in one brow of woe;  
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,  
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,  
Together with remembrance of ourselves.  
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,  
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,  
Have we, as 't were, with a defeated joy,  
With one auspicious and one dropping eye;  
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,  
In equal scale, weighing delight and dole,  
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd  
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone  
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,  
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;  
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,  
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,

Collegued with the dream of his advantage,  
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,  
Importing the surrender of those lands  
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,  
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.  
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.  
Thus much the business is: We have here writ  
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,  
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears  
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress  
His further gait herein; in that the levies,  
The lists, and full proportions, are all made  
Out of his subject: and we here despatch  
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,  
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway;  
Giving to you no further personal power  
To business with the king, more than the scope  
Of these dilated articles allow.  
Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

COR., VOL. In that, and all things, will we show our duty.

KING. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?  
You told us of some suit: What is 't, Laertes?  
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,  
And lose your voice: What wouldst thou beg, Laertes,  
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?  
The head is not more native to the heart,  
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,  
Than is the throe of Denmark to thy father.  
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

LAER.

Dread my lord,

Your leave and favour to return to France;  
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,  
To show my duty in your coronation;  
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,  
My thoughts and wishes bend again towards France,  
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

KING. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

POL. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave,

By laboursome petition; and, at last,  
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:  
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

KING. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,  
And thy best graces spend it at thy will !

\* But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

HAM. A little more than kin, and less than kind. [*Aside.*]

**KING.** How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

HAM. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.

QUEEN. Good Hamlet, cast thy nightly colour off,  
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st 't is common; all that lives must die,  
Passing through nature to eternity.

HAM. Ay, madam, it is common.

QUEEN. If it be,  
Why seems it so particular with thee?

HAM. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected Haviour of the visage,

Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,

That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,

For they are actions that a man might play:

But I have that within which passeth show:

These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

KING. 'T is sweet and commendable in your nature,  
Hamlet.

**To give these mourning duties to your father:**

But, you must know, your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound

In filial obligation, for some term

To do obsequious sorrow: But to persever

In obstinate condolment, is a course

Of impious stubbornness; 't is unmanly grief:

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;

**A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,**

Combine

[illegible]

An understanding simple and unschool'd:  
 For what, we know, must be, and is as common  
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,  
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,  
 Take it to heart? Fye! 't is a fault to heaven,  
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
 To reason most absurd; whose common theme  
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,  
 From the first corse, till he that died to-day,  
 "This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth

*Used forwardly  
 for unavailing.  
 See P. 99. Rem. 5. 1. 1.*  
 This unprevailing woe; and think of us  
 As of a father: for let the world take note,  
 You are the most immediate to our throne,  
 And, with no less nobility of love,  
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,  
 Do I impart towards you. For your i<sup>nt</sup>ent  
 In going back to school in Wittenberg,  
 It is most retrograde to our desire:  
 And, we beseech you, bend you to remain  
 Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,  
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

QUEEN. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;  
 I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

HAM. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

KING. Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply;  
 Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;  
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet  
 Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,  
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,  
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;  
 And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,  
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, Lords, &c., POLONIUS, and LAERTES.]

*intensive*  
 HAM. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,  
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!  
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!  
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
 Seems to me all the uses of this world!  
 Fye on 't! O fye! 't is an unweeded garden,

*There is no specific prohibi-  
 tion of self-slaughter in the Bible  
 unless it be the 6th Commandment.  
 See Cymbeline, 3. 4. P. 4.*

That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,  
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this!  
 But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two;  
 So excellent a king; that was, to this,  
 Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,  
 That he might not betwixt the winds of heaven  
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
 Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him,  
 As if increase of appetite had grown  
 By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—  
 Let me not think on 't—Frailty, thy name is woman!—  
 A little month; or ere those shoes were old,  
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
 Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—  
 O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,  
 Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine uncle,  
 My father's brother; but no more like my father,  
 Than I to Hercules: Within a month;  
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
 Had left the flushing of her galled eyes,  
 She married:—O most wicked speed, to post  
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets;  
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;  
 But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

*Enter* HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

HOR. Hail to your lordship!

HAM.

I am glad to see you well.

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

HOR. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

HAM. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with  
 you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—  
 Marcellus?

MAR. My good lord,—

HAM. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir,—  
 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

HOR. A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAM. I would not have your enemy say so;  
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it truster of your own report  
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.  
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

HOR. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAM. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;  
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HOR. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

HAM. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven!

Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio!—

My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

HOR. O, where, my lord?

HAM. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HOR. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

HAM. He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

HOR. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAM. Saw who? *Sh. very strangely used*

HOR. My lord, the king your father.

HAM. *The king my father!*

HOR. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear; till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

HAM. For heaven's love, let me hear.

HOR. Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,

In the dead waste and middle of the night,

Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,

Arm'd at all points, exactly, cap-à-pé,

Appears before them, and, with solemn march,

Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,

Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, bestill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,

Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did;

And I with them the third night kept the watch:

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,  
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,  
The apparition comes: I knew your father;  
These hands are not more like.

HAM. But where was this?

MAR. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

HAM. Did you not speak to it?

HOR. My lord, I did:

But answer made it none: yet once, methought,  
It lifted up its head, and did address  
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:  
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;  
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,  
And vanish'd from our sight.

HAM. 'T is very strange.

HOR. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 't is true;  
And we did think it writ down in our duty,  
To let you know of it.

HAM. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.  
Hold you the watch to-night?

ALL. We do, my lord.

HAM. Arm'd, say you?

ALL. Arm'd, my lord.

HAM. From top to toe?

ALL. My lord, from head to foot.

HAM. Then saw you not his face.

HOR. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

HAM. What, look'd he frowningly?

HOR. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAM. Pale, or red?

HOR. Nay, very pale.

HAM. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

HOR. Most constantly.

HAM. I would I had been there.

HOR. It would have much amaz'd you.

HAM. Very like, very like: Stay'd it long?

HOR. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

MAR., BER. Longer, longer.

HOR. Not when I saw it.

HAM. His beard was grizzly? no.

HOR. It was, as I have seen it in his life,  
A sable silver'd.

HAM. I will watch to-night; *inflection &c. This is emphatic and.*  
Perchance, 't will walk again.

HOR. I warrant you it will.

HAM. If it assume my noble father's person,  
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,  
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,  
Let it be tenable in your silence still;  
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;  
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well:  
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,  
I'll visit you.

ALL. Our duty to your honour.

HAM. Your love, as mine to you: Farewell.

*[Exeunt HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO]*

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;  
I doubt some foul play: 'would the night were come!  
Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. *[Exit]*

SCENE III.—A Room in Polonius's House.

*Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.*

LAER. My necessities are embark'd; farewell:  
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,  
And convey is assistant, do not sleep,  
But let me hear from you.

OPH. Do you doubt that?

LAER. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favours,  
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;  
A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;  
No more.

OPH. No more but so?

LAER. Think it no more:  
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone

In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,  
 The inward service of the mind and soul  
 Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;  
 And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch  
 The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,  
 His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;  
 For he himself is subject to his birth:  
 He may not, as unvalued persons do,  
 Carve for himself; for on his choice depends  
 The sanctity and health of the whole state;  
 And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd  
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body,  
 Whereof he is the head: Then if he says, he loves you,  
 It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,  
 As he in his peculiar sect and force  
 May give his saying deed; which is no further,  
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal  
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,  
 If with too credent ear you list his songs;  
 Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open  
 To his unmaster'd importunity.  
 Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;  
 And keep within the rear of your affection,  
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.  
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon:  
 Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:  
 The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;  
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.  
 Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;  
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.  
 OPH. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,  
 As watchman to my heart: But, good my brother,  
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;

I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace; *the double blessing is a double grace*  
Occasion smiles upon a second leave. *father's [blessing]*

\* POL. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame;  
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
And you are staid for: There, my blessing with you! *the wind sits in the shoulder of your sail*

*[Laying his hand on LAERTES' head.]*

And these few precepts in thy memory  
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,

*unproportion'd* Nor any *unproportion'd* thought his act.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar. *common*

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel; *hoops of steel*

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,

Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:

*Take each man's* Take each man's *censure*, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,

But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:

+ For the apparel oft proclaims the man;

And they in France of the best rank and station

Are most select and generous, chief in that.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:

For loan oft loses both itself and friend;

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This above all,—To thine ownself be true;

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

*Thou canst not then be false to any man.*

POL. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

OPH. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

POL. Marry, well bethought:

'T is told me, he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you: and you yourself

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:

If it be so, (as so 't is put on me,

And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,

You do not understand yourself so clearly,

As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:

What is between you? give me up the truth.

OPH. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders  
Of his affection to me.

POL. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,  
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

\* Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

OPH. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

POL. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;

That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,

Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;

Or, (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,

Roaming it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.

OPH. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,  
In honourable fashion.

POL. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

OPH. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,  
With all the vows of heaven.

POL. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,  
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
Gives the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,  
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,  
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—  
You must not take for fire. From this time, daughter,

Not of the eye which their investments show,  
 But mere implorators of unholy suits,  
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,  
 The better to beguile. This is for all,—  
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,  
 Have you so slander any moment's leisure,  
 As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.  
 Look to 't, I charge you; come your ways.

OPH. I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

*Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.*

HAM. The air bites shrewdly. It is very cold.

HOR. It is a nipping and an eager air.

HAM. What hour now?

HOR.

I think, it lacks of twelve.

MAR. No, it is struck.

HOR. Indeed? I heard it not; then it draws near the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

HAM. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,  
 Keeps wassels, and the swaggering up-spring reels;  
 And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,  
 The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out  
 The triumph of his pledge.

HOR.

Is it a custom?

HAM. Ay, marry, is 't:

And to my mind, though I am native here,

And to the manner born, it is a custom

More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

This heavy-headed revel, east and west,

Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:

They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase

Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes

From our achievements, though perform'd at height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.

So, oft it chances in particular men,

That for some vicious mole of nature in them,  
 As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,  
 Since nature cannot choose his origin.)  
 By their o'ergrowth of some complexion,\*  
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;  
 Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens  
 The form of plausible manners; that these men,  
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;  
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,  
 Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,  
 As infinite as man may undergo,) shall in the general censure take corruption  
 From that particular fault: The dram of ill  
 Doth all the noble substance often dout, <sup>the meant in Sh's time -</sup>  
 To his own scandal. <sup>be do not?</sup>

*Enter GHOST.*

HOR.

Look, my lord, it comes!

HAM. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,  
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,  
 Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,  
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
 That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,  
 King, father, royal Dane; O, answer me.  
 Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,  
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,  
 Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,  
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,  
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,  
 To cast thee up again! What may this mean,  
 That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,  
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,  
 So horribly to shake our disposition,  
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?  
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

HOR. It beckons you to go away with it,  
 As if it some impartment did desire  
 To you alone.

*Handwritten note:* ... language ... more from complexion or ...  
 ... and phlegmatic.

MAR. Look, with what courteous action  
It wafts you to a more removed ground: *read in remote!*  
But do not go with it.

HOR. No, by no means.

HAM. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

HOR. Do not, my lord.

HAM. Why, what should be the fear?  
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;  
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself?  
It waves me forth again;—I 'll follow it.

HOR. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,  
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,  
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?  
And there assume some other horrible form,  
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,  
And draw you into madness? think of it:  
The very place puts toys of desperation,  
Without more motive, into every brain,  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,  
And hears it roar beneath.

HAM. It wafts me still:—Go on, I 'll follow thee.

MAR. You shall not go, my lord.

HAM. Hold off your hand.

HOR. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

HAM. My fate cries out,  
And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.— [GHOST beckons.  
Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;

[*Breaking from them.*  
By heaven, I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me:—  
I say, away:—Go on, I 'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt GHOST and HAMLET.*

HOR. He waxes desperate with imagination.

MAR. Let 's follow; 't is not fit thus to obey him.

HOR. Have after:—To what issue will this come?

MAR. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

HOR. Heaven will direct it.

MAR. Nay, let 's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A more remote Part of the Platform.**Re-enter GHOST and HAMLET.*

HAM. Where wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.

GHOST. Mark me.

HAM. I will.

GHOST. My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

HAM. Alas, poor ghost!

GHOST. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold.

HAM. Speak, I am bound to hear.

GHOST. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

HAM. What?

GHOST. I am thy father's spirit;  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;  
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires, <sup>Part is observed here in</sup>  
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature, <sup>its radical sense of religious</sup>  
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid <sup>observance and without</sup>  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house, <sup>any attention to</sup>  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word <sup>abstinence from food</sup>  
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine;  
But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood:—List, Hamlet, O list!—  
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

HAM. O heaven!

GHOST. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAM. Murder?

\* And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed  
 That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now Hamlet, hear:  
 'T is given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,  
 A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark  
 Is by a forged process of my death  
 Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,  
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life,  
 Now wears his crown.

HAM. O my prophetic soul! mine uncle!

GHOST. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
 With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,  
 (O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power  
 So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust  
 The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:  
 O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!  
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,  
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
 I made to her in marriage; and to decline  
 Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor  
 To those of mine!  
 But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,  
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;  
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,  
 Will sate itself in a celestial bed,  
 And prey on garbage.  
 But soft! methinks, I scent the morning's air;  
 Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,  
 My custom always in the afternoon,  
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,  
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,  
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
 The leperous distilment; whose effect  
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,  
 That, such a quicksilver, it courses through

Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,  
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,  
Of life, of crown, and queen, at once despatch'd;

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,

Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd:

No reckoning made, but sent to my account

With all my imperfections on my head:

O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be

A couch for luxury and damned incest.

But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!

The glow worm shows the matin to be near,

And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:

Adieu, adieu, Hamlet! remember me.

[Exit.]

HAM. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?

And shall I couple hell?—O fye!—Hold, my heart;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee!

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee?

Yea from the table of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,

That youth and observation copied there;

And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain,

Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, yes, by heaven.

O most pernicious woman!

O villain, villain, smiling damned villain!

I have sworn 't.

HOR. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord,—

MAR. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet,—

HOR. [*Within.*] Heaven secure him!

MAR. [*Within.*] So be it!

HOR. [*Within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

\* HAM. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! 'come, bird, come.

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.*

MAR. How is 't, my noble lord?

HOR. What news, my lord?

HAM. O, wonderful!

HOR. Good my lord, tell it.

HAM. No; you 'll reveal it.

HOR. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

MAR. Nor I, my lord.

HAM. How say you then; would heart of man *once* think it?

But you 'll be secret,—

HOR, MAR. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

HAM. There 's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,  
But he 's an arrant knave.

HOR. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,  
To tell us this.

HAM. Why, right; you are in the right;  
And so, without more circumstance at all, *See March 1/6. 1. 1. P. 83.*  
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part;  
You, as your business and desire shall point you—  
For every man has business and desire,  
Such as it is,—and for mine own poor part,  
Look you, I 'll go pray.

HOR. These are but wild and hurling words, my lord.

HAM. I 'm sorry they offend you, heartily;

Yes, 'faith, heartily.

HOR. There 's no offence, my lord.

= HAM. Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is, my lord.

g And much offence too, touching this vision here.

and ghost is It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;

For your desire to know what is between us,

O'ermaster it as you may. And now, good friends,

\* 'suppose' which is 'business' in 'they would have to come down to this'

\* 'suppose' which is 'business' in 'they would have to come down to this'

\* 'suppose' which is 'business' in 'they would have to come down to this'

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,  
Give me one poor request.

HOR. What is 't, my lord? We will.

HAM. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

HOR., MAR. My lord, we will not.

HAM. Nay, but swear 't.

HOR. In faith,

My lord, not I.

MAR. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

HAM. Upon my sword.

MAR. We have sworn, my lord, already.

HAM. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAM. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there,  
true-penny?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—

Consent to swear.

HOR. Propose the oath, my lord.

HAM. Never to speak of this that you have seen.

Swear by my sword.

GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAM. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground:—

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Swear by my sword.

GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAM. Well said, old mole! can'st work i' the ground so  
fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

HOR. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

HAM. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall

With arms encumber'd thus, or thus head shake,  
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,  
 As, "Well, we know;"—or, "We could, an if we would;"—  
 \* Or, "If we list to speak;"—or, "There be, an if there  
 might;"—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note *profession of it is here superfluous*  
 That you know aught of me:—This not to do, *in as not, which follows never the*  
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you, = greatest.  
 Swear.

GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAM. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,  
 With all my love I do commend me to you:

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and friending to you, *friendliness.*

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!

That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let's go together

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Room in Polonius's House.

*Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.*

POL. Give him his money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

REY. I will, my lord.

POL. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,  
 Before you visit him, to make inquiry  
 Of his behaviour.

REY. My lord, I did intend it.

POL. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir,  
 Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;  
 And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,  
 What company, at what expense; and finding,

\* is not meant "there by persons, who" *Reynaldo*  
 - does not mean that he expects to find  
 right by him, but that he is to find  
 is meant to set the line of inquiry

By this encompassment and drift of question,  
 That they do know my son, come you more nearer  
 Than your particular demands will touch it:  
 Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge of him;  
 As thus,—“I know his father, and his friends,  
 And, in part, him;”—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

REX. Ay, very well, my lord.

POL. “And, in part, him;—but,” you may say, “not well:  
 But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild;  
 Addicted so and so;”—and there put on him  
 What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank  
 As may dishonour him; take heed of that;  
 But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,  
 As are companions noted and most known  
 To youth and liberty.

REX. As gaming, my lord.

POL. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,  
 Drabbing:—You may go so far.

REX. My lord, that would dishonour him.

POL. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.  
 You must not put another scandal on him,  
 That he is open to incontinency;  
 That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly  
 That they may seem the taints of liberty.  
 The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;  
 A savageness in unreclaimed blood,  
 Of general assault.

REX. But, my good lord,—

POL. Wherefore should you do this?

REX. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

POL. Marry, sir, here's my drift;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:

You laying these slight sullies on my son,

As 't were a thing a little soil'd i' the working,

Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,

Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,

The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,

He closes with you in this consequence;

"Good sir," or so; or "friend," or "gentleman,"—

According to the phrase and the addition, *See 1.4. 4. 15*  
Of man, and country.

REY. Very good, my lord.

POL. And then, sir, does he this,—He does—

What was I about to say? *By the moon*  
I was about to say something:—Where did I leave?

REY. At "closes in the consequence."  
At "friend, or so, and gentleman."

POL. At, closes in the consequence,—Ay, marry;  
He closes with you thus:—"I know the gentleman;

I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,

Or then, or then; with such, and such; and, as you say,

There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse; *... ..*

There falling out at tennis; or, perchance, *... ..*

I saw him enter such a house of sale

(Videlicet, a brothel,) or so forth."—

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

\* With windlances, and with assays of bias,†

By indirections find directions out;

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?

REY. My lord, I have.

POL. God be wi' you; fare you well.

REY. Good my lord,—

POL. Observe his inclination in yourself.

REY. I shall, my lord.

POL. And let him ply his music.

REY. Well, my lord. [Exit.

Enter OPHELIA.

POL. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

OPH. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

POL. With what, in the name of heaven?

OPH. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,

Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;

No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,

Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;

Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;  
And with a look so piteous in purport,  
As if he had been loosed out of hell,  
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

POL. Mad for thy love?

OPH. My lord, I do not know;  
But, truly, I do fear it.

POL. What said he?

OPH. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;  
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;  
And, with his other hand thus, o'er his brow  
He falls to such perusal of my face,  
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;  
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,  
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—  
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,  
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,  
And end his being: That done, he lets me go:  
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,  
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;  
For out o' doors he went without their help,  
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

POL. Go with me; I will go seek the king.

This is the very ecstasy of love;  
Whose violent property foredoes itself,  
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,  
As oft as any passion under heaven  
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—

What, have you given him any hard words of late?

OPH. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,  
I did repel his letters, and denied  
His access to me.

POL. That hath made him mad.  
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment,  
I had not quoted him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,

This must be known; which, being kept close, might move  
 \* More grief to hide than hate to utter love. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,  
 and Attendants.*

+ KING. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,

The need we have to use you did provoke

Our hasty sending. Something have you heard

Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,

Since not the exterior nor the inward man

Rembles that it was: What it should be,

More than his father's death, that thus hath put him

So much from the understanding of himself,

I cannot deem of: I entreat you both,

That, being of so young days brought up with him,

And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court

Some little time: so by your companies

To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,

So much as from occasions you may glean,

Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,

That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

QUEEN. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living

To whom he more adheres. If it will please you

To show us so much gentry and good will,

As to expend your time with us a while,

For the supply and profit of our hope,

Your visitation shall receive such thanks

As fits a king's remembrance.

ROS. Both your majesties  
 Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,  
 Put your dread pleasures more into command  
 Than to entreaty.

GUIL. We both obey;

And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,

To lay our services freely at your feet,

To be commanded.

KING. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

QUEEN. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:

And I beseech you instantly to visit

My too much changed son. Go, some of you,

And bring the gentlemen where Hamlet is.

GUIL. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,  
Pleasant and helpful to him!

QUEEN.

Amen!

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and some  
Attendants.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

POL. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,  
Are joyfully return'd.

KING. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

POL. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,  
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,

Both to my God, one to my gracious king:

And I do think (or else this brain of mine

Hunts not the trail of policy so sure

As I have us'd to do) that I have found

The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

KING. O, speak of that; that I do long to hear.

POL. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;  
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

KING. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.

He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found

The head and source of all your son's distemper.

QUEEN. I doubt, it is no other but the main;

His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

*Re-enter* POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

KING. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, good friends!  
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

VOLT. Most fair returns of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress

His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd

To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;  
But, better look'd into, he truly found  
It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,—  
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,  
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests  
On Fortinbras, which he, in brief, obeys;  
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,  
Makes vow before his uncle, never more  
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.  
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,  
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;  
And his commission, to employ those soldiers,  
So levied as before, against the Polack:  
With an entreaty, herein further shown, [Gives a paper.  
That it might please you to give quiet pass  
Through your dominions for his enterprize;  
On such regards of safety, and allowance,  
As therein are set down.

KING. It likes us well;  
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,  
Answer, and think upon this business.  
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour.  
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:  
Most welcome home! [Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

POL. This business is very well ended.  
My liege, and madam, to expostulate  
What majesty should be, what duty is,  
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,  
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.  
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,  
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,  
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:  
Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,  
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad:  
But let that go.

QUEEN. More matter, with less art.

POL. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.  
That he is mad, 't is true: 't is true, 't is pity;  
And pity 't is, 't is true: a foolish figure;  
But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him then: and now remains, *There is no other thing left*  
 That we find out the cause of this effect;  
 Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;  
 For this effect, defective, comes by cause:  
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.  
 Perpend. *He is a man, and he is a man*

I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;  
 Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,  
 Hath given me this: Now gather, and surmise.

—"To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified  
 Ophelia."——

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase: beautified is a vile phrase;  
 but you shall hear.

\* "These. In her excellent white bosom, these." *See Two Gentlemen, 3.1.125*

QUEEN. Came this from Hamlet to her?

POL. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

"Doubt thou, the stars are fire; [Reads.  
 Doubt, that the sun doth move;  
 Doubt truth to be a liar;  
 But never doubt, I love.

"O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not  
 art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most  
 best, believe it. Adieu.

"Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst  
 this machine is to him, Hamlet."

This, in obedience, hath my daughter showed me:  
 And more above, hath his solicitings,  
 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,  
 All given to mine ear.

KING. But how hath she  
 Receiv'd his love?

POL. What do you think of me?

KING. As of a man faithful and honourable.

POL. I would fain prove so. But what might you think.

Before my daughter told me,) what might you,  
 Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,  
 If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;  
 Or given my heart a winking mute and dumb;  
 Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;  
 What might you think? no, I went round to work  
 And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;  
 "Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star;  
 This must not be:" and then I precepts gave her,  
 That she should lock herself from his resort,  
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.  
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;  
 And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)  
 Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;  
 Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;  
 Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,  
 Into the madness whereon now he raves,  
 And all we wail for.

KING. Do you think 't is this?

QUEEN. It may be; very likely.

POL. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that,)  
 That I have positively said, "T is so,"  
 When it prov'd otherwise?

KING. Not that I know.

POL. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:

[Pointing to his head and shoulder.

If circumstances lead me, I will find  
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
 Within the centre." *Shakespeare told me so.*

KING. How may we try it further?

POL. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together,  
 Here in the lobby.

*Enter HAMLET, reading.*

QUEEN. But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

POL. Away, I do beseech you, both away;

I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.—*Immediately*  
[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.*]

How does my good lord Hamlet?

HAM. Well, god-'a-mercy.

POL. Do you know me, my lord?

HAM. Excellent, excellent well; you're a fishmonger.

POL. Not I, my lord.

HAM. Then I would you were so honest a man.

POL. Honest, my lord?

HAM. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of two thousand.

POL. That's very true, my lord.

HAM. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

POL. I have, my lord.

HAM. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to 't.

POL. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

HAM. Words, words, words!

POL. What is the matter, my lord?

HAM. Between who?

\* POL. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

POL. Though this be madness, yet there is method in it.  
 [Aside.] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

HAM. Into my grave?

POL. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

HAM. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, my life.

POL. Fare you well, my lord.

HAM. These tedious old fools!

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

POL. You go to seek my lord Hamlet; there he is.

ROS. God save you, sir! [To POLONIUS. *Exit* POLONIUS.]

GUIL. Mine honour'd lord!—

ROS. My most dear lord!

HAM. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

ROS. As the indifferent children of the earth.

GUIL. Happy, in that we are not overhappy;

On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

HAM. Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROS. Neither, my lord.

HAM. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favour?

GUIL. 'Faith, her privates we.

HAM. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she's a strumpet. What's the news?

ROS. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

HAM. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

GUIL. Prison, my lord?

HAM. Denmark's a prison.

ROS. Then is the world one.

HAM. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

ROS. We think not so, my lord.

HAM. Why, then, 't is none to you: for there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

ROS. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 't is too narrow for your mind.

HAM. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have had dreams.

GUIL. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

HAM. A dream itself is but a shadow.

ROS. Truly; and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

HAM. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and outstretch'd heroes the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason. *See Ham. act I. S. P. 24.*

ROS., GUIL. We'll wait upon you.

HAM. No such matter; I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

ROS. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

HAM. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

GUIL. What should we say, my lord?

HAM. Why anything. But to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

ROS. To what end, my lord?

HAM. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the constancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal,

*Johnson* ... *that* ... *shadow.*

*rupture* ... *Google* ... *murderer*

be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no?

ROS. What say you? [To GUILDENSTERN.

HAM. Nay, then I have an eye of you; [*Aside*.]—if you love me, hold not off.

GUIL. My lord, we were sent for.

HAM. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery of your secrecy to the king and queen. Mould no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,—this brave o'erhanging firmament—this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, no, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

ROS. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

HAM. Why did you laugh then, when I said, "Man delights not me?"

ROS. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

HAM. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't.—What players are they?

ROS. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

HAM. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

ROS. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

HAM. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

ROS. No, indeed, they are not.

HAM. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

ROS. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an alēry of children, little ēyāses, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for 't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them,) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

HAM. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is like most, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession? *profession*  
*the best*  
*as P. 132.*

ROS. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question. *ado.*

HAM. Is 't possible?

GUIL. O, there has been much throwing about of brains. *sharp & well*  
*discussion*

HAM. Do the boys carry it away? *children*

ROS. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

HAM. It is not strange; for mine uncle is king of Denmark; and those that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[Flourish of trumpets within.]

GUIL. There are the players.

HAM. Gentlemen you are welcome to Elsinore. Your

You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

GUIL. In what, my dear lord?

HAM. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

*Enter POLONIUS.*

POL. Well be with you, gentlemen!

HAM. Hark you, Guildenstern,—and you too;—at each ear a hearer; that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

ROS. Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

HAM. I will prophesy. He comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 't was so, indeed.

POL. My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAM. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

POL. The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAM. Buz, buz!

POL. Upon mine honour,—

HAM. Then came each actor on his ass,—

POL. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

HAM. O Jephthah, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou!

POL. What a treasure had he, my lord?

HAM. Why—

One fair daughter, and no more,  
The which he loved passing well.

POL. Still on my daughter.

[*Aside.*

HAM. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

POL. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

HAM. Nay, that follows not.

POL. What follows then, my lord?

HAM. Why,

“As by lot, God wot,”

and then you know,

“It came to pass, As most like it was.”

The first row of the pious chanson will show you more: for look, where my abridgments come.

*Enter Four or Five Players.*

You're welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, my old friend! Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see: We'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 PLAY. What speech, my lord?

HAM. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was caviars to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine,) an excellent play: well digested in the scenes; set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affectation; but called it, an honest method as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One chief speech in it I chiefly loved: 't was Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,

It is not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,  
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble  
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,  
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd  
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot  
Now is he total gules; horribly trick'd  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;  
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,  
That lend a tyrannous and damned light  
To their vile murthers: Roasted in wrath and fire.  
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,  
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus  
Old grandsire Priam seeks.

POL. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent,  
and good discretion.

1 PLAY. Anon he finds him  
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,  
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,  
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,  
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;  
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword  
The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,  
Seeming to feel his blow, with flaming top  
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash  
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,  
Which was declining on the milky head  
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:  
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;  
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,  
Did nothing.  
But, as we often see, against some storm,  
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,  
The bold wind speechless, and the orb below  
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder  
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,  
A roused vengeance sets him new a work;  
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall

On Mars his armours, forg'd for proof eterne,  
 With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword  
 Now falls on Priam.—  
 Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,  
 In general synod, take away her power;  
 Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,  
 And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,  
 As low as to the fiends.

POL. This is too long.

HAM. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Prithee,  
 say on:—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—  
 say on; come to Hecuba.

1 PLAY. But who, O who, had seen the mobled queen—

HAM. The mobled queen?

POL. That's good: mobled queen is good.

1 PLAY. Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flame  
 With bisson rheum; a clout about that head,  
 Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,  
 About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,  
 A blanket, in the alarum of fear caught up;  
 As had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,  
 'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:  
 But if the gods themselves did see her then,  
 When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport  
 In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,  
 The instant burst of clamour that she made,  
 (Unless things mortal move them not at all,)  
 Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,  
 And passion in the gods.

POL. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has  
 tears in his eyes.—Pray you, no more.

HAM. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon.  
 —Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed?  
 Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the ab-  
 stracts, and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death  
 you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report  
 while you lived.

POL. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

HAM. Odd's bodikin man, better: Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping! Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

POL. Come, sirs. [*Exit POLONIUS with some of the Players.*]

HAM. Follow him, friends: we 'll hear a play to-morrow. —Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 PLAY. Ay, my lord.

HAM. We 'll have 't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in 't? could you not?

1 PLAY. Ay, my lord.

HAM. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit Player.*] My good friends [*To ROS. and GUIL.*], I 'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

ROS. Good my lord!

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

HAM. Ay, so, God be wi' you: Now I am alone.  
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!  
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his whole conceit,  
That from her working, all his visage wann'd;  
Tear in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!  
For Hecuba!

What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her? What would he do,  
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,  
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,  
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;  
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,  
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,  
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,  
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,

Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,  
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,  
Upon whose property, and most dear life,  
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?  
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?  
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?  
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,  
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?  
Ha!

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,  
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,  
I should have fatted all the region kites  
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!  
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!  
O vengeance.

What an ass am I! ay, sure, this is most brave;  
That I, the son of the dear murdered,  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,  
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,  
A scullion!

Fye upon 't! foh! About, my brains! I have heard,  
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
Have by the very cunning of the scene  
Been struck so to the soul, that presently  
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;  
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players  
Play something like the murder of my father,  
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;  
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,  
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen  
May be the devil: and the devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,  
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,  
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)  
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds  
More relative than this: The play's the thing,  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter* KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and  
GUILDENSTERN.

KING. And can you, by no drift of circumstance, *see. P. 201.*  
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;  
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet  
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

ROS. He does confess he feels himself distracted;  
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

GUIL. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;  
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,  
When we would bring him on to some confession  
Of his true state.

QUEEN. Did he receive you well?

ROS. Most like a gentleman.

GUIL. But with much forcing of his disposition.

ROS. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,  
Most free in his reply.

QUEEN. Did you assay him to any pastime?

ROS. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players  
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;  
And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
To hear of it: They are about the court;  
And, as I think, they have already order  
This night to play before him.

POL. 'T is most true:  
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,  
To hear and see the matter.

KING. With all my heart; and it doth much content me  
To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,  
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

ROS. We shall, my lord.

*[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]*

KING. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:  
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;

That he, as 't were by accident, may here  
Affront Ophelia.

Her father, and myself (lawful espials),  
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,  
We may of their encounter frankly judge;  
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,  
If 't be the affliction of his love or no,  
That thus he suffers for.

QUEEN. I shall obey you:  
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,  
That your good beauties be the happy cause  
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtues  
Will bring him to his wonted way again,  
To both your honours.

OPH. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit QUEEN.*]

POL. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, so please you,  
We will bestow ourselves:—Read on this book;  
[*To OPHELIA.*]

That show of such an exercise may colour  
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—  
'T is too much prov'd, that, with devotion's visage,  
And pious action, we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.

KING. O, 't is true!  
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!  
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,  
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,  
Than is my deed to my most painted word:  
O heavy burden!

[*Aside.*]

POL. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt KING and POLONIUS.*]

*Enter HAMLET.*

HAM. To be, or not to be, that is the question:  
Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—  
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—  
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there 's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause: there 's the respect,  
That makes calamity of so long life:  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time.  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will;  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all; \*  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!  
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my sins remember'd.

OPH. Good my lord,  
How does your honour for this many a day?

HAM. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

OPH. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,  
That I have longed long to re-deliver;  
I pray you, now receive them.

HAM. No, no. I never gave you aught.

OPH. My honour'd lord, I know right well you did,  
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd  
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,  
Take these, again; for to the noble mind,  
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

\* See in Beaumont & Fletcher's "Philaster" this name as it is used in  
one passage:  
"Oh! this same whore, con- sider, &c." &c.

There, my lord.

HAM. Ha, ha! are you honest?

OPH. My lord?

HAM. Are you fair?

OPH. What means your lordship?

HAM. That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

OPH. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

HAM. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

OPH. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAM. You should not have believed me: for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

OPH. I was the more deceived.

HAM. Get thee to a nunnery; Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me; I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth! We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

OPH. At home, my lord.

HAM. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in 's own house. Farewell.

OPH. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

HAM. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

OPH. O heavenly powers, restore him!

HAM. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance: Go to, I'll no more on 't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. L

[Exit HAMLET.]

OPH. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:  
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,  
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite, down!  
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;  
That unmatched'd form and feature of blown youth,  
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!  
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

*Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.*

KING. Love! his affections do not that way tend;  
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,  
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,  
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;  
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,  
Will be some danger: Which to prevent,  
I have, in quick determination,  
Thus set it down: He shall with speed to England,  
For the demand of our neglected tribute:  
Haply, the seas, and countries different,  
With variable objects, shall expel  
This something-settled matter in his heart;  
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus  
From fashion of himself. What think you on 't?

POL. It shall do well; but yet do I believe,  
The origin and commencement of this grief  
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia,

You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;  
 We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;  
 But, if you hold it fit, after the play,  
 Let his queen mother all alone entreat him  
 To show his griefs; let her be round with him;  
 And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear  
 Of all their conference: If she find him not,  
 To England send him: or confine him, where  
 Your wisdom best shall think.

KING.

It shall be so:

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the same.*

*Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.*

HAM. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much—your hand thus: but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I could have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

1 PLAY. I warrant your honour.

HAM. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the

censure of the which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 PLAY. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

HAM. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*]

*Enter* POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

POL. And the queen too, and that presently.

HAM. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit* POLONIUS.

Will you too help to hasten them?

BOTH. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

HAM. What, ho; Horatio!

*Enter* HORATIO.

HOR. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

HAM. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man

As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

HOR. O, my dear lord,—

HAM. Nay, do not think I flatter:

For what advancement may I hope from thee,

That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;

And crook the preguant hinges of the knee,  
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?  
Since my dear soul was mistress of my choice,  
And could of men distinguish, her election  
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been  
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;  
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Has ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,  
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,  
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man  
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—  
There is a play to-night before the king;  
One scene of it comes near the circumstance  
Which I have told thee of my father's death.  
I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,  
Even with the very comment of my soul  
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt  
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,  
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;  
And my imaginations are as foul  
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note:  
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;  
And, after, we will both our judgments join  
To censure of his seeming.

HOR.

Well, my lord:

If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,  
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

HAM. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:  
Get you a place.

KING. I have nothing with this auswer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

HAM. No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played once in the university, you say? [To POLONIUS.]

POL. That I did, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

HAM. And what did you enact?

POL. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol. Brutus killed me.

HAM. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

ROS. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

QUEEN. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me.

HAM. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

POL. O ho! do you mark that? [To the KING.]

HAM. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

*[Lying down at OPHELIA's feet.]*

OPH. No, my lord.

HAM. I mean, my head upon your lap?

OPH. Ay, my lord.

HAM. Do you think I meant country matters?

OPH. I think nothing, my lord.

HAM. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

OPH. What is, my lord?

HAM. Nothing.

OPH. You are merry, my lord.

HAM. Who, I?

OPH. Ay, my lord.

HAM. O God! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

OPH. Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord.

HAM. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: But by'r-lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.

*Hautboys play. The dumb show enters.*

*Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath, and, unwilling awhile, but, in the end, accepts his love.* [Exit.

OPH. What means this, my lord?

HAM. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

OPH. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

*Enter Prologue.*

HAM. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

OPH. Will he tell us what this show meant?

HAM. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

OPH. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

PRO. For us, and for our tragedy,  
Here stooping to your clemency,  
We beg your hearing patiently.

HAM. Is this a prologue, or the poesy of a ring?

OPH. 'T is brief, my lord.

HAM. As woman's love.

*Enter King and his Queen.*

P. KING. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round  
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;  
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen,  
About the world have times twelve thirties been;  
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,  
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

- P. QUEEN. So many journeys may the sun and moon  
 Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!  
 But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,  
 So far from cheer, and from your former state,  
 That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,  
 Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:  
 For women's fear and love holds quantity;  
 In neither aught, or in extremity.  
 Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;  
 And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.  
 Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;  
 Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
- P. KING. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;  
 My operant powers my functions leave to do:  
 And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,  
 Honour'd, belov'd; and haply, one as kind  
 For husband shalt thou——
- P. QUEEN. O, confound the rest!  
 Such love must needs be treason in my breast:  
 In second husband let me be accurst!  
 None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

HAM. Wormwood, wormwood.

- P. QUEEN. The instances that second marriage move,  
 Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;  
 A second time I kill my husband dead,  
 When second husband kisses me in bed.
- P. KING. I do believe, you think what now you speak;  
 But, what we do determine oft we break.  
 Purpose is but the slave to memory;  
 Of violent birth, but poor validity:  
 Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;  
 But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.  
 Most necessary 't is, that we forget  
 To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:  
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,  
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.  
 The violence of either grief or joy  
 Their own enactures with themselves destroy:

\* Here a, word relative with very antecedent See ... 1.3. P. 192.

Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament,  
 Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.  
 This world is not for aye; nor 't is not strange,  
 That even our loves should with our fortunes change;  
 For 't is a question left us yet to prove,  
 Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.  
 The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies;  
 The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.  
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:  
 For who not needs shall never lack a friend;  
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
 Directly seasons him his enemy.  
 But, orderly to end where I begun,—  
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run,  
 That our devices still are overthrown;  
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own;  
 So think thou wilt no second husband wed;  
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. QUEEN. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!  
 Sport and repose lock from me, day, and night!  
 To desperation turn my trust and hope!  
 An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!  
 Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,  
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!  
 Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,  
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

HAM. If she should break it now,— [To OPHELIA.

P. KING. 'T is deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;  
 My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile  
 The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.

P. QUEEN. Sleep rock thy brain,  
 And never come mischance between us twain! [Exit.

HAM. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

KING. What do you call the play?

HAM. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 't is a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

*Enter LUCIANUS.*

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

OPH. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

HAM. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

OPH. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

HAM. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

OPH. Still better, and worse.

HAM. So you must take your husbands.—Begin, murder; leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Come;—

—The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

LUC. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic and dire property,

On wholesome life usurp immediately.

*[Pours the poison in his ears.]*

HAM. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian: You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

OPH. The king rises.

HAM. What! frighted with false fire!

QUEEN. How fares my lord?

POL. Give o'er the play.

KING. Give me some light:—away.

ALL. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.*]

HAM. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

So runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,) with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

HOR. Half a share.

HAM. A whole one, ay.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—Paiocke.

HOR. You might have rhymed.

HAM. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

HOR. Very well, my lord.

HAM. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

HOR. I did very well note him.

HAM. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Come, some music.

GUIL. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

HAM. Sir, a whole history.

GUIL. The king, sir,—

HAM. Ay, sir, what of him?

GUIL. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

HAM. With drink, sir?

GUIL. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

HAM. I am tame, sir, pronounce.

GUIL. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

HAM. You are welcome.

GUIL. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

HAM. Sir, I cannot.

GUIL. What, my lord?

HAM. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: But, sir, such answers as I can make you shall command; or, rather, you say, my mother: therefore, no more, but to the matter; My mother, you say,—

ROS. Then thus she says: Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration. Impart.

HAM. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—  
But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

ROS. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

HAM. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

ROS. My lord, you once did love me.

HAM. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

ROS. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friends.

HAM. Sir, I lack advancement.

ROS. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

HAM. Ay, but "While the grass grows,"—the proverb is something musty.

*Enter one with a recorder.*

O, the recorder: let me see.—To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

*distemper  
See P. 169.*

GUIL. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

HAM. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

GUIL. My lord, I cannot.

HAM. I pray you.

GUIL. Believe me, I cannot.

HAM. I do beseech you.

GUIL. I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAM. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUIL. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

HAM. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. S'blood! do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

*Enter POLONIUS.*

God bless you, sir!

POL. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

HAM. Do you see that cloud, that's almost in shape like a camel?

POL. By the mass, and 't is like a camel indeed.

HAM. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

POL. It is backed like a weasel.

HAM. Or, like a whale?

POL. Very like a whale.

HAM. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

POL. I will say so.

*[Exit POLONIUS.]*

See P. 207

HAM. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt ROS., GUIL., HOR., &c.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night;  
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out  
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,  
And do such bitter business as the day  
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.—  
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever  
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:  
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:  
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;  
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:  
How in my words soever she be shent,  
To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the same.*

*Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

KING. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,  
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;  
I your commission will forthwith despatch,  
And he to England shall along with you:  
The terms of our estate may not endure  
Hazard so dangerous, as doth hourly grow,  
Out of his lunacies.

GUIL. We will ourselves provide:  
Most holy and religious fear it is,  
To keep those many many bodies safe,  
That live and feed upon your majesty.

ROS. The single and peculiar life is bound,  
With all the strength and armour of the mind,  
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more  
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest  
The lives of many. The cease of majesty  
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw  
What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,  
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things  
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,  
Each small annexment, petty consequence,

Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone  
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

KING. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;  
For we will fetters put upon this fear,  
Which now goes too free-footed.

ROS., GUIL.

We will haste us.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

*Enter* POLONIUS.

POL. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet  
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,  
To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him home.  
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,  
'T is meet, that some more audience than a mother,  
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear  
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:  
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,  
And tell you what I know.

KING. Thanks, dear my lord. [*Exit* POLONIUS.  
O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;  
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,  
A brother's murmur!—Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will;  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,  
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,  
But to confront the visage of offence?  
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—  
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;  
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murmur!—  
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd  
Of those effects for which I did the murmur,  
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.  
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?

In the corrupted currents of this world,  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;  
And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law: But 't is not so above:  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies  
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?  
Try what repentance can: What can it not?  
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?  
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!  
O limed soul, that struggling to be free,  
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!  
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,  
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe:  
All may be well! *[Retires, and kneels]*

*Enter HAMLET.*

HAM. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;  
And now I'll do 't;—and so he goes to heaven:  
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:  
A villain kills my father; and, for that,  
I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
To heaven.  
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.  
He took my father grossly, full of bread;  
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;  
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?  
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,  
'T is heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,  
To take him in the purging of his soul,  
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?  
No.  
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:  
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;  
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;  
At gaming, swearing; or about some act  
That has no relish of salvation in 't:  
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;  
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,

As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:  
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit

*The KING rises and advances.*

KING. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:  
Words without thoughts, never to heaven go. [Exit

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.*

POL. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him:  
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;  
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between  
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.  
Pray you, be round with him. *Exit.*

HAM. [*Within.*] Mother! mother! mother!

QUEEN. I'll warrant you;  
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.  
[POLONIUS hides himself

*Enter HAMLET.*

HAM. Now, mother; what's the matter?

QUEEN. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAM. Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUEEN. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAM. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

QUEEN. Why, how now, Hamlet?

HAM. What's the matter now?

QUEEN. Have you forgot me?

HAM. No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;

But would you were not so! You are my mother.

QUEEN. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

HAM. Come, come and sit you down: you shall not

HAM. How now; a rat? [*Draws.*  
Dead, for a ducat, dead. [HAMLET makes a pass through  
the arras.

POL. [*Behind.*] O I am slain. [*Falls, and dies.*

QUEEN. O me, what hast thou done?

HAM. Nay, I know not:

Is it the king? [*Lifts up the arras, and draws forth* POLONIUS.

QUEEN. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

HAM. A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good mother,  
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

QUEEN. As kill a king!

HAM. Ay, lady, 't was my word.—  
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell! [*To* POLONIUS.  
I took thee for thy betters; take thy fortune:  
Thou find'st, to be too busy is some danger.—  
Leave wringing of your hands: Peace, sit you down,  
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,  
If it be made of penetrable stuff;  
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,  
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

QUEEN. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy  
tongue  
In noise so rude against me?

HAM. Such an act,  
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;  
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose  
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,  
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows  
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed  
As from the body of contraction plucks  
The very soul; and sweet religion makes  
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;  
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,  
With tristful visage, as against the doom,  
Is thought-sick at the act.

QUEEN. Ah me, what act,  
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

HAM. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;  
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.  
See what a grace was seated on his brow:

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;  
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command;  
A station like the herald Mercury,  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;  
A combination, and a form, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man:  
This was your husband,—look you now, what follows:  
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,  
Blasting his wholesome brother.—Have you eyes?  
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,  
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?  
You cannot call it love: for, at your age,  
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,  
And waits upon the judgment: And what judgment  
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,  
Else, could you not have motion: But sure, that sense  
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;  
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd;  
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,  
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't,  
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?  
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,  
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,  
Or but a sickly part of one true sense  
Could not so mope.  
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,  
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,  
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,  
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;  
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,  
And reason panders will.

QUEEN. O Hamlet, speak no more:  
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;  
And there I see such black and grained spots,  
As will not leave their tinct.

HAM. Nay, but to live  
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;  
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love

Over the nasty sty;—

QUEEN. O, speak to me no more;  
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;  
No more, sweet Hamlet.

HAM. A murderer, and a villain:  
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe  
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings:  
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;  
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket!

QUEEN. No more.

*Enter GHOST.*

HAM. A king of shreds and patches:—  
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,  
You heavenly guards!—What would you, gracious figure?

QUEEN. Alas! he's mad.

HAM. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,  
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by  
The important acting of your dread command?  
O, say.

GHOST. Do not forget: This visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:  
O, step between her and her fighting soul;  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

HAM. How is it with you, lady?

QUEEN. Alas, how is 't with you?  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,  
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?  
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;  
And as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,  
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,  
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

HAM. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!  
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,  
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;

Lest, with this piteous action, you convert  
My stern effects: then what I have to do  
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

QUEEN. To whom do you speak this?

HAM. Do you see nothing there?

QUEEN. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

HAM. Nor did you nothing hear?

QUEEN. No, nothing, but ourselves.

HAM. Why, look you there! look how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he lived!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[Exit GHOST.]

QUEEN. This is the very coinage of your brain:  
This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.

HAM. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness  
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word; which madness  
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:  
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;  
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;  
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;  
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,  
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue.  
For in the fatness of these pursy times,

He likewise gives a frock, or livery,  
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night:  
And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;  
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,  
And master the devil, or throw him out  
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:  
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,  
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[*Pointing to* POLONIUS.]

I do repent: But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—  
To punish me with this, and this with me,  
That I must be their scourge and minister.  
I will bestow him, and will answer well  
The death I gave him. So again, good night!  
I must be cruel, only to be kind:  
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—  
One word more, good lady.

QUEEN.

What shall I do?

HAM. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do;  
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;  
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;  
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,  
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,  
Make you to ravel all this matter out,  
That I essentially am not in madness,  
But mad in craft. 'T were good you let him know:  
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,  
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,  
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?  
No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,  
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,  
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,  
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,  
And break your own neck down.

QUEEN. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,  
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe  
What thou hast said to me.

HAM. I must to England; you know that?

QUEEN.

Alack,

I had forgot; 't is so concluded on.

HAM. There 's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,—  
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—  
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,  
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work,  
For 't is the sport, to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard,  
But I will delve one yard below their mines,  
And blow them at the moon: O, 't is most sweet,  
When in one line two crafts directly meet.  
This man shall set me packing.  
I 'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—  
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor  
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,  
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.  
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:  
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; HAMLET dragging in the body of  
POLONIUS.*]

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## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter KING and QUEEN.*

KING. There 's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves;  
You must translate: 't is fit we understand them:  
Where is your son?

QUEEN. Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

KING. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

QUEEN. Mad as the seas, and wind, when both contend  
Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,  
Behind the arras bearing something stir,  
He whips his rapier out, and cries, "A rat! a rat!"  
And, in his brainish apprehension, kills  
The unseen good old man.

KING.

O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there;  
His liberty is full of threats to all;  
To you yourself, to us, to every one.  
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?  
It will be laid to us, whose providence  
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt  
This mad young man: but, so much was our love,  
We would not understand what was most fit;  
But, like the owner of a foul disease,  
To keep it from divulging, let it feed  
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

QUEEN. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:  
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,  
Among a mineral of metals base,  
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

KING. O, Gertrude, come away!  
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,  
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed  
We must, with all our majesty and skill,  
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:  
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,  
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:  
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body  
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

*[Exeunt ROS. and GUIL.]*

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;  
And let them know, both what we mean to do,  
And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander,  
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,  
As level as the cannon to his blank,  
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,  
And hit the woundless air. O come away!  
My soul is full of discord, and dismay.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.**Enter HAMLET.*

HAM. —Safely stowed,—

[*Ros. &c. within.* Hamlet! lord Hamlet!]

HAM. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

ROS. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

HAM. Compounded it with dust, whereto 't is kin.

ROS. Tell us where 't is; that we may take it thence,  
And bear it to the chapel.

HAM. Do not believe it.

ROS. Believe what?

HAM. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own.  
Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—what replication  
should be made by the son of a king?

ROS. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

HAM. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his  
rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best  
service in the end: He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner  
of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: When he  
needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and,  
sponge, you shall be dry again.

ROS. I understand you not, my lord.

HAM. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps in a  
foolish ear.ROS. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go  
with us to the king.HAM. The body is with the king, but the king is not with  
the body. The king is a thing—

ROS. A thing, my lord?

*Labour's Lost,  
2. p. 574.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.**Enter KING, attended.*

KING. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.  
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose;  
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:  
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,  
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;  
And, where 't is so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,  
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,  
This sudden sending him away must seem  
Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown,  
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

*Enter ROSENCRANZ.*

Or not at all.—How now! what hath befallen?

ROS. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,  
We cannot get from him.

KING. But where is he?

ROS. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

KING. Bring him before us.

ROS. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

*Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.*

KING. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAM. At supper.

KING. At supper? Where?

HAM. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes but to one table; that's the end.

KING. Alas, alas!

HAM. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

KING. What dost thou mean by this?

HAM. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

KING. Where is Polonius?

HAM. In heaven, send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

KING. Go seek him there. *[To some Attendants.]*

HAM. He will stay till you come. *[Exeunt Attendants.]*

KING. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety, Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence With fiery quickness: Therefore, prepare thyself; The bark is ready, and the wind at help, The associates tend, and everything is bent For England.

HAM. For England?

KING. Ay, Hamlet.

HAM. Good,

KING. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

HAM. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

KING. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAM. My mother: Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England. *[Exit.]*

KING. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard; Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night: Away; for everything is seal'd and done That else leans on the affair: Pray you, make haste.

*[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]*

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,  
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;  
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red  
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe  
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set  
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,  
By letters conjuring to that effect,  
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;  
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,  
And thou must cure me: Till I know 't is done,  
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

*[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—*A Plain in Denmark.*

*Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.*

FOR. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;  
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras  
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march  
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.  
If that his majesty would aught with us,  
We shall express our duty in his eye,  
And let him know so.

CAP. I will do 't, my lord.

FOR. Go safely on. [*Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Forces.*]

*Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.*

HAM. Good sir, whose powers are these?

CAP. They are of Norway, sir.

HAM. How proposed, sir,

I pray you?

CAP. Against some part of Poland.

HAM. Who

Commands them, sir?

CAP. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

HAM. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,  
Or for some frontier?

CAP. Truly to speak, and with no addition  
We go to gain a little patch of ground,  
That hath in it no profit but the name.  
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;  
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole.  
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

HAM. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

CAP. Yes, 't is already garrison'd.

HAM. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,  
Will not debate the question of this straw:  
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace;  
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without  
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

CAP. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit Captain.*]

ROS. Will 't please you go, my lord?

HAM. I will be with you straight. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

X  
How all occasions do inform against me,  
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,  
If his chief good, and market of his time,  
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.  
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before, and after, gave us not  
That capability and godlike reason  
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be  
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—  
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,  
And ever, three parts coward,—I do not know  
Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do;"  
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,  
To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me.  
Witness, this army of such mass and charge,  
Led by a delicate and tender prince;  
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,  
Makes mouths at the invisible event;  
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,  
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,  
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,  
Is, not to stir without great argument,  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,  
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,  
That have, a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,  
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see  
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,  
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot  
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,  
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,  
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—Elsinore. *A Room in the Castle.**Enter QUEEN and HORATIO.*

QUEEN. I will not speak with her.

HOR. She is importunate; indeed, distract;  
Her mood will needs be pitied.

QUEEN. What would she have?

HOR. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,  
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;  
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,  
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,  
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move  
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,  
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;  
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,  
Indeed would make one think there would be thought,  
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.QUEEN. 'T were good she were spoken with; for she may  
strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:

Let her come in.

[*Exit HORATIO.*]To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:  
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.*Re-enter HORATIO with OPHELIA.*

OPH. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN. How now, Ophelia?

OPH. [*Sings.*] How should I your true love know  
From another one?By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoon.

QUEEN. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPH. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

---

He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone;  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone.

QUEEN. Nay, but Ophelia,—

OPH. Pray you, mark,

White his shroud as the mountain snow,

*Enter KING.*

QUEEN. Alas, look here, my lord.

OPH. Larded with sweet flowers;  
Which bewept to the grave did not go,  
With true-love showers.

KING. How do you, pretty lady?

OPH. Well, God 'ield you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but, ~~know not what we may be.~~ God be at your table!

KING. Conceit upon her father.

OPH. Pray you, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine:

Then up he rose, and down'd his clothes,  
And dupp'd the chamber door;  
Let in the maid, that out a maid  
Never departed more.

KING. Pretty Ophelia!

OPH. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on 't:

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,  
Alack, and fye for shame!  
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;  
By cock they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,  
You promis'd me to wed:  
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,  
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

KING. How long has she been this?

OPH. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground: My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night.

[Exit.

KING. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you.

[Exit HORATIO.

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs  
All from her father's death; O Gertrude, Gertrude,  
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions! First, her father slain; \* See Tragedy in 1611  
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author  
Of his own just remove: The people muddled,  
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,  
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,  
In hugger-mugger to inter him: Poor Ophelia,  
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;  
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.  
Last, and as much containing as all these,  
Her brother is in secret come from France:  
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,  
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear  
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;  
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,  
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign  
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,  
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places  
Gives me superfluous death. [A noise within.

QUEEN.

Alack! what noise is this?

*Enter a Gentleman.*

KING. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door;  
What is the matter?

GENT. Save yourself, my lord;  
The ocean, overpeering of his list,  
Eats not the flats with more impituous haste,  
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,  
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him, lord;  
And as the world were now but to begin,  
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,  
The ratifiers and props of every word,  
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"  
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,  
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

QUEEN. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!  
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

KING. The doors are broke.

[*Noise within.*]

*Enter LAERTES, armed: Danes following.*

LAER. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

DAN. No, let's come in.

LAER. I pray you, give me leave.

DAN. We will, we will [*They retire without the door.*]

LAER. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,  
Give me my father.

QUEEN. Calmly, good Laertes.

LAER. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me  
bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot  
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow  
Of my true mother.

KING. What is the cause, Laertes,  
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?  
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;  
There's such divinity doth hedge a king

LAER. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:  
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!  
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!  
I dare damnation: To this point I stand,—  
That both the worlds I give to negligence,  
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd  
Most throughly for my father.

KING. Who shall stay you?

LAER. My will, not all the world:  
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,  
They shall go far with little.

KING. Good Laertes,  
If you desire to know the certainty  
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,  
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,  
Winner and loser?

LAER. None but his enemies.

KING. Will you know them then?

LAER. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;  
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,  
Repast them with my blood.

KING. Why, now you speak  
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.  
That I am guiltless of your father's death,  
And am most sensibly in grief for it,  
It shall as level to your judgment pierce,  
As day does to your eye.

DANES. [*Within.*] Let her come in.

LAER. How now! what noise is that?

*Enter OPHELIA.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,  
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—  
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,  
Till our scale turns the beam. O rose of May!  
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—  
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits  
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?  
Nature is fine in love: and, where 't is fine,

It sends some precious instance of itself  
After the thing it loves.

OPH. They bore him barefac'd on the bier;  
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;  
And on his grave rains many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

LAER. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,  
It could not move thus.

OPH. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call him  
a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false  
steward, that stole his master's daughter.

LAER. This nothing 's more than matter.

OPH. There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance; pray,  
love, remember: and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts.

LAER. A document in madness; thoughts and remem-  
brance fitted.

OPH. There 's fennel for you, and columbines:—there 's  
rue for you; and here 's some for me:—we may call it herb-  
grace o' Sundays:—oh, you must wear your rue with a dif-  
ference.—There 's a daisy:—I would give you some violets;  
but they withered all, when my father died:—They say, he  
made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—

LAER. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,  
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

OPH. And will he not come again?  
And will he not come again?  
No, no, he is dead,  
Go to thy death-bed,  
He never will come again.

His beard as white as snow,  
All flaxen was his poll:  
He is gone, he is gone,  
And we cast away moan:  
Gramercy on his soul!

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you!  
[Exit OPHELIA]

LAER. Do you see this, O God?

KING. Laertes, I must common with your grief,  
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,  
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,  
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:  
If by direct or by collateral hand  
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,  
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,  
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,  
Be you content to lend your patience to us,  
And we shall jointly labour with your soul  
To give it due content.

LAER. Let this be so;  
His means of death, his obscure burial—  
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones.  
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—  
Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to earth,  
That I must call 't in question.

KING. So you shall;  
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.  
I pray you, go with me. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter HORATIO, and a Servant.*

HOR. What are they that would speak with me?

SERV. Sailors, sir;

They say, they have letters for you.

HOR. Let them come in.

[Exit Servant.]

I do not know from what part of the world  
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

*Enter Sailors.*

1 SAIL. God bless you, sir.

HOR. Let him bless thee too.

1 SAIL. He shall, sir, an 't please him. There's a letter  
for you, sir; it comes from the ambassadors that was bound

for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

HOR. [*Reads.*]

*Horatio*, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb: yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, *Hamlet*.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;  
And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me  
To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter KING and LAERTES.*

KING. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,  
And you must put me in your heart for friend;  
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,  
That he which hath your noble father slain,  
Pursu'd my life.

LAER. It well appears:—But tell me,  
Why you proceeded not against these feats,  
So crimeful and so capital in nature,  
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,  
You mainly were stirr'd up.

KING. O, for two special reasons;  
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,  
And yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,

Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,  
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)   
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,  
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,  
I could not but by her. The other motive,  
Why to a public count I might not go,  
Is the great love the general gender bear him:  
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,  
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,  
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,  
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,  
Would have reverted to my bow again,  
And not where I had aim'd them.

LAER. And so have I a noble father lost;  
A sister driven into desperate terms;  
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,  
Stood challenger on mount of all the age  
For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

KING. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think  
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,  
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,  
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:  
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;  
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—  
How now? what news?

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:  
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

KING. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

MESS. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not.  
They were given to me by Claudio, he receiv'd them.

KING. Laertes, you shall hear them:—Leave us.

*[Exit Messenger.]*

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?  
Or is it some abuse, or no such thing?

LAER. Know you the hand?

KING. 'T is Hamlet's character. "Naked,"—  
And in a postscript here, he says, "alone:"  
Can you advise me?

LAER. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come:  
It warms the very sickness in my heart,  
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,  
Thus diddest thou.

KING. If it be so, Laertes,  
As how should it be so? how otherwise?  
Will you be rul'd by me?

LAER. If so you 'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.

KING. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—  
As checking at his voyage, and that he means  
No more to undertake it,—I will work him  
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,  
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;  
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;  
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,  
And call it, accident.

LAER. My lord, I will be rul'd:  
The rather, if you could devise it so,  
That I might be the organ.

KING. It falls right.  
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,  
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality  
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts  
Did not together pluck such envy from him,  
As did that one; and that, in my regard,  
Of the unworthiest siege.

LAER. What part is that, my lord?

KING. A very riband in the cap of youth,  
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes  
The light and careless livery that it wears,  
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,  
Importing health and graveness.—Some two months  
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—  
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,

And they ran well on horseback: but this gallant  
 Had witchcraft in 't; he grew into his seat;  
 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,  
 As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd  
 With the brave beast: so far he pass'd my thought,  
 That, I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,  
 Come short of what he did.

LAER. A Norman, was 't?

KING. A Norman.

LAER. Upon my life, Lamound.

KING. The very same.

LAER. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,  
 And gem of all the nation.

KING. He made confession of you;  
 And gave you such a masterly report,  
 For art and exercise in your defence,  
 And for your rapier most especially,  
 That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed,  
 If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation,  
 He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,  
 If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his  
 Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,  
 That he could nothing do, but wish and beg  
 Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.  
 Now, out of this,——

LAER. Why out of this, my lord?

KING. Laertes, was your father dear to you?  
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
 A face without a heart?

LAER. Why ask you this?

KING. Not that I think you did not love your father;  
 But that I know love is begun by time;  
 And that I see, in passages of proof,  
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.  
 There lives within the very flame of love  
 A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;  
 And nothing is at a like goodness still;  
 For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,  
 Dies in his own too-much: That we would do,  
 We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many,  
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;  
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift's sigh,  
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:  
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,  
To show yourself your father's son in deed  
More than in words?

LAER. To cut his throat i' the church.

KING. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarise;  
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,  
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber?  
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:  
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the fame  
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,  
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,  
Most generous, and free from all contriving,  
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,  
Requite him for your father.

LAER. I will do't:

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.  
I bought an unction of a mountebank,  
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,  
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,  
Collected from all simples that have virtue  
Under the moon, can save the thing from death.  
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point  
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,  
It may be death.

KING. Let's further think of this;  
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,  
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,  
And that our drift look through our bad performance,  
'T were better not assay'd; therefore this project  
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,  
If this should blast in proof. Soft;—let me see:—  
We'll make a solemn wager on your connings,—  
I ha' 't.

When in your motion you are hot and dry,  
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,) And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him  
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,  
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,  
Our purpose may hold there.

*Enter QUEEN.*

How now, sweet queen?

QUEEN. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes

LAER. Drown'd!—O, where?

QUEEN. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;  
There, with fantastic garlands did she come,  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,  
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:  
There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds  
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;  
When down the weedy trophies, and herself,  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;  
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:  
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;  
As one incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indued  
Unto that element: but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

LAER. Alas then, is she drown'd?

QUEEN. Drown'd, drown'd.

LAER. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,  
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet  
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,  
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,  
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!  
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,  
But that this folly douts it.

KING.

Let's follow, Gertrude;

*[Exit]*

How much I had to do to calm his rage  
Now fear I this will give it start again;  
Therefore let 's follow.

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Church-Yard.

*Enter Two Clowns, with spades, &c.*

1 CLO. Is she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 CLO. I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sate on her, and finds it christian burial.

1 CLO. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 CLO. Why, 't is found so.

1 CLO. It must be *as offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 CLO. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 CLO. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that? but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 CLO. But is this law?

1 CLO. Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.

2 CLO. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1 CLO. Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity, that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 CLO. Was he a gentleman?

1 CLO. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 CLO. Why, he had none.

1 CLO. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digged; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 CLO. Go to.

1 CLO. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 CLO. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 CLO. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well. But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 CLO. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 CLO. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 CLO. Marry, now I can tell.

1 CLO. To't.

2 CLO. Mass, I cannot tell.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO at a distance.*

1 CLO. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and when you are asked this question next, say a grave-maker; the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor. [Exit 2 Clown.]

1 Clown *sings, and digs.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,

Methought, it was very sweet,

To contract, (O,) the time, for, (ah,) my behove,

O, methought, there was nothing meet.

HAM. Hath this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

HOR. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

HAM. 'T is e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 CLO. But age, with his stealing steps,  
Hath caught me in his clutch,  
And hath shipped me intill the land,  
As if I had never been such.

*[Throws up a scull.]*

HAM. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murther! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that could circumvent God, might it not?

HOR. It might, my lord.

HAM. Or of a courtier; which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord Such-a-one, that praised my lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

HOR. Ay, my lord.

HAM. Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here's fine revolution, if we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on 't.

1 CLO. A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,  
For and a shrouding sheet:  
O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet. *[Throws up a scull.]*

HAM. There's another! Why might not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery?

indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha!

HOR. Not a jot more, my lord.

HAM. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

HOR. Ay, my lord, and of calves'-skins too.

HAM. They are sheep, and calves, that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow:—Whose grave's this, sir?

1 CLO. Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.

HAM. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in 't.

1 CLO. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

HAM. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't, and say it is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 CLO. 'T is a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you.

HAM. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 CLO. For no man, sir.

HAM. What woman, then?

1 CLO. For none neither.

HAM. Who is to be buried in 't?

1 CLO. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

HAM. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it: the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 CLO. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

HAM. How long is that since?

1 CLO. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was the very day that young Hamlet was born: he that was mad, and sent into England.

HAM. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 CLO. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

HAM. Why?

1 CLO. 'T will not be seen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

HAM. How came he mad?

1 CLO. Very strangely, they say.

HAM. How strangely?

1 CLO. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

HAM. Upon what ground?

1 CLO. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

HAM. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 CLO. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

HAM. Why he more than another?

1 CLO. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now: this scull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

HAM. Whose was it?

1 CLO. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

HAM. Nay, I know not.

1 CLO. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir; this same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

HAM. This?

1 CLO. E'en that.

HAM. Let me see. [*Takes the scull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! —I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred my imagination is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own jeer-

ing? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

HOR. What's that, my lord?

HAM. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

HOR. E'en so.

HAM. And smelt so? puh!

[*Puts down the skull.*]

HOR. E'en so, my lord.

HAM. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

HOR. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

HAM. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside:—Here comes the king,

*Enter Priests, &c., in procession; the corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their Trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers: Who is that they follow?

And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,

The corse they follow did with desperate hand

Fordo its own life. 'T was of some estate:

Couch we a while, and mark.

[*Litiring with HORATIO.*]

LAER. What ceremony else?

HAM.

This is Laertes,

A very noble youth: Mark.

LAER. What ceremony else?

1 PRIEST. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd  
As we have warranties: Her death was doubtful;

And, but that great command o'ersways the order,  
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd  
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,  
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her,  
Yet here she is allowed her virgin rites,  
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home  
Of bell and burial.

LAER. Must there no more be done?

I PRIEST.

No more be done!

We should profane the service of the dead,  
To sing sage requiem, and such rest to her,  
As to peace-parted souls.

LAER.

Lay her i' the earth;

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,  
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,  
When thou liest howling.

HAM.

What, the fair Ophelia!

QUEEN. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell! [*Scattering flowers.*]

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;  
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,  
And not t' have strew'd thy grave.

LAER.

O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,  
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense  
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,  
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[*Leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;  
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,  
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head  
Of blue Olympus.

HAM. [*Advancing.*]

What is he, whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow

Sir, though I am not splenetic and rash,  
Yet have I something in me dangerous,  
Which let thy wiseness fear: Away thy hand.

KING. Pluck them asunder.

QUEEN. Hamlet, Hamlet!

GENTLEMEN. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

HAM. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,  
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

QUEEN. O my son! what theme?

HAM. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers  
Could not, with all their quantity of love,  
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

KING. O, he is mad, Laertes.

QUEEN. For love of God, forbear him.

HAM. Come, show me what thou 'lt do:  
Would't weep? would't fight? would't fast? would't tear thyself?  
Would't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?  
I'll do 't.—Dost thou come here to whine?  
To outface me with leaping in her grave?  
Be buried quick with her, and so will I;  
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw  
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,  
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,  
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,  
I'll rant as well as thou.

QUEEN. This is mere madness:  
And thus a while the fit will work on him;  
Anon, as patient as the female dove,  
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,  
His silence will sit drooping.

HAM. Hear you, sir;  
What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [Exit

KING. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.—

[Exit HORATIO]

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;

[To LAERTES.

We'll put the matter to the present push.—

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—

This grave shall have a living monument:

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.*

HAM. So much for this, sir: now let me see the other;  
You do remember all the circumstance?

HOR. Remember it, my lord?

HAM. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,  
That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay  
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,  
And prais'd be rashness for it,—Let us know,  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
When our dear plots do pall; and that should teach us,  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

HOR. That is most certain.

HAM. Up from my cabin,  
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark  
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;  
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew  
To mine own room again: making so bold,  
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal  
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,  
O royal knavery, an exact command,  
Larded with many several sorts of reason,  
Importing Denmark's health and England's too

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

HOR. Ay, 'beseech you.

HAM. Being thus benetted round with villains,  
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,  
They had begun the play; I sat me down;  
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:  
I once did hold it, as our statists do,  
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much  
How to forget that learning; but, sir, ~~now~~  
It did me yeoman's service: Wilt thou know  
The effects of what I wrote?

HOR. Ay, good my lord.

HAM. An earnest conjuration from the king,—  
As England was his faithful tributary;  
As love between them as the palm should flourish;  
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,  
And stand a comma 'tween their amities;  
And many such like as's of great charge,—  
That on the view and know of these contents,  
Without debatement further, more, or less,  
He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
Not shriving-time allow'd.

HOR. How was this seal'd?

HAM. Why, even in that was heaven ordinate;  
I had my father's signet in my purse,  
Which was the model of that Danish seal:  
Folded the writ up in form of the other;  
Subscrib'd it; gave 't the impression; plac'd it safely,  
The changeling never known: Now, the next day  
Was our sea-fight: and what to this was sequent  
Thou know'st already.

HOR. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

HAM. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;  
They are not near my conscience; their defeat  
Does by their own insinuation grow:  
'T is dangerous, when the baser nature comes  
Between the pass and fell incensed points  
Of mighty opposites.

HOR. Why, what a king is this!

HAM. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon?

He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;  
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;  
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,  
And with such cozenage; is 't not perfect conscience,  
To quit him with his arm? and is 't not to be damn'd,  
To let this canker of our nature come  
In further evil?

HOR. It must be shortly known to him from England,  
What is the issue of the business there.

HAM. It will be short: the interim is mine;  
And a man's life 's no more than to say, one.  
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,  
That to Laertes I forgot myself;  
For by the image of my cause, I see  
The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours:  
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me  
Into a towering passion.

HOR. Peace; who comes here?

*Enter OSRIC.*

OSR. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

HAM. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

HOR. No, my good lord.

HAM. Thy state is the more gracious; for 't is a vice to  
know him: He hath much land, and fertile; let a beast be  
lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess:  
'T is a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of  
dirt.

OSR. Sweet lord, if your friendship were at leisure, I  
should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

HAM. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit: Put

signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

HAM. I beseech you, remember——

[HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.]

OSR. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

HAM. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

OSR. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

HAM. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

OSR. Sir?

HOR. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

HAM. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

OSR. Of Laertes?

HOR. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

HAM. Of him, sir.

OSR. I know, you are not ignorant——

HAM. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.

OSR. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon.

HAM. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

OSR. I mean, sir, for this weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

HAM. What 's his weapon?

OSR. Rapier and dagger.

HAM. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

OSR. The king, sir, hath waged with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imposed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, or so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

HAM. What call you the carriages?

HOR. I knew you must be edified by the margin, ere you had done.

OSR. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

HAM. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages: that's the French bet against the Danish: Why is this imposed, as you call it?

OSR. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine; and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

HAM. How, if I answer no?

OSR. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

HAM. Sir, I will walk here in the hall. If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

OSR. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

HAM. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

the drossy age doats on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

*Enter a Lord.*

LORD. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

HAM. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

LORD. The king, and queen, and all, are coming down.

HAM. In happy time.

LORD. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you go to play. [*Exit Lord.*]

HAM. She well instructs me.

HOR. You will lose this wager, my lord.

HAM. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think, how ill all 's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

HOR. Nay, good my lord,—

HAM. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

HOR. If your mind dislike anything, obey: I will forestal their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

HAM. Not a whit, we defy augury; there 's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes?

*Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, &c.*

KING. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The KING puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.*]

HAM. Give me your pardon, sir; I have done you wrong;

But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.  
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,  
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.  
What I have done,  
That might your nature, honour, and exception,  
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.  
Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:  
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,  
And, when he 's not himself, does wrong Laertes,  
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.  
Who does it then? His madness; If 't be so,  
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;  
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.  
Sir, in this audience,  
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil  
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,  
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,  
And hurt my brother.

LAER. I am satisfied in nature,  
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most  
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,  
I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,  
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,  
I have a voice and precedent of peace,  
To keep my name ungor'd: But till that time,  
I do receive your offer'd love like love,  
And will not wrong it.

HAM. I embrace it freely;  
And will this brother's wager frankly play.  
Give us the foils; come on.

LAER. Come, one for me.

HAM. I 'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance  
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,  
Stick fiery off indeed.

KING. I do not fear it: I have seen you both.  
But since he 's better'd, we have therefore odds.

LAER. This is too heavy, let me see another.

HAM. This likes me well: These foils have all a length?

*[They prepare to play.]*

OSR. Ay, my good lord.

KING. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table:

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,  
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,  
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;  
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;  
And in the cup an union shall he throw,  
Richer than that which four successive kings  
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;  
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,  
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;  
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

HAM. Come on, sir.

LAER. Come on, sir.

*[They play.]*

HAM. One.

LAER. No.

HAM. Judgment.

OSR. A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAER. Well,—again.

KING. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is thine;  
Here 's to thy health. Give him the cup.

*[Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.]*

HAM. I 'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.

Come.—Another hit; what say you? *[They play.]*

LAER. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

KING. Our son shall win.

QUEEN. He 's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

HAM. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

QUEEN. Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAER. My lord, I'll hit him now.

KING. I do not think it.

LAER. And yet it is almost against my conscience. [*Aside.*]

HAM. Come, for the third, Laertes: You but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

LAER. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*]

OSR. Nothing neither way.

LAER. Have at you now.

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*]

KING. Part them, they are incens'd.

HAM. Nay, come again. [*The QUEEN falls.*]

OSR. Look to the queen there, ho!

HOR. They bleed on both sides:—How is it, my lord?

OSR. How is 't, Laertes?

LAER. Why, as a woodcock to mine own spring, Osric;  
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery

HAM. How does the queen?

KING. She swoons to see them bleed.

QUEEN. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!—  
The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd! [*Dies.*]

HAM. O villany!—How? Let the door be lock'd:  
Treachery! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*]

LAER. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;  
No medicine in the world can do thee good,  
In thee there is not half an hour of life;  
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,  
Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice

Follow my mother.

[*KING dies*]

LAER. He is justly serv'd;  
It is a poison temper'd by himself.  
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:  
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,  
Nor thine on me!

[*Dies*]

HAM. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.  
I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!  
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,  
That are but mutes or audience to this act,  
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,  
Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—  
But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;  
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright  
To the unsatisfied.

HOR. Never believe it.  
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,  
Here 's yet some liquor left.

HAM. As thou 'rt a man,  
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven I 'll have it.  
O, good Horatio, what a wounded name,  
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!  
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
Absent thee from felicity awhile,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,  
To tell my story. [*March afar off, and shot within.*]

What warlike noise is this?

OSR. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,  
To the ambassadors of England gives  
This warlike volley.

HAM. O, I die, Horatio;  
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;  
I cannot live to hear the news from England;  
But I do prophesy the election lights

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!  
Why does the drum come hither?

[*March within*]

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and others.*

FORT. Where is this sight?

HOR. What is it ye would see?  
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

FORT. This quarry cries on havoc.—O proud death!  
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,  
That thou so many princes, at a shoot,  
So bloodily hast struck?

1 AMB. The sight is dismal;  
And our affairs from England come too late:  
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,  
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,  
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:  
Where should we have our thanks?

HOR. Not from his mouth,  
Had it the ability of life to thank you;  
He never gave commandment for their death.  
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,  
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,  
Are here arriv'd, give order, that these bodies  
High on a stage be placed to the view;  
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,  
How these things came about: So shall you hear  
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;  
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;  
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause;  
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook  
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I  
Truly deliver.

FORT. Let us haste to hear it,  
And call the noblest to the audience.

## SCENE II.

## HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

But let this same be presently perform'd  
E'en while men's minds are wild; lest  
On plots, and errors, happen.

FORT. Let four or five  
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;  
For he was likely, had he been put on  
To have prov'd most royally: and, for  
The soldier's music, and the rights of burial,  
Speak loudly for him.

Take up the body:—such a sight as this  
Becomes the field, but here shows much  
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

*[Exeunt, marching; after which  
the drum is heard.]*

## VARIOUS READINGS.

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"Breathing like sanctified and pious *bawds*,  
The better to beguile."

ACT I., Sc. 3.

The original has *bawds*. Theobald suggested the alteration, which is given in Mr. Collier's folio.

We believe the change is right. The expression is coarse from a father to his daughter; but he has just used "brokers" in the same sense.

"A certain convocation of *palated* worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet." ACT IV., Sc. 3.

Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *palated*, instead of the original *politic*. "If the text," says Mr. Collier, "had always stood '*palated* worms,' and it had been proposed to change it to '*politic* worms,' few readers would for an instant have consented to relinquish an expression so peculiarly Shakspearian."

The argument of Mr. Collier is a two-edged sword. It makes us hesitate about disturbing an established text. But if *palated* be a Shaksperian expression, *politic* is a Shaksperian thought; and is manifestly connected with the idea of "convocation."

"Sweet lord, if your *lordship* were at leisure."

ACT V., Sc. 2.

The quartos have *lordship*; and so has Mr. Collier's corrected folio. The folio of 1623 has *friendship*. Mr. Collier says, "We need not say that from all modern editions the corruption is excluded."

The corruption, as it is called, appears in all our editions, and it appears in this. The folio was properly corrected to *friendship*. Osrice, who speaks, is the representative of Euphuism—the affected phraseology of Shakspeare's age;—and this is one of the forms of the affectation which runs through all, that Osrice says.

## GLOSSARY.

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**ABHORRED.** Act V., Sc. 1.

"And now how abhorred my imagination is."

*Abhorred* is used in the sense of disgusted.

**AFFRONT.** Act III., Sc. 1.

"Affront Ophelia."

*Affront* is used in the sense of confront, meet with.

**ANCHOR'S.** Act III., Sc. 2.

"An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!"

The use of *anchor* as an abbreviation of *anchoret* is very ancient.

**APPROVE.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"He may approve our eyes."

*Approve* is used in the sense of prove the truth, confirm what we have seen.

**BETWEEN.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"That he might not betwixt the winds of heaven."

*Betwixt* is here used, not in its usual sense of to give or bestow, but in that of allow, suffer; it is probably from the Anglo-Saxon *tæman*, to witness.

**BESTILL'D.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"Whilst they, bestill'd

Almost to jelly."

To *still* is to fall in drops; the drops congealed in falling  
"almost to jelly with the act of fear."

**BILBOES.** Act V., Sc. 2.

"In the bilboes."

*Bilboes* are a bar of iron with fetters attached. They are still used as a punishment or means of security in the naval service.

**BODKIN.** Act III Sc. 1.

"With a bare bodkin."

*Bodkin* was a small sword or dagger. Chaucer, in the 'Reve's Tale,' has—

"But if he wol be slain of Simekin,  
With pavyde, or with knife, or bodekin."

Old writers also speak of Cæsar as having been slain with bodkins.

BOORD. Act II., Sc. 2.

"I'll boord him presently."

*Boord* is to accost. See 'Twelfth Night,' where it is spelt *board*; the orthography varied.

BOSOM. Act II., Sc. 2.

"In her excellent white bosom, there."

A pocket was worn in front of the stays. See 'Two Gentlemen of Verona.'

CARD. Act V., Sc. 1.

"We must speak by the card."

To speak by the *card* is to speak exactly, on good authority. It is doubted whether the card is the compass, of which the drawing of the points is called the card, or a sea-chart, which in Shakspeare's time was also called a card.

CAUTEL. Act I., Sc. 3.

"And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch."

*Cautel*, from the French *cautele*, is cunning, slyness. Chaucer used *cautele* in the sense of craft; and in 'Coriolanus' (Act IV., Sc. 1.) we have—

"Or be caught

"With cautelous baits and practice."

*Soil* is a spot, and to *besmirch* is to blacken, to sully.

CAVIERIE. Act II., Sc. 2.

"'T was caviarie to the general."

*Caviarie*, as it stands in the folio, though generally written *caviare*, is from the Italian *caviaro*, which Florio, in his dictionary, says "is a kind of black salt meat made of roes of fishes." It is a preparation of the roes of sturgeons, imported from Russia, and formerly much used among the richer classes.

CHARIEST. Act I., Sc. 3.

"The chariest maid is prodigal enough."

*Chary* is from the Anglo-Saxon *cearig*, wary, circumspect; *chariest* is most cautious.

CHOPINE. Act II., Sc. 2.

"By the altitude of a chopine."

A *ciopine*, from the Italian *cioppini*, was a high clog worn outside the shoe, and some of which were, as asserted by Coryat, in his 'Crudities,' "half-a-yard high."

COMMINGS. Act IV., Sc. 7.

"We'll make a solemn wager on your commings."

The *commings* were the *renews*, meetings in assault, the hits.

**COMMON.** Act IV., Sc. 5.

"I must common with your grief."

To *common* is to make common, to interchange thoughts: it is the present *commune*.

**COMPLY.** Act V., Sc. 2.

"He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it."

*Comply* is compliant, complaisant with. The same idea occurs in Fulwel's 'Arte of Flatterie,' 1579. "The very sucking babes hath a kind of adulation towards their nurses for the dug."

**COTED.** Act II., Sc. 2.

"We coted them on the way."

*Coted*, from the French *côté*, is to pass by the side of, to overtake.

**CRY.** Act III., Sc. 2.

"A fellowship in a cry of players."

A *cry* of players was a company; as a "noise of musicians" was a band. Hamlet had managed the play so well as to deserve a fellowship, a share in the profits.

**CURB.** Act III., Sc. 4.

"Yea, curb and woo."

*Curb*, from the French *courber*, is to bow, to bend.

**DANSKERS.** Act II., Sc. 1.

"Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris."

Warner, in his 'Albion's England,' gives *Danske* as the ancient name of Denmark.

**DEAREST.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven.'"

*Dearest*, from the Anglo-Saxon adjective *deriendlic*, is noxious, harmful. The old verb to *dear*, from *derian*, is to do mischief, to hurt; hence we obtain *dearth*, that which hurteth, *dereth*, maketh dear. What was spared was therefore called *dear*, in the sense of precious, costly, which is the secondary meaning. In 'Richard II.' (Act I., Sc. 3), we find—

"The dateless limit of thy dear exile."

**DEMANDED OF.** Act IV., Sc. 2.

"Demaned of a sponge."

*Demaned of* is an old idiom for *by*; *demaned* being used in the sense of questioned.

**DOUT.** Act I., Sc. 4.

"Doth all the noble substance often dout."

*Dout* is *do out*, that is, put out or extinguish. In this sense it

is yet used as a provincialism, as "dout the candle." In Act IV., Sc. 7, the passage occurs—

"But that this folly douts it,"

where the word is used in the same sense.

DUPP'D. Act IV., Sc. 5.

"And dupp'd the chamber door."

To *dup* is to *do up*, to open; as in the previous line, *down'd* is *did on*, from *do on*, or *don*.

ESCOTED. Act II., Sc. 2.

"How are they escoted?"

*Escoted*, from the French *escotter*, which means to pay the scot, is the *scot* or *shot*, the money paid. Hence "scot and lot."

ESIL. Act V., Sc. 1.

"Woul't drink up Esil?"

As *esil* was formerly in common use for vinegar, some have supposed that it is here meant will you drink vinegar—something disagreeable? but it is more probable that the river Yssel or Izel is meant, which is the most northern branch of the Rhine, and the one nearest Denmark. Stow and Drayton both mention the name.

EVEN. Act V., Sc. 1.

"More than their even Christian."

*Even* is equal, their fellow Christian. It is so used in Chaucer's 'Person's Tale,' "that is to sayn of his even Cristen." Mr. Hunter has given other examples from Strype and Wilson.

EXCREMENTS. Act III., Sc. 4.

"Like life in excrements."

*Excrement* is used for anything which passes from the body; hair, nails, and feathers were called excrements. Speaking of fowls, Izaak Walton says, "their very excrements afford him [man] a soft lodging at night."

FARDELS. Act III., Sc. 1.

"Who would these fardels bear?"

*Fardels*, from the Italian *fardello*, is a burthen. In the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' Chaucer has—

"Then goeth he fardils for to bear."

FOR. Act V., Sc. 1.

"For charitable prayers."

*For* is used in the sense of *instead of*.

FOREDOES. Act II., Sc. 1.

"Whose violent property foredoes itself."

*Foredoes* is to ruin, to destroy. Chaucer has ('Manciple's Tale'), "a thousand folk hath rakel ire fully fordon."

**FRET.** Act III., Sc. 2.

"Though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me."

See 'Taming of the Shrew.'

**FULL OF BREAD.** Act III., Sc. 3. This remarkable phrase is probably borrowed from Ezekiel (xvi. 49), "This was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom; pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters."

**FUST.** Act IV., Sc. 4.

"To fust in us unus'd."

To *fust* is to become mouldy. We have still the word *fusty*.

**GAIT.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"His further gait herein."

*Gait* is the manner of progress, the act of going.

**GIB.** Act III., Sc. 4.

"From a bat, a gib."

*Gib* is a male cat. In 'Henry IV., Part I.' (Act I., Sc. 2), it is thus used; and Chaucer, in his 'Romaunt of the Rose,' translates *thibert*, the cat, into *Gibbe*.

**GIVE YOU GOOD NIGHT.** Act I., Sc. 1. This phrase is an abbreviation of "May God give you good night," and our modern "Good night," is a still further abbreviation.

**GREENLY.** Act IV., Sc. 5.

"We have done but greenly."

*Greenly* is foolishly, like novices. This use of *green* yet survives, though in a degraded rank.

**GRUNT.** Act III., Sc. 1.

"To grunt and sweat under a weary life."

*Grunt*, from the Anglo Saxon *grunan*, is used by Turberville, Stonyhurst, and other early writers, for loud lamentation. The players usually give us *groan*.

**GULES.** Act II., Sc. 2.

"Now is he total gules."

*Gules* is the heraldic term for *red*.

**HENT.** Act III., Sc. 3.

"Know thou a more horrid hent."

To *hent* is to seize, to catch; "horrid hent," is a horrid grasp.

**HIDE FOX.** Act IV., Sc., 2.

"Hide fox, and all after."

*Hide fox* is the name of a boyish game, hide and seek.

HOODMAN BLIND. Act III., Sc. 4.

"That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind."

*Hoodman blind* was the game now called blind-man's buff. See 'All's Well that Ends Well.'

HUGGER-MUGGER. Act IV., Sc. 5.

"In hugger-mugger to inter him."

The derivation of hugger-mugger is uncertain. Jamieson in his 'Dictionary' says that the Scotch *huggrie-muggrie* means "in a confused state, disorderly." It seems rather to mean in this passage, in a secret or clandestine manner; so also in North's translation of Plutarch: Antonius thought Cæsar "should be honourably buried, and not in hugger-mugger;" and thus likewise in an old play, 'The Revenger's Tragedy,' "he died like a politician, in hugger-mugger; made no man acquainted with it." Both Voss and Schlegel translate the word in the sense of *secret*.

IMPITIOUS. Act IV., Sc. 5.

"Eats not the flats with more impitious haste."

*Impitious* is unpitying.

IMPOSED. Act V., Sc. 2.

"He has imposed . . . six French rapiers."

*Imposed*, from the Latin, is to set or assign, to deposit.

INDEX. Act III., Sc. 4.

"That roars so loud, and thunders in the index."

*Index* is here used as in 'Othello.' "An index and obscure prologue to the history."

INDIFFERENTLY. Act III., Sc. 2.

"I hope we have reformed that indifferently."

*Indifferently* is somewhat, tolerably, well.

INSTANCES. Act III., Sc. 2.

"The instances that second marriage move."

*Instances* are the inducements, the motives that lead to second marriages.

JIG. Act II., Sc. 2.

"He's for a jig."

*Jig* is here used for a ludicrous interlude.

JOHN-A-DREAMS. Act II., Sc. 2. This term was a nickname for a heavy, lethargic fellow.

LENTEN. Act II., Sc. 2.

"What lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you."

*Lenten* is spare—such entertainment as might be given in Lent.

**LETS.** Act I., Sc. 4.

"By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me."

*Let*, to hinder, to obstruct, is from the Anglo-Saxon *lettan*; *let*, in the sense of permit, is from *lætan*.

**LOGGATS.** Act V., Sc. 1.

"To play at loggats with them."

*Loggats* was a country game something like nine-pins. The loggats were the pins, little logs. In the 'Tale of a Tub,' by Ben Jonson, the loggats appear to be thrown:—

"Now are they tossing of his arms and legs  
Like loggats at a pear-tree."

**MICHING MALLECHO.** Act III., Sc. 2.

"Marry, this is miching mallecho."

*Miching* is petty thieving, filching; and Chaucer uses it in this sense: *mallecho*, from the Spanish, is misdeed. Hamlet's wild phrase intimates that the skulking crime, pointed out in the dumb show, "means mischief."

**MINERAL.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Among a mineral of metals base."

*Mineral* is here used for mine; a mixed mass of metals.

**MOIST STAR.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"And the moist star,

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands."

The *moist star* is the moon. In the 'Winter's Tale,' it is called "the watery star."

**MURDERING-PIECE.** Act IV., Sc. 5.

"Like to a murdering-piece."

A cannon was sometimes so called.

**MUTINES.** Act V., Sc. 2.

"Worse than the mutines."

*Mutines* are mutineers.

**OBSEQUIOUS.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"To do obsequious sorrow."

*Obsequious*, from the Latin *obsequies*, is funeral sorrow.

**OMEN.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"And prologue to the omen coming on."

*Omen* is here used in the sense of portentous event, in the very same manner as Virgil uses it in 'Æneid' i. 349, as was pointed out by Malone. Heywood used it in the sense of *fate*. Merlin, he says—

"His country's omen did long since foretell."

ORDER. Act V., Sc. 1.

"And, but that great command o'ersways the order."

*Order* is here used in the sense of the canonical rule, the ecclesiastical authority.

PADDOCK. Act III., Sc. 4. See 'Macbeth.'

PAIOCKE. Act III., Sc. 2.

"A very, very—Paiocke."

*Paiocke* is the word in all the old copies, but *peacock* is generally substituted. Mr. Caldecott thinks ('Explanations and Emendations of some Passages in the Text of Shakspeare,' 1814) that *paiocke* means the Italian *baiocco*, a piece of money of trifling value, about three farthings.

PERUSE. Act IV., Sc. 7.

"Will not peruse the foils."

*Peruse*, in the sense of examine.

PETAR. Act III., Sc. 4.

"Hoist with his own petar."

*Petar* is the modern *petard*, an engine charged with combustibles, and applied to blow up walls, gates, &c. Butler, in 'Hudibras,' writes of—

"The conjugal petard, that tears  
Down all portcullises of ears."

PICKED. Act V., Sc. 1.

"The age is grown so picked."

*Picked* is spruce, affected, picked being the same as *trimmed*. Picked, however, may be from *peaked*; peaked boots were once worn extravagantly long, and hence the association with the "toe of the peasant."

PICKERS AND STEALERS. Act III., Sc. 2. This phrase evidently means the hands and fingers: "to keep my hands from picking and stealing," occurs in the Church Catechism.

POLACKS. Act I., Sc. 1.

"He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice."

*Polacks* are Poles; a *sled* is a sledge; the Poles who used sledges on the ice.

PORPENTINE. Act I., Sc. 5.

**PROPOSED.** Act IV., Sc. 4.

"How proposed, sir?"

*Proposed* and *purposed* were often used for each other. It is *proposed* in the folio, but Steevens changed it unnecessarily to *purposed*.

**QUESTIONABLE.** Act I., Sc. 4.

"Thou com'st in such a questionable shape."

A *questionable* shape is a shape that may be questioned: the usual interpretation is *doubtful*, but the *shape* is not doubtful.

**QUICK.** Act V., Sc. 1.

"Be buried quick with her."

*Quick* is alive, as in "the quick and the dead" of the Belief.

**QUIDDITS AND QUILLETS.** Act V., Sc. 1.

"Where be his quiddits now, his quillets?"

*Quiddits* are quiddities, subtleties; and *quillets* are frivolous distinctions, from *quidlibet*, what you please.

**QUOTED.** Act II., Sc. 1.

"I had not quoted him."

*Quoted* is frequently used, as here, in the sense of noted, observed.

**RAZED.** Act III., Sc. 2.

"Provincial roses on my razed shoes."

*Razed* is here cut, slashed. The cuts were tied with ribbons in the form of a rose. Provincial roses are Provence roses. The feathers and fine shoes were common decorations of the players in Shakspeare's time.

**READ.** Act I., Sc. 3.

"And recks not his own read."

*Read*, usually spelt *rede* by our old writers, is counsel, advice, doctrine. *Reck*, from the Anglo-Saxon *recc*, is care, regard for.

**REMISS.** Act IV., Sc. 7.

"He, being remiss."

*Remiss*, in the sense of inattentive.

**RIVALS.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"The rivals of my watch."

*Rival* properly means one who takes water from the same river—*rivus*—as another, hence he is a partner, companion; but as, in an early stage of society, this common occupation became a source of strife, the partners became contenders, and thus arose the present meaning of the word. In 'Antony and Cleopatra,' Shakspeare uses the word *rivalry* in the sense of partnership; "Cæsar, having made use of

him in the war 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry"—would not let him partake the glory of the action.

ROMAGE. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Of this post-haste and romage in the land."

The *roomage* of a ship is the space where the cargo is stowed, and the stower is the *romager*; from the hurry and bustle attending the lading and unlading of a vessel, we have accepted *rummage* or *romage* in the sense of things being tumbled about in confusion.

ROSEMARY. Act IV., Sc. 5.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance."

Rosemary was held to have the property of strengthening the memory.

RUE. Act IV., Sc. 5.

"There's rue for you."

*Rue* was used to signify *ruth*, sorrow. It was also called *herb-grace*, for "he whom God loveth he chasteneth."

SALLETS. Act II., Sc. 2.

"There were no sallets in the lines."

*Sallets* was a term for ribaldry.

SCRIMERS. Act IV., Sc. 6.

"The scrimers of their nation."

*Scrimers*, from the French *escrimeur*, are adepts in fencing.

SEALS. Act III., Sc. 2.

"To give them seals, never, my soul, consent."

This is to confirm his words by seals, to make them deeds.

SHARDS. Act V., Sc. 1.

"Shards, flints, and pebbles."

*Shards* were broken pottery. A *shard* is a thing *shared*, broken or divided, and hence applied to fragments, rubbish.

SHENT. Act III., Sc. 2.

"How in my words soever she be shent."

STATION. Act III., Sc. 4.

"A station like the herald Mercury."

*Station* is the manner of standing, attitude.

STRAIGHT. Act V., Sc. 1.

"Make her grave straight."

*Straight* means straightway, immediately.

TAKES. Act I., Sc. 1.

"No fairy takes."

See 'Merry Wives of Windsor.'

TARRE. Act II., Sc. 2.

"To tarre them to controversy."

To *tarre*, from the Anglo Saxon *tirian*, is to excite, to irritate.

In 'King John' (Act IV., Sc. 2) we have—

"Like to a dog that is compell'd to fight,

Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on."

THINKING. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Or else shall he suffer not thinking on."

This is to undergo the pain of not being thought on, suffer being forgotten.

TRICK'D. Act II., Sc. 2.

"Horridly trick'd

With blood of fathers."

*Trick'd* is painted; it is also an heraldic phrase.

TROPICALLY. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Marry, how? Tropically.

*Tropically* is metaphorically, figuratively, in *tropes*.

UNBATED. Act IV., Sc. 7.

"A sword unbated."

*Unbated* is a sword not prepared for fencing, with the point not blunted.

UNHOUSEL'D. Act I., Sc. 5.

"Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd."

This line is descriptive of the last offices performed to the dying by the Roman Catholic clergy. To *housel* is to ad-

UNYOKE. Act V., Sc. 1.

"Ay, tell me that, and unyoke."

*Unyoke* is to finish your work, unyoke your team.

VICE. Act III., Sc. 4.

"A vice of kings."

*Vice* is here used for the *Vice* of the old Moralities: a sort of buffoon.

WAFTS. Act I., Sc. 4.

"It wafts you to a more removed ground."

*Waft*, or to *make a waft*, is a nautical term for a signal made by a ship for boatmen or others to come to her: it is something usually hung from the shrouds, and of course waves, in which sense it is used here, as well as in 'Julius Cæsar'—

"But with an angry wafter of your hand."

YAW. Act V., Sc. 2.

"And yet but yaw neither."

To *yaw* is a nautical term for a ship losing her course, becoming unsteady through improper steering.

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## PLOT AND CHARACTERS.

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THE history of Hamlet, or Hamleth, is found in the Danish historian, Saxo Grammaticus, who died about 1204. The works of Saxo Grammaticus are in Latin. The story is to be found in Belleforest's collection of novels, begun in 1564 ;

madman to escape the tyranny of his uncle, and how he was tempted by a woman (through his uncle's procurement), who thereby thought to undermine the Prince, and by that mean to find out whether he counterfeited madness or not." In the third chapter we learn "how Fengon, uncle to Hamlet, a second time to entrap him in his politic madness, caused one of his counsellors to be secretly hidden in the Queen's chamber, behind the arras, to hear what speeches past between Hamlet and the Queen; and how Hamlet killed him, and escaped that danger, and what followed." It is in this part of the action that Shakspeare's use of this book may be distinctly traced. In the fourth chapter, Hamlet is sent to England by Fengon, "with secret letters to have him put to death;" and, while his companions slept, Hamlet counterfeits the letters "willing the King of England to put the two messengers to death." Here ends the resemblance between the history and the play. The Hamlet of the history returns to Denmark, slays his uncle, burns his palace, makes an oration to the Danes, and is elected king.

It is scarcely necessary to point out how little these rude materials have assisted Shakspeare in the composition of the great tragedy of 'Hamlet.' He found, in the records of a barbarous period, a tale of adultery, and murder, and revenge. Here, too, was a rude indication of the character of Hamlet. But what he has given us is so essentially a creation from first to last, that it would be only tedious to point out the lesser resemblances between the drama and the history. Out of this semi-barbaric story has been evolved the Hamlet who is "the darling of every country in which the literature of England has been fostered;"\* the Hamlet who is "a concentration of all the interests that belong to humanity; in whom there is a more intense conception of individual human life than perhaps in any other human

our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is ~~we~~ who are Hamlet."\*

Without much acquaintance with the thoughts of others, many, we have no doubt, being earnest and diligent students of Shakspeare, have arrived at a tolerably adequate comprehension of his *idea* in this wonderful play. In passing through the stage of admiration they have utterly rejected the trash which the commentators have heaped upon it, under the name of criticism,—the solemn common-places of Johnson, the flippant and insolent attacks of Steevens. When the one says "The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose,"—and the other talks of the "*absurdities*" which deform the piece, and "the *immoral* character of Hamlet,"—the love for Shakspeare tells them, that remarks such as these belong to the same class of prejudices as Voltaire's "*monstruosités et fossoyeurs*." But after they have rejected all that belongs to criticism without love, the very depth of the reverence of another school of critics may tend to perplex them. The quantity alone that has been written in illustration of 'Hamlet' is embarrassing. We have only one word here to say to the anxious student of 'Hamlet:' "Read, and again, and again." These are the words which the Editors of the folio of 1623 addressed "to the great variety of readers" as to Shakspeare generally: "Read him, therefore; and again, and again: and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him."

\* Hazlitt.





## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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LEAR, *King of Britain.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.  
Act IV. sc. 6. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

KING OF FRANCE.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

DUKE OF CORNWALL.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 5; sc. 7.

DUKE OF ALBANY.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

EARL OF KENT.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4.  
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 3.

EARL OF GLOSTER.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.  
Act III. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 2.

EDGAR, *son to Gloster.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 4; sc. 6.  
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

EDMUND, *bastard son to Gloster.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.  
Act III. sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

CURAN, *a courtier.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1.

Old Man, *tenant to Gloster.*

OSWALD, *steward to Goneril.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 7.  
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 6.

An Officer, *employed by Edmund.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 3.

Gentleman, *attendant on Cordelia.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 7.

A Herald.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 3.

Servants to Cornwall.

*Appear*, Act III. sc. 7.

GENERIL, *daughter to Lear.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 7.  
Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

REGAN, *daughter to Lear.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 7.  
Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

CORDELIA, *daughter to Lear.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—BRITAIN.

The first edition of 'King Lear' was published in 1608; two other editions were published in the same year. It is remarkable that a play of which three editions were demanded in one year should not have been reprinted till it was collected in the folio of 1623. The text of the folio, in one material respect, differs considerably from that of the quartos. Large passages which are found in the quartos are omitted in the folio: there are, indeed, some lines found in the folio which are not in the quartos, amounting to about fifty. These are scattered passages, not very remarkable when detached, but for the most part essential to the progress of the action or to the development of character. On the other hand, the lines found in the quartos which are not in the folio amount to as many as two hundred and twenty-five; and they comprise one entire scene, and one or two of the most striking connected passages in the drama.

# KING LEAR.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—King Lear's Palace.

*Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.*

KENT. I thought the king had more affected the duke of Albany than Cornwall.

GLO. It did always seem so to us : but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most ; for qualities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

KENT. Is not this your son, my lord ?

GLO. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge : I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to 't.

KENT. I cannot conceive you.

GLO. Sir, this young fellow's mother could : whereupon she grew round-wombed ; and had indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault ?

KENT. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

GLO. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account : though this knave came somewhat saucily to the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair ; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund ?

EDM. No, my lord.

GLO. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

EDM. My services to your lordship.

KENT. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

EDM. Sir, I shall study deserving.

GLO. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming. *[Trumpets sound within.]*

*Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.*

LEAR. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

GLO. I shall, my liege. *[Exit GLOSTER and EDMUND.]*

LEAR. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.  
Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,  
In three, our kingdom: and 't is our fast intent  
To shake all cares and business from our age;  
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we  
Unburthen'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,  
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,  
We have this hour a constant will to publish  
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife  
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,  
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,  
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,  
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,  
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,  
Interest of territory, cares of state,)  
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?  
That we our largest bounty may extend  
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,  
Our eldest born, speak first.

LEAR. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,  
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,  
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,  
We make thee lady : To thine and Albany's issues  
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,  
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall ?

REG. I am made of that self metal as my sister,  
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart  
I find she names my very deed of love ;  
Only she comes too short,—that I profess  
Myself an enemy to all other joys,  
Which the most precious square of sense possesses ;  
And find, I am alone felicitate  
In your dear highness' love.

COR. Then poor Cordelia ! [Aside]  
And yet not so ; since, I am sure, my love 's  
More ponderous than my tongue.

LEAR. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,  
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom ;  
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,  
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,  
Although our last and least ; to whose young love  
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy  
Strive to be interest'd ; what can you say, to draw  
A third more opulent than your sisters ? Speak.

COR. Nothing, my lord.

LEAR. Nothing ?

COR. Nothing.

LEAR. Nothing will come of nothing : speak again.

COR. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave  
My heart into my mouth ; I love your majesty  
According to my bond ; no more, nor less.

LEAR. How, how, Cordelia ? mend your speech a little,  
lest you may mar your fortunes.

COR. Good my lord,  
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me : I  
Return those duties back as are right fit,  
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.  
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say  
They love you, all ? Haply, when I shall wed,

That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry  
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty :  
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,  
To love my father all.

LEAR. But goes thy heart with this ?

COR.

Ay, my good lord.

LEAR. So young, and so untender ?

X COR. So young, my lord, and true.

LEAR. Let it be so :—Thy truth then be thy dower :

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun ;  
The mysteries of Hecate and the night ;  
By all the operation of the orbs,  
From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;  
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
Propinquity and property of blood,  
And as a stranger to my heart and me  
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,  
Or he that makes his generation messes  
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom  
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,  
As thou, my sometime daughter.

KENT.

Good my liege,—

LEAR. Peace, Kent !

Come not between the dragon and his wrath :

I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest

On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight !—

[To CORDELIA.]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give  
Her father's heart from her !—Call France ;—Who stirs ?  
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall and Albany,  
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third :  
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.  
I do invest you jointly with my power,  
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects  
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,  
With reservation of an hundred knights,  
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode  
Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain  
The name, and all the addition to a king ;  
The sway,

Revenue, execution of the rest,  
Beloved sons, be yours : which to confirm,  
This coronet part between you. *[Giving the crown.]*

KENT. Royal Lear,  
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,  
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,  
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

LEAR. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

KENT. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade  
The region of my heart : be Kent unmannerly,  
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man ?  
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,  
When power to flattery bows ? To plainness honour's  
bound,

When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state ;  
And, in thy best consideration, check  
This hideous rashness : answer my life my judgment,  
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least ;  
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sounds  
Reverb no hollowness.

LEAR. Kent, on thy life, no more.

KENT. My life I never held but as a pawn  
To wage against thine enemies ; ne'er fear to lose it,  
Thy safety being motive.

LEAR. Out of my sight !

KENT. See better, Lear ; and let me still remain  
The true blank of thine eye.

LEAR. Now, by Apollo,—

KENT. Now, by Apollo, king,  
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

LEAR. O, vassal ! miscreant !

*[Laying his hand on his sword.]*

ALB., CORN. Dear sir, forbear.

KENT. Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow  
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift ;  
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,  
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

LEAR. Hear me, recreant ! On thine allegiance, hear  
me !—  
That thou hast sought to make us break our vows,

(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd pride,  
To come betwixt our sentences and our power,  
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear.)  
Our potency made good, take thy reward.  
Five days we do allot thee for provision  
To shield thee from disasters of the world ;  
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back  
Upon our kingdom : if, on the tenth day following,  
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,  
The moment is thy death : Away ! by Jupiter,  
This shall not be revok'd.

KENT. Fare thee well, king : sith thus thou wilt appear,  
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—  
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid, [*To CORDELIA.*  
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said !—  
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*To REGAN and GONERIL.*

That good effects may spring from words of love.—  
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu :  
He 'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter GLOSTER ; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.*

GLO. Here 's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

LEAR. My lord of Burgundy,  
We first address toward you, who with this king  
Hath rivall'd for our daughter : What, in the least,  
Will you require in present dower with her,  
Or cease your quest of love ?

BUR. Most royal majesty,  
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,  
Nor will you tender less.

LEAR. Right noble Burgundy,  
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so ;  
But now her price is fall'n : Sir, there she stands ;  
If aught within that little seeming substance,

Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,  
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,  
Take her, or leave her ?

BUR. Pardon me, royal sir,  
Election makes not up in such conditions.

LEAR. Then leave her, sir ; for, by the power that made me,  
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king, [*To FRANCE.*  
I would not from your love make such a stray,  
To match you where I hate ; therefore beseech you  
To avert your liking a more worthier way,  
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashame'd  
Almost to acknowledge hers.

FRANCE. This is most strange !  
That she, who even but now was your best object,  
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,  
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time  
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle  
So many folds of favour ! Sure, her offence  
Must be of such unnatural degree,  
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection  
Fall into taint : which to believe of her,  
Must be a faith that reason without miracle  
Should never plant in me.

COR. I yet beseech your majesty,  
(If for I want that glib and oily art,  
To speak and purpose not ; since what I will intend,  
I'll do 't before I speak,) that you make known—  
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,  
No unchaste action or dishonour'd step,  
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour :  
But even for want of that for which I am richer,  
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it  
Hath lost me in your liking.

When it is mingled with regards that stand  
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her ?  
She is herself a dowry.

BUR. Royal king,  
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,  
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,  
Duchess of Burgundy.

LEAR. Nothing : I have sworn : I am firm.

BUR. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father  
That you must lose a husband.

COR. Peace be with Burgundy !  
Since that respects of fortune are his love,  
I shall not be his wife.

FRANCE. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor ;  
Most choice, forsaken ; and most lov'd, despis'd !  
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon :  
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.  
Gods, gods ! 't is strange, that from their cold'st neglect  
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—  
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,  
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France :  
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy  
Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—  
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind :  
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

LEAR. Thou hast her, France : let her be thine, for we  
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see  
That face of hers again :—Therefore be gone,  
Without our grace, our love, our benison.

Come, noble Burgundy. [*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BUR-  
GUNDY, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.

FRANCE. Bid farewell to your sisters.

COR. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes  
Cordelia leaves you : I know you what you are ;  
And, like a sister, am most loath to call  
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father :  
To your professed bosoms I commit him :  
But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,  
I would prefer him to a better place.  
So farewell to you both.

REG. Prescribe not us our duty.

GON.

Let your study

Be, to content your lord ; who hath receiv'd you  
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,  
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

COR. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides,  
Who covers faults at last with shame derides.  
Well may you prosper !

FRANCE.

Come, my fair Cordelia.

*[Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA.]*

GON. Sister, it is not little I have to say, of what most  
nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence  
to-night.

REG. That's most certain, and with you ; next month  
with us.

GON. You see how full of changes his age is ; the observa-  
tion we have made of it hath been little : he always loved  
our sister most ; and with what poor judgment he hath now  
cast her off appears too grossly.

REG. 'T is the infirmity of his age : yet he hath ever but  
slenderly known himself.

GON. The best and soundest of his time hath been but  
rash : then must we look from his age to receive not alone  
the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, there-  
withal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric  
years bring with them.

REG. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from  
him, as this of Kent's banishment.

GON. There is further compliment of leave-taking between  
France and him. Pray you, let us sit together : if our  
father carry authority with such disposition as he bears, this  
last surrender of his will but offend us.

REG. We shall further think of it.

GON. We must do something, and i' the heat. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II — A Hall in the Earl of Gloucester's Castle.

Stand in the plague of custom ; and permit  
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,  
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines  
Lag of a brother ? Why bastard ? Wherefore base ?  
When my dimensions are as well compact,  
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,  
As honest madam's issue ? Why brand they us  
With base ? with baseness ? bastardy ? base, base ?  
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take  
More composition and fierce quality,  
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,  
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,  
Got 'tween asleep and wake ?—Well, then,  
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land :  
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,  
As to the legitimate : Fine word,—legitimate !  
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,  
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base  
Shall top the legitimate. I grow ; I prosper :—  
Now, gods, stand up for bastards !

*Enter GLOSTER.*

GLO. Kent banish'd thus ! and France in choler parted !  
And the king gone to-night ! prescrib'd his power !  
Confin'd to exhibition ! All this done

Upon the gad !—Edmund ! How now ; what news ?

EDM. So please your lordship, none. [*Putting up the letter.*]

GLO. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter ?

EDM. I know no news, my lord.

GLO. What paper were you reading ?

EDM. Nothing, my lord.

GLO. No ? what needed then that terrible despatch of it  
into your pocket ? the quality of nothing hath not such need  
to hide itself. Let's see : Come, if it be nothing, I shall not  
need spectacles.

EDM. I beseech you, sir, pardon me : it is a letter from  
my brother, that I have not all o'er-read : and for so much  
as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

GLO. Give me the letter, sir.

EDM. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

GLO. Let 's see, let 's see.

EDM. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

GLO. [*Reads.*] "This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times ; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny ; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar."

Humph—Conspiracy !

"Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue."

My son Edgar ! Had he a hand to write this ? a heart and brain to breed it in ? When came you to this ? Who brought it ?

EDM. It was not brought me, my lord ; t' were 's the cunning of it : I found it thrown in at the closet of my closet.

GLO. You know the character to be your brother's ?

EDM. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his ; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

GLO. It is his.

EDM. It is his hand, my lord ; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

GLO. Has he never before sounded you in this business ?

EDM. Never, my lord : But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

GLO. O villain, villain !—His very opinion in the letter !—Abhorred villain ! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain !

worse than brutish !—Go, sirrah, seek him ; I 'll apprehend him :—Abominable villain !—Where is he ?

EDM. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course ; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

GLO. Think you so ?

EDM. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction ; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

GLO. He cannot be such a monster.

EDM. Nor is not, sure.

GLO. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth ! Edmund, seek him out ; wind me into him, I pray you ; frame the business after your own wisdom : I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

EDM. I will seek him, sir, presently ; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

GLO. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us : Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects : love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide : in cities, mutinies ; in countries, discord ; in palaces, treason ; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction ; there 's son against father :

behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars: as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*: so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardising.

*Enter EDGAR.*

PAT: he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

EDG. How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?

EDM. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

EDG. Do you busy yourself with that?

EDM. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

EDG. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

EDM. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

EDG. The night gone by.

EDM. Spake you with him?

EDG. Ay, two hours together.

EDM. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

EDG. None at all.

EDM. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at

this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

EDG. Some villain hath done me wrong.

EDM. That's my fear. I pray you have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key;—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

EDG. Armed, brother?

EDM. Brother, I advise you to the best. I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you away.

EDG. Shall I hear from you anon?

EDM. I do serve you in this business.— [Exit EDM.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so far from doing harms  
That he suspects none: on whose foolish honesty  
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—  
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:  
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

*Enter GONERIL and Steward.*

GON. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

STEW. Ay, madam.

GON. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour  
He flashes into one gross crime or other,  
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:  
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us  
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting  
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—  
If you come slack of former services  
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

STEW. He's coming, madam; I hear him. *Horns within.*

GON. Put on what weary negligence you please,  
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:  
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,

Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,  
Not to be overrul'd. Idle old man,  
That still would manage those authorities  
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,  
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd  
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.  
Remember what I have said.

STEW. Well, madam.

GON. And let his knights have colder looks among you;  
what grows of it no matter; advise your fellows so: I  
would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, that I may  
speak:—I'll write straight to my sister, to hold my course:  
—Prepare for dinner. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Hall in the same.

*Enter KENT, disguised.*

KENT. If but as well I other accents borrow,  
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent  
May carry through itself to that full issue  
For which I raz'd my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,  
If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,  
So may it come thy master, whom thou lov'st,  
Shall find thee full of labours.

*Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.*

LEAR. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready.  
[Exit an Attendant.]

How now, what art thou?

KENT. A man, sir.

LEAR. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou  
with us?

KENT. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve  
him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is  
honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little;  
to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to  
eat no fish.

LEAR. What art thou?

KENT. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

LEAR. If thou be'st as poor for a subject as he's for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

KENT. Service.

LEAR. Who wouldst thou serve?

KENT. You.

LEAR. Dost thou know me, fellow?

KENT. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

LEAR. What's that?

KENT. Authority.

LEAR. What services canst thou do?

KENT. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly; that which ordinary men are fit for I am qualified in: and the best of me is diligence.

LEAR. How old art thou?

KENT. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything: I have years on my back forty-eight.

LEAR. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner.—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

*Enter Steward.*

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

STEW. So please you,—

*[Exit.*

LEAR. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

KNIGHT. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

LEAR. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

KNIGHT. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

LEAR. He would not!

KNIGHT. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that

ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

LEAR. Ha! say'st thou so?

KNIGHT. I beseech you pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken: for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

LEAR. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't. But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

KNIGHT. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

LEAR. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

*Re-enter Steward.*

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: Who am I, sir?

STEW. My lady's father.

LEAR. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

STEW. I am none of these, my lord: I beseech your pardon.

LEAR. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

*[Striking him.]*

STEW. I'll not be stricken, my lord.

KENT. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player.

*[Tripping up his heels.]*

LEAR. I thank thee, fellow; thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

KENT. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away; go to; Have you wisdom? so.

*[Pushes the Steward out.]*

LEAR. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

*[Giving KENT money.]*

*Enter Fool.*

FOOL. Let me hire him, too ;—Here 's my coxcomb.

*[Giving KENT his cap.]*

LEAR. How now, my pretty knave ? how dost thou ?

FOOL. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

KENT. Why, fool ?

FOOL. Why ? For taking one 's part that 's out of favour :  
Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou 'lt catch  
cold shortly : There, take my coxcomb : Why, this fellow has  
banished two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing  
against his will ; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear  
my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle ? 'Would I had two cox-  
combs, and two daughters !

LEAR. Why, my boy ?

FOOL. If I gave them all my living, I 'd keep my coxcombs  
myself : There 's mine ; beg another of thy daughters.

LEAR. Take heed, sirrah ; the whip.

FOOL. Truth 's a dog must to kennel ; he must be whipped  
out, when the lady brach may stand by the fire and stink.

LEAR. A pestilent gall to me !

FOOL. Sirrah, I 'll teach thee a speech.

LEAR. Do.

FOOL. Mark it, nuncle :—

Have more than thou showest,  
Speak less than thou knowest,  
Lend less than thou owest,  
Ride more than thou goest,  
Learn more than thou trowest,  
Set less than thou throwest ;  
Leave thy drink and thy whore,  
And keep in-a-door,  
And thou shalt have more  
Than two tens to a score.

KENT. This is nothing, fool.

FOOL. Then 't is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer ;  
you gave me nothing for 't : Can you make no use of  
nothing, nuncle ?

LEAR. Why, no, boy ; nothing can be made out of nothing.

FOOL. Prithee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to ; he will not believe a fool. [To KENT.]

LEAR. A bitter fool !

FOOL. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one ?

LEAR. No, lad ; teach me.

FOOL. That lord that counsell'd thee to give away thy land,

Come place him here by me, do thou for him stand :

The sweet and bitter fool will presently appear ;

The one in motley here—the other found out there.

LEAR. Dost thou call me fool, boy ?

FOOL. All thy other titles thou hast given away ; that thou wast born with.

KENT. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

FOOL. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me ; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't : and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself ; they 'll be snatching.— Nuncle, give me an egg, and I 'll give thee two crowns.

LEAR. What two crowns shall they be ?

FOOL. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt : Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

“ Fools had ne'er less grace in a year : [Singing.

For wise men are grown foppish ;

And know not how their wits to wear.

Their manners are so apish.”

LEAR. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah ?

FOOL. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers ; for when thou gavest them the rod, and puttest down thine own breeches,

“ Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep,

And go the fool among.”

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie ; I would fain learn to lie.

LEAR. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

FOOL. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are : they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying ; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing than a Fool : and yet I would not be thee, nuncle ; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle : Here comes one o' the parings.

*Enter GONERIL.*

LEAR. How now, daughter ? what makes that frontlet on ? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

FOOL. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning ; now thou art an O without a figure : I am better than thou art now : I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue ; so your face [*to GON.*] bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a sheal'd peascod.

[*Pointing to LEAR.*]

GON. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,

But other of your insolent retinue,

Do hourly carp and quarrel ; breaking forth

In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,

I had thought, by making this well known unto you,

To have found a safe redress ; but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,

That you protect this course, and put it on

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

LEAR. Are you our daughter?

GON. I would you would make use of your good wisdom  
Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away  
These dispositions, which of late transport you  
From what you rightly are.

FOOL. May not an ass know when the cart draws the  
horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

LEAR. Does any here know me? This is not Lear:  
Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his  
eyes?

Either his notion weakens, his discernings  
Are lethargied. Ha! waking? 't is not so.  
Who is it that can tell me who I am?—

FOOL. Lear's shadow.—

LEAR. I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty,  
knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had  
daughters—

FOOL. Which they will make an obedient father.

LEAR. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

GON. This admiration, sir, is much o' the savour  
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you  
To understand my purposes aright:  
As you are old and reverend, should be wise:  
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;  
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,  
That this our court, infected with their manners,  
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust  
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,  
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak  
For instant remedy: Be then desir'd  
By her that else will take the things she begs,  
A little to disquantity your train;  
And the remainder, that shall still depend,  
To be such men as may besort your age,  
Which know themselves and you.

LEAR. Darkness and devils!—

Saddle my horses; call my train together.—

Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;

Yet have I left a daughter.

GON. You strike my people ; and your disorder'd rabble  
Make servants of their betters.

*Enter ALBANY.*

LEAR. Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir, are you come ?  
Is it your will ? [*To ALB.*] Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.  
Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend,  
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,  
Than the sea-monster !

ALB. Pray, sir, be patient.

LEAR. Detested kite ! thou liest : [*To GONERIL*]  
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,  
That all particulars of duty know :  
And in the most exact regard support  
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,  
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show !  
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature  
From the fix'd place ; drew from my heart all love,  
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear !  
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*]  
And thy dear judgment out !—Go, go, my people.

ALB. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant  
Of what hath mov'd you.

LEAR. It may be so, my lord,—  
Hear, nature, hear ; dear goddess, hear !  
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend  
To make this creature fruitful !  
Into her womb convey sterility !  
Dry up in her the organs of increase ;  
And from her derogate body never spring  
A babe to honour her ! If she must teem,  
Create her child of spleen ; that it may live,  
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her !  
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth ;  
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks ;

GON. Never afflict yourself to know more of it ;  
But let his disposition have that scope  
As dotage gives it.

*Re-enter LEAR.*

LEAR. What, fifty of my followers at a clap !  
Within a fortnight ?

ALB. What's the matter, sir ?

LEAR. I'll tell thee ;—Life and death ! I am asham'd  
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus :

*[To GONERIL]*

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,  
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee !  
The untented woundings of a father's curse  
Pierce every sense about thee !—Old fond eyes,  
BewEEP this cause again, I'll pluck ye out ;  
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,  
To temper clay.—Ha ! Let it be so :—  
I have another daughter,  
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable ;  
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails  
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,  
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think  
I have cast off for ever.

*[Exit LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.]*

GON. Do you mark that ?

ALB. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,  
To the great love I bear you,—

GON. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho !  
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

*[To the Fool.]*

FOOL. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry ; take the fool with  
thee.

A fox when one has caught her,

'T is politic, and safe, to let him keep  
At point a hundred knights! Yes, that on every dream,  
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,  
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,  
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

ALB. Well, you may fear too far.

GON. Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,  
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:  
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister;  
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,  
When I have show'd the unfitness——How now, Oswald?

*Enter Steward.*

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

STEW. Ay, madam.

GON. Take you some company, and away to horse:  
Inform her full of my particular fear;  
And thereto add such reasons of your own,  
As may compact it more. Get you gone;  
And hasten your return. [*Exit Steward.*] No, no, my lord  
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,  
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,  
You are much more attack'd for want of wisdom,  
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

ALB. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;  
Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well.

GON. Nay, then,—

ALB. Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V.—*Court before the same.*

*Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

LEAR. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with anything you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

KENT. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*]

FOOL. If a man's brains were in his heels, were 't not in danger of kibes ?

LEAR. Ay, boy.

FOOL. Then, I prithee, be merry ; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

LEAR. Ha, ha, ha !

FOOL. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly ; for though she 's as like this as a crab 's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

LEAR. What canst tell, boy ?

FOOL. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle of one's face ?

LEAR. No.

FOOL. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side one's nose ; that what a man cannot smell out he may spy into. ,

LEAR. I did her wrong :—

FOOL. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell ?

LEAR. No.

FOOL. Nor I neither ; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

LEAR. Why ?

FOOL. Why, to put his head in ; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

LEAR. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father !—Be my horses ready ?

FOOL. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

LEAR. Because they are not eight ?

FOOL. Yes, indeed : Thou wouldst make a good fool.

LEAR. To take it again perforce !—Monster ingratitude !

FOOL. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I 'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

LEAR. How 's that ?

FOOL. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

GENT. Ready, my lord.

LEAR. Come, boy.

FOOL. She that 's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,  
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.*

*Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.*

EDM. Save thee, Curan.

CUR. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan, his duchess, will be here with him this night.

EDM. How comes that?

CUR. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

EDM. Not I. 'Pray you, what are they?

CUR. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

EDM. Not a word.

CUR. You may do then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*]

EDM. The duke be here to-night! The better, best!  
This weaves itself perforce into my business!

You have now the good advantage of the night :—  
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall ?  
He 's coming hither ; now, i' the night, i' the haste,  
And Regan with him : Have you nothing said  
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany ?  
Advise yourself.

EDG. I am sure on 't, not a word.

EDM. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me :—  
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you :—  
Draw : Seem to defend yourself : Now quit you well.  
Yield : come before my father ;—Light, ho, here !—  
Fly, brother ;—Torches ! torches !—So farewell.—

[Exit EDGAR.]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[Wounds his arm.]

Of my more fierce endeavour : I have seen drunkards  
Do more than this in sport.—Father ! father !  
Stop, stop ! No help ?

*Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with torches.*

GLO. Now, Edmund, where 's the villain ?

EDM. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,  
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon  
To stand his auspicious mistress :—

GLO. But where is he ?

EDM. Look, sir, I bleed.

GLO. Where is the villain, Edmund ?

EDM. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

GLO. Pursue him, ho !—Go after.—[Exit Serv.]—By no  
means,—what ?

EDM. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship ;  
But that I told him, the revenging gods  
'Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend ;  
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond  
The child was bound to the father :—Sir, in fine,  
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood  
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,  
With his prepared sword, he charges home  
My unprovided body, launch'd mine arm ;  
And when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,

Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,  
Or whether ghasted by the noise I made,  
Full suddenly he fled.

GLO.                    Let him fly far ;  
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught :  
And found—Despatch.—The noble duke my *master*,  
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night :  
By his authority I will proclaim it,  
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,  
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake ;  
He that conceals him, death.

EDM. When I dissuaded him from his intent,  
And found him *pight* to do it, with curst speech  
I threaten'd to discover him : He replied,  
" Thou unpossessing bastard ! dost thou think,  
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal  
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee  
Make thy words faith'd ? No : what I should deny,  
(As this I would ; ay, though thou didst produce  
My very character,) I 'd turn it all  
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice :  
And thou must make a dullard of the world,  
If they not thought the profits of my death  
Were very pregnant and potential spurs  
To make thee seek it."

GLO.                    O strange and fasten'd villain !  
Would he deny his letter, said he ?—I never got him.

[*Trumpets within*]

Hark, the duke's trumpets ! I know not wher' he comes :  
All ports I 'll bar ; the villain shall not 'scape ;

Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

GLO. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd; it's crack'd!

REG. What, did my father's godson seek your life!

He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

GLO. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

REG. Was he not companion with the riotous knights  
That tended upon my father?

GLO. I know not, madam: 't is too bad, too bad.—

EDM. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

REG. No marvel then though he were ill affected;  
'T is they have put him on the old man's death,  
To have th' expense and waste of his revenues.  
I have this present evening from my sister  
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,  
That if they come to sojourn at my house  
I'll not be there.

CORN. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—  
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father  
A child-like office.

EDM. It was my duty, sir.

GLO. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd  
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

CORN. Is he pursued?

GLO. Ay, my good lord.

CORN. If he be taken, he shall never more  
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,  
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,  
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant  
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;  
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;  
You we first seize on.

EDM. I shall serve you, sir,  
Truly, however else.

GLO. For him I thank your grace.

CORN. You know not why we came to visit you,—

To answer from our home ; the several messengers  
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,  
Lay comforts to your bosom ; and bestow  
Your needful counsel to our businesses,  
Which craves the instant use.

GLO. I serve you, madam :  
Your graces are right welcome. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Before Gloster's Castle.*

*Enter KENT and Steward, severally.*

STEW. Good dawning to thee, friend : Art of this house ?

KENT. Ay.

STEW. Where may we set our horses ?

KENT. I' the mire.

STEW. Prithee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

KENT. I love thee not.

STEW. Why, then I care not for thee.

KENT. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make  
thee care for me.

STEW. Why dost thou use me thus ? I know thee not.

KENT. Fellow, I know thee.

STEW. What dost thou know me for ?

KENT. A knave ; a rascal ; an eater of broken meats ; a  
base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound,  
fifty worsted-stocking knave ; a lily-liver'd, action-taking,  
whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue ; one-  
trunk-inheriting slave ; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way  
of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a  
knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a  
mongrel bitch : one whom I will beat into clamorous whin-  
ing, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.

STEW. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to  
rail on one that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee !

STEW. Away ; I have nothing to do with thee.

KENT. Draw, you rascal : you come with letters against the king, and take vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father : Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks :—draw, you rascal : come your ways.

STEW. Help, ho ! murder ! help !

KENT. Strike, you slave ; stand, rogue ; stand, you neat slave ; strike. *[Beating him.]*

STEW. Help, ho ! murder ! murder !

*Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.*

EDM. How now ? What's the matter ? Part.

KENT. With you, goodman boy, if you please ; come, I'll flesh you ; come on, young master.

GLO. Weapons ! arms ! What's the matter here ?

CORN. Keep peace, upon your lives ;

He dies that strikes again : What is the matter ?

REG. The messengers from our sister and the king.

CORN. What is your difference ? speak.

STEW. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

KENT. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee ; a tailor made thee.

CORN. Thou art a strange fellow : a tailor make a man ?

KENT. A tailor, sir ; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

CORN. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel ?

STEW. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd, At suit of his gray beard,—

KENT. Thou whoreson zed ! thou unnecessary letter !—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my gray beard, you wagtail ?

CORN. Peace, sirrah !

You beastly knave, know you no reverence ?

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain  
 Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion  
 That in the natures of their lords rebels;  
 Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;  
*Rege* - Reneger, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks  
 With every gale and vary of their masters,  
 Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—  
 A plague upon your epileptic visage!  
 Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?  
 Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,  
 I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

CORN. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

GLO.

How fell you out?

Say that.

KENT. No contraries hold more antipathy,  
 Than I and such a knave.

CORN. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

KENT. His countenance likes me not.

CORN. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

KENT. Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain;  
 I have seen better faces in my time,  
 Than stands on any shoulder that I see  
 Before me at this instant.

CORN. This is some fellow,  
 Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect  
 A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb  
 Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—  
 An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:  
 An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.  
 These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness  
 Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,  
 Than twenty sily ducking observants,  
 That stretch their duties nicely.

KENT. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,  
 Under the allowance of your great aspect,  
 Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire  
 On flickering Phœbus' front,—

CORN.

What mean'st by this?

KENT. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so  
 much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you,

in a plain accent, was a plain knave : which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

CORN. What was the offence you gave him ?

STEW. I never gave him any.

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,  
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction ;  
When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,  
Tripp'd me behind : being down, insulted, rail'd,  
And put upon him such a deal of man,  
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king  
For him attempting who was self-subdued ;  
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,  
Drew on me here again.

KENT. None of these rogues and cowards,  
But Ajax is their fool.

CORN. Fetch forth the stocks !  
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,  
We'll teach you—

KENT. Sir, I am too old to learn :  
Call not your stocks for me : I serve the king ;  
On whose employment I was sent to you :  
You shall do small respects, show too bold malice  
Against the grace and person of my master,  
Stocking his messenger.

CORN. Fetch forth the stocks :  
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

REG. Till noon ! till night, my lord ; and all night too.

KENT. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,  
You should not use me so.

REG. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[Stocks brought out.]

CORN. This is a fellow of the self-same colour  
Our sister speaks of :—Come, bring away the stocks.

GLO. Let me beseech your grace not to do so :  
His fault is much, and the good king his master  
Will check him for 't : your purpos'd low correction  
Is such as basest and contemn'd'st wretches,  
For pilferings and most common trespasses,  
Are punish'd with : the king must take it ill,

That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,  
Should have him thus restrain'd.

CORN. I'll answer that.

REG. My sister may receive it much more worse,  
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,  
For following her affairs. Put in his legs,—

Come, my lord ; away. *[KENT is put in the stocks.  
[Exeunt all except GLOSTER  
and KENT.*

GLO. I am sorry for thee, friend ; 't is the duke's pleasure,  
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,  
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd : I'll entreat for thee.

KENT. Pray, do not, sir : I have watch'd, and travell'd  
hard ;  
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.  
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels :  
Give you good morrow !

GLO. The duke's to blame in this ; 't will be ill taken. *[Exit.*

KENT. Good king, that must approve the common saw ;  
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st  
To the warm sun !  
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,  
That by thy comfortable beams I may  
Peruse this letter !—Nothing almost sees miracles,  
But misery :—I know 't is from Cordelia ;  
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd  
Of my obscured course ; and shall find time  
From this enormous state,—seeking to give  
Losses their remedies :—All weary and o'erwatch'd,  
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold  
This shameful lodging.

Escap'd the hunt. No port is free ; no place,  
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,  
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape,  
I will preserve myself : and am bethought  
To take the basest and most poorest shape,  
That ever penury, in contempt of man,  
Brought near to beast : my face I 'll grime with filth ;  
Blanket my loins ; elf all my hair in knots ;  
And with presented nakedness out-face  
The winds and persecutions of the sky.  
The country gives me proof and precedent  
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,  
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms  
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary ;  
And with this horrible object, from low farms,  
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,  
Sometime with lunatic banes, sometime with prayers,  
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlugod ! poor Tom !  
That 's something yet ;—Edgar I nothing am. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Before Gloster's Castle*

*Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.*

LEAR. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home,  
And not send back my messenger.

GENT. As I learn'd,  
The night before there was no purpose in them  
Of this remove.

KENT. Hail to thee, noble master !

LEAR. Ha !

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime ?

KENT. No, my lord.

FOOL. Ha, ha ; he wears cruel garters ! Horses are tied  
by the heads ; dogs and bears by the neck ; monkeys by the  
loins ; and men by the legs : when a man is over-lusty at  
legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

LEAR. What 's he that hath so much thy place mistook  
To set thee here ?

KENT. It is both he and she,

Your son and daughter.

LEAR. No.

KENT. Yes.

LEAR. No, I say.

KENT. I say, yea.

LEAR. No, no ; they would not.

KENT. Yes, they have.

LEAR. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

KENT. By Juno, I swear, ay.

LEAR. They durst not do 't ;

They could not, would not do 't ; 't is worse than murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage :

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way

Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,

Coming from us.

KENT. My lord, when at their home

I did commend your highness' letters to them,

Ere I was risen from the place that show'd

My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,

Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth

From Goneril his mistress, salutations ;

Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,

Which presently they read : on those contents

They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse ; — *retire*

Commanded me to follow, and attend

The leisure of their answer ; gave me cold looks :

And meeting here the other messenger,

Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,

(Being the very fellow which of late

Display'd so saucily against your highness,)

Having more man than wit about me, drew ;

He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries :

Your son and daughter found this trespass worth

The shame which here it suffers.

FOOL. Winter 's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags do make their children blind ;

But fathers that bear bags shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore, ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

LEAR. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart !  
*Hysterica passio* !—down, thou climbing sorrow,  
Thy element 's below !—Where is this daughter ?

KENT. With the earl, sir, here within.

LEAR. Follow me not ; stay here. [*Exit.*]

GENT. Made you no more offence but what you speak of ?

KENT. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a number ?

FOOL. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

KENT. Why, fool ?

FOOL. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there 's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men ; and there 's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that 's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following ; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again : I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry ; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly :

The knave turns fool that runs away ;

The fool no knave, perdy.

KENT. Where learn'd you this, fool ?

FOOL. Not i' the stocks, fool.

*Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.*

LEAR. Deny to speak with me ? They are sick ? they are

GLO. My dear lord,  
You know the fiery quality of the duke;  
How unremoveable and fix'd he is  
In his own course.

LEAR. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—  
Fiery? what quality? why, Gloster, Gloster,  
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

GLO. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

LEAR. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

GLO. Ay, my good lord.

LEAR. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear  
father  
Would with his daughter speak, commands, tends, service:  
Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—  
Fiery! the fiery duke!—Tell the hot duke that—  
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:  
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,  
(Where to our health is bound; we are not ourselves,  
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind  
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;  
And am fallen out with my more headier will,  
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit  
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore

[*Looking on KENT.*

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,  
That this remotion of the duke and her  
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:  
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,  
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,  
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,  
Till it cry sleep to death.

GLO. I'd have all well betwixt you.

[*Exit.*

LEAR. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but down.

FOOL. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels,  
when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she knapp'd 'em o' the

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.*

LEAR. Good morrow to you both.

CORN. Hail to your grace! [*KENT is set at liberty.*]

REG. I am glad to see your highness.

LEAR. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

I have to think so; if thou shouldst not be glad,

I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,

Sepulch'ring an adulteress. O, are you free? [*To KENT.*]

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,

Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—

[*Points to his heart.*]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not believe,

With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

REG. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope

You less know how to value her desert,

Than she to scant her duty.

LEAR. Say, how is that?

REG. I cannot think my sister in the least  
Would fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance,  
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,  
'T is on such ground, and to such wholesome end,  
As clears her from all blame.

LEAR. My curses on her!

REG. O, sir, you are old;

Nature in you stands on the very verge

Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led

By some discretion, that discerns your state

Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,

That to our sister you do make return:

Say, you have wrong'd her.

LEAR. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house?

"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old!

Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, [*Kneeling.*]

That you 'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

REG. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:  
Return you to my sister.

LEAR. Never, Regan:

She hath abated me of half my train ;  
Look'd black upon me ; strook me with her tongue,  
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart :—  
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall  
On her ingrateful top ! Strike her young bones,  
You taking airs, with lameness !

CORN. Fye, sir, fye !

LEAR. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames  
Into her scornful eyes ! Infect her beauty,  
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,  
To fall and blister.

REG. O the blest gods ! So will you wish on me,  
When the rash mood is on.

LEAR. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse ;  
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give  
Thee o'er to harshness ; her eyes are fierce, but thine  
Do comfort, and not burn : 'Tis not in thee  
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,  
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,  
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt  
Against my coming in : thou better know'st  
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,  
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude ;  
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,  
Wherein I thee endow'd.

REG. Good sir, to the purpose. [*Trumpets within.*]

LEAR. Who put my man i' the stocks ?

CORN. What trumpet 's that ?

*Enter Steward.*

REG. I know 't, my sister's : this approves her letter,  
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come ?

*Enter GONERIL*

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway  
Allow obedience, if you yourselves are old,  
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—  
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?— [*To GONERIL*  
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

GON. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?  
All's not offence that indiscretion finds,  
And dotage terms so.

LEAR. O, sides, you are too tough!  
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

CORN. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders  
Deserv'd much less advancement.

LEAR. You! did you?

REG. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.  
If, till the expiration of your month,  
You will return and sojourn with my sister,  
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;  
I am now from home, and out of that provision  
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

LEAR. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?  
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose  
To wage against the enmity o' the air;  
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—  
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?  
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took  
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought  
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg  
To keep base life afoot:—Return with her?  
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter  
To this detested groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*

GON. At your choice, sir.

LEAR. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad;  
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell;  
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—  
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;  
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,  
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil,  
A plague-sore, or embossed carbuncle,

In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;  
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:  
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:  
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:  
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,  
I, and my hundred knights.

REG. Not altogether so;  
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided  
For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;  
For those that mingle reason with your passion,  
Must be content to think you old, and so—  
But she knows what she does.

LEAR. Is this well spoken?

REG. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?  
Is it not well? What should you need of more?  
Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger  
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,  
Should many people, under two commands,  
Hold amity? 'T is hard; almost impossible.

GON. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance  
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

REG. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack  
you,  
We could control them: If you will come to me,  
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you  
To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more  
Will I give place, or notice.

LEAR. I gave you all—

REG. And in good time you gave it.

LEAR. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;  
But kept a reservation to be follow'd  
With such a number: What, must I come to you  
With five-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?

REG. And speak 't again, my lord; no more with me.

And thou art twice her love.

GON. Hear me, my lord ;  
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,  
To follow in a house, where twice so many  
Have a command to tend you ?

REG. What need one ?

LEAR. O, reason not the need : our basest beggars  
Are in the poorest thing superfluous :  
Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man's life is cheap as beast's : thou art a lady ;  
If only to go warm were gorgeous,  
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,  
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—  
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need !  
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !  
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts  
Against their father, fool me not so much  
To bear it tamely : touch me with noble anger !  
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks !—No, you unnatural hags,  
I will have such revenges on you both,  
That all the world shall—I will do such things—  
What they are yet I know not ; but they shall be  
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep ;  
No, I'll not weep :—  
I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart  
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,  
Or ere I'll weep :—O, fool, I shall go mad !

[*Exeunt LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.*]

CORN. Let us withdraw, 't will be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*]

REG. This house is little ; the old man and his people  
Cannot be well bestow'd.

GON. 'T is his own blame ; hath put himself from rest,  
And must needs taste his folly.

REG. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly.  
But not one follower.

GON. So am I purpos'd.  
Where is my lord of Gloster ?

*Re-enter GLOSTER.*

CORN. Follow'd the old man forth :—he is return'd.

GLO. The king is in high rage.

CORN. Whither is he going ?

GLO. He calls to horse ; but will I know not whither.

CORN. 'Tis best to give him way ; he leads himself.

GON. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

GLO. Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds  
Do sorely ruffle ; for many miles about  
There 's scarce a bush.

REG. O, sir, to wilful men,  
The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their schoolmasters : Shut up your doors ;  
He is attended with a desperate train ;  
And what they may incense him to, being apt  
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

CORN. Shut up your doors, my lord ; 't is a wild night :  
My Regan counsels well : come out o' the storm. [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—A Heath.

*A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT  
and a Gentleman, meeting.*

KENT. Who 's there, besides foul weather ?

GENT. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

KENT. I know you. Where 's the king ?

GENT. Contending with the fretful elements ;  
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,  
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,  
That things might change, or cease : tears his white hair ;  
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,  
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of :

Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn  
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.  
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,  
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf  
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,  
And bids what will take all.

KENT. But who is with him ?

GENT. None but the fool ; who labours to out-jest  
His heart-strook injuries.

KENT. Sir, I do know you ;  
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,  
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,  
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd  
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall ;  
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars  
Throu'd and set high ?) servants, who seem no less ;  
Which are to France the spies and speculations  
Intelligent of our state ; what hath been seen,  
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes ;  
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne  
Against the old kind king ; or something deeper,  
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings ;  
But, true it is, from France there comes a power  
Into this scatter'd kingdom ; who already,  
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet  
In some of our best ports, and are at point  
To show their open banner.—Now to you :  
If on my credit you dare build so far  
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find  
Some that will thank you, making just report  
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow  
The king hath cause to plain.

(As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring :  
And she will tell you who that fellow is  
That yet you do not know. Fye on this storm !  
I will go seek the king.

GENT. Give me your hand : Have you no more to say ?

KENT. Few words, but to effect more than all yet ;  
That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain  
That way ; I 'll this :) he that first lights on him,  
Holla the other. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.*

*Enter LEAR and Fool.*

LEAR. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks ! rage ! blow !  
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout  
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks !  
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,  
Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,  
Singe my white head ! And thou, all-shaking thunder,  
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world !  
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,  
That make ingrateful man.

FOOL. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better  
than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in ; ask thy  
daughters' blessing ; here 's a night pities neither wise men  
nor fools.

LEAR. Rumble thy bellyfull ! Spit, fire ! spout, rain !  
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters :  
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,  
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,  
You owe me no subscription ; then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand, your slave,  
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man :—  
But yet I call you servile ministers,

The cod-piece that will house,  
Before the head has any,  
The head and he shall louse :—  
So beggars marry many.  
The man that makes his toe  
What he his heart should make,  
Shall of a corn cry woe,  
And turn his sleep to wake.

(—for there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths  
in a glass.)

*Enter KENT.*

LEAR. No, I will be the pattern of all patience ;  
I will say nothing.

KENT. Who 's there ?

FOOL. Marry, here 's grace and a cod-piece : that 's a wise  
man, and a fool.

KENT. Alas, sir, are you here ? things that love night  
Love not such nights as these ; the wrathful skies  
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,  
And make them keep their caves : since I was man,  
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,  
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
Remember to have heard : man's nature cannot carry  
The affliction, nor the fear.

LEAR. Let the great gods,  
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,  
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipp'd of justice : Hide thee, thou bloody hand ;  
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue  
That art incestuous : Caitiff, to pieces shake,  
That under covert and convenient seeming  
Hast practis'd on man's life !—Close pent-up guilts,

—and ere long will break out to the world.

Repose you there : while I to this hard house  
 (More harder than the stones whereof 't is rais'd :  
 Which even but now, demanding after you,  
 Denied me to come in) return and force  
 Their scanty courtesy.

LEAR. My wits begin to turn.—  
 Come on, my boy : How dost, my boy ? Art cold ?  
 I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow ?  
 The art of our necessities is strange,  
 And can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel ;  
 Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart  
 That's sorry yet for thee.

FOOL [*Singing.*]

He that has and a little tiny wit,—  
 With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—  
 Must make content with his fortunes fit,  
 Though the rain it raineth every day.

LEAR. True, boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel.

[*Exit LEAR and KENT.*]

FOOL. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.—  
 I'll speak a prophecy ere I go.

When priests are more in word than matter ;  
 When brewers mar their malt with water ;  
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;  
 No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors ;  
 When every case in law is right ;  
 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;  
 When slanders do not live in tongues ;  
 Nor cutpurses come not to throngs ;  
 When usurers tell their gold i' the field ;  
 And bawds and whores do churches build ;—  
 Then shall the realm of Albion  
 Come to great confusion.  
 Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,  
 That time shall be told with great

SCENE III.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.**Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.*

GLO. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

EDM. Most savage and unnatural!

GLO. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'t is dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will look him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is strange things toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [Exit.]

EDM. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know; and of that letter too:—  
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me  
That which my father loses; no less than all:  
The younger rises when the old doth fall. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.**Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

KENT. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:  
The tyranny of the open night's too rough  
For nature to endure. [Storm still.]

LEAR. Let me alone.

KENT. Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR. Wilt break my heart?

KENT. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

LEAR. Thou thinkst 't is much, that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin : so 't is to thee ;  
But where the greater malady is fix'd,  
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear :  
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,  
Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind 's free

The body 's delicate : the tempest in my mind  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,  
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude !  
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,  
For lifting food to 't ?—But I will punish home :—  
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night  
To shut me out !—Pour on ; I will endure :—  
In such a night as this ! O Regan, Goneril !—  
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—  
O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;  
No more of that,—

KENT. Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR. Prithee, go in thyself ; seek thine own ease ;  
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder  
On things would hurt me more.—But I 'll go in :  
In, boy ; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless poverty,—  
Nay, get thee in. I 'll pray, and then I 'll sleep.—  
[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That bid the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,  
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you  
From seasons such as these ? O, I have ta'en  
Too little care of this ! Take physic, pomp ;

FOOL. A spirit, a spirit ; he says his name 's poor Tom.

KENT. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw !  
Come forth.

*Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.*

EDG. Away ! the foul fiend follows me !—Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds.—Humph ! go to thy bed and warm thee.

LEAR. Didst thou give all to thy daughters ?  
And art thou come to this ?

EDG. Who gives anything to poor Tom ? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire ; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew ; set ratsbane by his porridge ; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor :—Bless thy five wits ! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking ! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes : There could I have him now,—and there,—and there again, and there.

*[Storm continues.]*

LEAR. Have his daughters brought him to this pass ?—  
Couldst thou save nothing ? Wouldst thou give them all ?

FOOL. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

LEAR. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air  
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters !

KENT. He hath no daughters, sir.

LEAR. Death, traitor ! nothing could have subdued nature  
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—  
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers  
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh ?  
Judicious punishment ! 't was this flesh begot  
Those pelican daughters.

EDG. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill ;—  
Halloo. halloo. loo, loo !

~~SWORN~~ spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array:  
Tom's a-cold.

LEAR. What hast thou been?

ENG. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I dearly; dice dearly; and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, Sesey; let him trot by. [*Storm still continues.*]

LEAR. Thou wert better in a grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here.— [*Tearing off his clothes.*]

FOOL. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 't is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart,—a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

ENG. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

KENT. How fares your grace?

*Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.*

LEAR. What's he?

KENT. Who's there? What is't you seek?

GLO. What are you there? Your names?

EDG. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wallnewt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for snaillets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body,

Horse to ride, and weapon to wear:

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend

GLO. What, hath your grace no better company?

EDG. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;

Modo he's called, and Mahu.

GLO. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile, That it doth hate what gets it.

EDG. Poor Tom's a-cold.

GLO. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters' hard commands; Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you; Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

LEAR. First let me talk with this philosopher:— What is the cause of thunder?

KENT. Good my lord, take his offer; Go into the house.

LEAR. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:— What is your study?

EDG. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

LEAR. Let me ask you one word in private.

KENT. Importune him once more to go, my lord; His wits begin to unsettle.

GLO. Canst thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death:—Ah! that good Kent!—

He said it would be thus :—Poor banish'd man !—  
 Thou say'st the king grows mad ; I 'll tell thee, friend,  
 I am almost mad myself : I had a son,  
 Now outlaw'd from my blood : he sought my life,  
 But lately, very late ; I lov'd him, friend,—  
 No father his son dearer : true to tell thee, [*Storm continues.*  
 The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night 's this !  
 I do beseech your grace,—

LEAR. O, cry you mercy, sir.

Noble philosopher, your company.

EDG. Tom 's a-cold.

GLO. In, fellow, there, into the hovel : keep thee warm.

LEAR. Come, let 's in all.

KENT. This way, my lord.

LEAR. With him ;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

KENT. Good my lord, soothe him ; let him take the fellow.

GLO. Take him you on.

KENT. Sirrah, come on ; go along with us.

LEAR. Come, good Athenian.

GLO. No words, no words :

Hush.

EDG. Childe Rowland to the dark tower came ;

† His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V.—A Room in Gloster's Castle.

*Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.*

CORN. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

EDM. How, my lord, I may be censured that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

CORN. I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death ; but a provoking

CORN. Go with me to the duchess.

EDM. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

CORN. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

EDM. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

CORN. I will lay trust upon thee ; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Chamber in Out-building adjoining the Castle.*

*Enter GLOSTER and KENT.*

GLO. Here is better than the open air ; take it thankfully : I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can : I will not be long from you.

KENT. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience :—The gods reward your kindness ! [*Exit GLOSTER.*]

*Enter LEAR, EDGAR, and Fool.*

EDG. Frateretto calls me ; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

FOOL. Prithee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman ?

LEAR. A king, a king !

FOOL. No ; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son ; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

LEAR. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon them :—

EDG. The foul fiend bites my back.

FOOL. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

LEAR. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight :—

( Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer ;— [To EDGAR.  
Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [To the Fool.]—Now, ye she  
foxes !—

EDG. Look where she stands and glares !—Wantonest thou  
eyes at trial, madam ?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me :—

FOOL. Her boat hath a leak,  
And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

EDG. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a  
nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white  
herrings. Croak not, black angel ; I have no food for thee.

KENT. How do you, sir ? Stand you not so amaz'd :  
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions ?

LEAR. I'll see their trial first :—Bring in the evidence.—  
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place ;— [To EDGAR.  
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To the Fool.  
Bench by his side :—You are of the commission,  
Sit you too. [To KENT.

EDG. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd ?  
Thy sheep be in the corn ;  
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,  
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur ! the cat is gray.

LEAR. Arraign her first ; 't is Goneril. I here take my  
oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor  
king her father.

FOOL. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril ?

LEAR. She cannot deny it.

FOOL. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

LEAR. And here 's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim  
What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there !  
Arms, arms, sword, fire !—Corruption in the place !  
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape ?

EDG. Bless thy five wits !

KENT. O pity !—Sir, where is the patience now,  
That you so oft have boasted to retain ?

EDG. My tears begin to take his part so much,  
They mar my counterfeiting.

[Aside.

LEAR. The little dogs and all,  
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

EDG. Tom will throw his head at them :—

Avaunt, you curs !

Be thy mouth or black or white,  
Tooth that poisons if it bite ;  
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,  
Hound or spaniel, braoh or lym  
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail ;  
Tom will make him weep and wail :  
For, with throwing thus my head,  
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sese. Come, march to wakes and fairs, and  
market-towns :—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

LEAR. Then let them anatomise Regan ; see what breeds  
about her heart : Is there any cause in nature that makes  
these hard hearts ?—You, sir, I entertain for one of my  
hundred ; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments .  
you will say they are Persian ; but let them be changed.

[To EDGAR.

KENT. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

LEAR. Make no noise, make no noise ; draw the curtains :  
So, so : We 'll go to supper i' the morning.

FOOL. And I 'll go to bed at noon.

*Re-enter GLOSTER.*

GLO. Come hither, friend : Where is the king my master

KENT. Here, sir ; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

GLO. Good friend, I prithee take him in thy arms ;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him :

There is a litter ready ; lay him in 't,

And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master ;

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss : Take up, take up ;

And follow me, that will to some provision

Give thee quick conduct.

KENT. Oppressed nature sleeps :—

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,

Which, if convenience will not allow,  
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master ;  
Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.]

GLO. Come, come away.

*[Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing off the KING.]*

EDG. When we our betters see bearing our woes,  
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.  
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind ;  
Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind :  
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,  
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.  
How light and portable my pain seems now,  
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow ;  
He childed, as I father'd !—Tom, away :  
Mark the high noises : and thyself bewray,  
When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts defile thee,  
In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.  
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king !  
Lurk, lurk. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.*

CORN. Post speedily to my lord your husband ; show him  
this letter :—the army of France is landed :—Seek out the  
traitor Gloster. [Exeunt some of the Servants.]

REG. Hang him instantly.

GON. Pluck out his eyes.

CORN. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you  
our sister company ; the revenges we are bound to take  
upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding.  
*Advice the duke, where you are going, to a most fastinate*

Some five or six-and-thirty of his knights,  
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate ;  
Who, with some other of the lord's dependents,  
Are gone with him toward Dover ; where they boast  
To have well-armed friends.

CORN. Get horses for your mistress.

GON. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND.*]

CORN. Edmund, farewell,—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,  
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us :

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life  
Without the form of justice, yet our power  
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men  
May blame, but not control. Who 's there ? The traitor ?

*Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.*

REG. Ingrateful fox ! 't is he.

CORN. Bind fast his corky arms.

GLO. What mean your graces ?—Good my friends, consider  
You are my guests : do me no foul play, friends.

CORN. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

REG. Hard, hard :—O filthy traitor !

GLO. Unmerciful lady as you are, I 'm none.

CORN. To this chair bind him :—Villain, thou shalt find—

[*REGAN plucks his beard.*]

GLO. By the kind gods, 't is most ignobly done  
To pluck me by the beard.

REG. So white, and such a traitor !

GLO. Naughty lady,  
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,  
Will quicken, and accuse thee : I am your host ;

Speak.

GLO. I have a letter guessingly set down,  
Which came from one that 's of a neutral heart,  
And not from one oppos'd.

CORN. Cunning.

REG. And false.

CORN. Where hast thou sent the king?

GLO. To Dover.

REG. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at  
peril—

CORN. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

GLO. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

REG. Wherefore to Dover?

GLO. Because I would not see thy cruel nails  
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister  
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.  
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head  
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,  
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,  
He help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,  
Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key;"  
All cruels else subscrib'd:—But I shall see  
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

CORN. See 't shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:—  
Upon these eyes of thine I 'll set my foot.

GLO. He that will think to live till he be old  
Give me some help: O cruel! O ye gods! [Tells out one  
of his eyes]

REG. One side will mock another; the other too.

CORN. If you see vengeance,—

SERV. Hold your hand, my lord;  
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;  
But better service have I never done you  
Than now to bid you hold.

REG. How now, you dog?

SERV. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,  
I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

CORN. My villain! [Draws, and runs at him.]

SERV. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[Draws. They fight. CORNWALL is wounded.]

REG. Give me thy sword.—[*To another Servant.*] A peasant stand up thus !

[*Snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*]

SERV. O, I am slain !—My lord, you have one eye left  
To see some mischief on him :—O ! [Dies.]

CORN. Lest it see more, prevent it :—Out, vile jelly !  
Where is thy lustre now ?

GLO. All dark and comfortless.—Where 's my son Edmund ?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,  
To quit this horrid act.

REG. Out, treacherous villain !  
Thou call'st on him that hates thee : it was he  
That made the overture of thy treasons to us ;  
Who is too good to pity thee.

GLO. O my follies !  
Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him !

REG. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell  
His way to Dover.—How is 't, my lord ? How look you ?

CORN. I have receiv'd a hurt : Follow me, lady.—  
Turn out that eyeless villain ;—throw this slave  
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace :  
Untimely comes this hurt : Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN ;—Servants unbind  
GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

1 SERV. I'll never care what wickedness I do,  
If this man come to good.

2 SERV. If she live long,  
And, in the end, meet the whole course of death,  
Women will all turn monsters.

1 SERV. Let 's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam  
To lead him where he would ; his roguish madness  
Allows itself to anything.

2 SERV. Go thou ; I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,  
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him !

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An open Country.**Enter EDGAR.*

EDG. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,  
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,  
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,  
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:  
The lamentable change is from the best;  
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,  
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!  
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst  
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

*Enter GLOSTER, led by an Old Man.*

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!  
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,  
Life would not yield to age.

OLD MAN. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and  
your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

GLO. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:  
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,  
Thee they may hurt.

OLD MAN. You cannot see your way.

GLO. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;  
I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 't is seen  
Our means secure us; and our mere defects  
Prove our commodities.—O, dear son Edgar,  
The food of thy abused father's wrath!  
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,  
I'd say, I had eyes again!

OLD MAN. How now? Who's there?

EDG. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, "I am at the  
worst?"

I am worse than e'er I was.

OLD MAN. 'T is poor mad Tom.

EDG. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: The worst is not

So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

OLD MAN. Fellow, where goest?

GLO. Is it a beggar-man?

OLD MAN. Madman and beggar too.

GLO. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,  
Which made me think a man a worm: my son  
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind  
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since:  
As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;  
They kill us for their sport.

EDG. How should this be?

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,  
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*—Bless thee, master!

GLO. Is that the naked fellow?

OLD MAN. Ay, my lord.

GLO. Get thee away: If, for my sake,  
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,  
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;  
And bring some covering for this naked soul,  
Which I'll entreat to lead me.

OLD MAN. Alack, sir, he's mad.

GLO. 'T is the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.  
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;  
Above the rest, be gone.

OLD MAN. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,  
Come on 't what will. [*Exit.*

GLO. Sirrah, naked fellow.

EDG. Poor Tom's a cold.—I cannot daub it further.

[*Aside.*

GLO. Come hither, fellow.

EDG. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes,  
they bleed.

GLO. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

EDG. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor  
Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: Bless thee,  
good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been  
in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididence*,  
prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder;  
*Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since pos-

sesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master !

GLO. Here, take this purse, you whom the heavens' plagues Have humbled to all strokes : that I am wretched, Makes thee the happier :—Heavens, deal so still ! Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man, That slaves your ordinance, that will not see Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly ; So distribution should undo excess, And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover ?

Edg. Ay, master.

GLO. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head Looks fearfully in the confined deep : Bring me but to the very brim of it, And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear With something rich about me : from that place I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm :  
Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND ; Steward meeting them.*

GON. Welcome, my lord : I marvel, our mild husband Not met us on the way :—Now, where's your master ?

STEW. Madam, within ; but never man so chang'd : I told him of the army that was landed ; He smil'd at it : I told him, you were coming ; His answer was, "The worse :—" of Gloster's treachery, And of the loyal service of his son, When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot ; And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out :— What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him ; What like, offensive.

GON. Then shall you go no further. [*To EDMUND*

I must change names at home, and give the distaff  
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant  
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,  
If you dare venture in your own behalf,  
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;

[*Giving a favour.*]

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,  
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—  
Conceive, and fare thee well.

EDM. Yours, in the ranks of death.

GON. My most dear Gloster!

[*Exit EDMUND.*]

O, the difference of man and man!  
To thee a woman's services are due;  
My fool usurps my body.

STEW.

Madam, here comes my lord.

[*Exit Steward.*]

*Enter ALBANY.*

GON. I have been worth the whistle.

ALB.

O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind  
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition:  
That nature, which contemns its origin,  
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;  
She that herself will sliver and disbranch  
From her material sap, perforce must wither,  
And come to deadly use.

GON. No more; ~~the text is~~ foolish.

ALB. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:  
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?  
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?  
A father, and a gracious aged man,  
Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would lick,  
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you maddened.  
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?  
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?  
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits  
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,  
'T will come:  
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,

Like monsters of the deep.

GON. Milk-liver'd man !  
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs ;  
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning  
Thine honour from thy suffering ; that not know'st,  
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd  
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum ?  
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land ;  
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats ;  
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and cry'st  
" Alack ! why does he so ? "

ALB. See thyself, devil !  
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend  
So horrid as in woman.

GON. O vain fool !  
ALB. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,  
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness  
To let these hands obey my blood,  
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear  
Thy flesh and bones :—Howe'er thou art a fiend,  
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

GON. Marry, your manhood now !—

*Enter a Messenger.*

ALB. What news ?

MESS. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead :  
Slain by his servant, going to put out  
The other eye of Gloster.

ALB. Gloster's eyes !

MESS. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,  
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword  
To his great master ; who, thereat enrag'd,  
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead ;  
But not without that harmful stroke which since  
Hath pluck'd him after.

ALB. This shows you are above,  
You justicers, that these our nether crimes  
So speedily can venge !—but, O, poor Gloster !  
Lost he his other eye ?

MESS. Both, both, my lord.—

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer ;  
'T is from your sister.

GON. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well ;  
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,  
May all the building in my fancy pluck  
Upon my hateful life : Another way,  
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*]

ALB. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes ?

MESS. Come with my lady hither.

ALB. He is not here.

MESS. No, my good lord ; I met him back again.

ALB. Knows he the wickedness ?

MESS. Ay, my good lord ; 't was he inform'd against him ;  
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment  
Might have the freer course.

ALB. Gloster, I live  
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,  
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend ;  
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The French Camp, near Dover.*

*Enter KENT and a Gentleman.*

KENT. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back  
know you the reason ?

GENT. Something he left imperfect in the state, which  
since his coming forth is thought of ; which imports to the  
kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return  
was most required, and necessary.

KENT. Who hath he left behind him general ?

GENT. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur Le Far.

KENT. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demon-  
stration of grief ?

GENT. Ay, sir, she took them, read them in my presence ;  
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down  
Her delicate cheek ; it seem'd she was a queen  
Over her passion ; who, most rebel-like,  
Sought to be king o'er her.

KENT. O, then it mov'd her.

GENT. Not to a rage : patience and sorrow strove

Who should express her goodliest. You have seen  
Sunshine and rain at once : her smiles and tears  
Were like a better day : Those happy smilets,  
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know  
What guests were in her eyes ; which parted thence,  
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow  
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all  
Could so become it.

KENT. Made she no verbal question ?

GENT. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of  
" father "

Pauntingly forth, as if it press'd her heart ;  
Cried " Sisters ; sisters !—shame of ladies ! sisters !  
Kent ! father ! sisters ! What ? i' the storm ? i' the night ?  
Let pity not be believed ! " —There she shook  
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,  
And clamour moisten'd :—then away she started  
To deal with grief alone.

KENT. It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions ;  
Else one self mate and mate could not beget  
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since ?

GENT. No.

KENT. Was this before the king return'd ?

GENT. No, since.

KENT. Well, sir : The poor distress'd Lear is i' the town :  
Who sometimes, in his better tune, remembers  
What we are come about, and by no means  
Will yield to see his daughter.

GENT. Why, good sir ?

KENT. A sovereign shame so elbows him : his own un-  
kindness,  
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her

KENT. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master, Lear,  
And leave you to attend him : some dear cause  
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile ;  
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve  
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go  
Along with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Tent.*

*Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.*

COR. Alack, 't is he ; why he was met even now  
As mad as the vex'd sea : singing aloud ;  
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,  
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,  
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth ;  
Search every acre in the high-grown field,  
And bring him to our eye. What can man's wisdom

[*Exit an Officer.*]

In the restoring his bereaved sense ?  
He that helps him, take all my outward worth.

PHYS. There is means, madam :  
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,  
The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him,  
Are many simples operative, whose power  
Will close the eye of anguish.

COR. All bless'd secrets,  
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,  
Spring with my tears ! be aidant, and remediate,  
In the good man's distress !—Seek, seek for him ;  
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life  
That wants the means to lead it.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. News, madam :  
The British powers are marching hitherward

My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.  
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,  
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right :  
Soon may I hear and see him ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

*Enter REGAN and Steward.*

REG. But are my brother's powers set forth ?

STEW. Ay, madam.

REG. Himself in person there ?

STEW. Madam, with much ado :

Your sister is the better soldier.

REG. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home ?

STEW. No, madam.

REG. What might import my sister's letter to him ?

STEW. I know not, lady.

REG. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,  
To let him live ; where he arrives he moves  
All hearts against us ; Edmund, I think, is gone,  
In pity of his misery, to despatch  
His nighted life ; moreover, to descry  
The strength o' the enemy.

STEW. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

REG. Our troops set forth to-morrow ; stay with us ;  
The ways are dangerous.

STEW. I may not, madam ;  
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

REG. Why should she write to Edmund ? Might not you  
Transport her purposes by words ? Belike,  
Something—I know not what :—I'll love thee much,  
Let me unseal the letter.

STEW. Madam, I had rather——

REG. I know your lady does not love her husband ;  
I am sure of that : and, at her late being here,  
She gave strange celliads, and most speaking looks  
To noble Edmund : I know you are of her bosom.

STEW. I, madam ?

REG. I speak in understanding ; you are, I know it :

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note :  
My lord is dead ; Edmund and I have talk'd ;  
And more convenient is he for my hand  
Than for your lady's :—You may gather more.  
If you do find him, pray you, give him this ;  
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,  
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.  
So fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,  
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

STEW. 'Would I could meet him, madam ! I would show  
What party I do follow.

REG.

Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Country near Dover.*

*Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a Peasant.*

GLO. When shall we come to the top of that same hill ?

EDG. You do climb up it now : look how we labour.

GLO. Methinks the ground is even.

EDG.

Horrible steep :

Hark, do you hear the sea ?

GLO.

No, truly.

EDG. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect  
By your eyes' anguish.

GLO.

So may it be, indeed :

Methinks thy voice is alter'd ; and thou speak'st  
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

EDG. You are much deceiv'd ; in nothing am I chang'd,  
But in my garments.

GLO.

Methinks you are better spoken.

EDG. Come on, sir, here's the place !—stand still.—How  
fearful

And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low !

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air.

Diminish'd to her cock ; her cock a buoy  
Almost too small for sight : the murmuring surge,  
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high :—I'll look no more ;  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong.

GLO.                               Set me where you stand.

EDG. Give me your hand : you are now within a foot  
Of the extreme verge : for all beneath the moon  
Would I not leap upright.

GLO.                               Let go my hand.  
Here, friend, is another purse ; in it a jewel  
Well worth a poor man's taking : Fairies, and gods,  
Prosper it with thee ! Go thou further off ;  
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

EDG. Now fare you well, good sir.                               *[Seems to go.]*

GLO.   With all my heart.

EDG. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,  
Is done to cure it.   *[Aside.]*

GLO.                               O, you mighty gods !  
This world I do renounce ; and, in your sights,  
Shake patiently my great affliction off :  
If I could bear it longer, and not fall  
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,  
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should  
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him !—  
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

EDG.   Gone, sir. Farewell—

*[GLOSTER leaps, and falls along.]*

And yet I know not how conceit may rob  
The treasury of life when life itself

Hast heavy substance ; bleed'st not ; speak'st ; art sound.  
Ten masts at each make not the altitude  
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell ;  
Thy life 's a miracle : Speak yet again.

GLO. But have I fallen, or no ?

EDG. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn :  
Look up a-height ;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far  
Cannot be seen or heard : do but look up.

GLO. Alack, I have no eyes.—  
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,  
To end itself by death ? 'T was yet some comfort,  
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,  
And frustrate his proud will.

EDG. Give me your arm :  
Up :—so ;—How is 't ? Feel you your legs ? You stand.  
GLO. Too well, too well.

EDG. This is above all strangeness :  
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that  
Which parted from you ?

GLO. A poor unfortunate beggar.

EDG. As I stood here below, methought his eyes  
Were two full moons : he had a thousand noses,  
Horns whelk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea ;  
It was some fiend : Therefore, thou happy father,  
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours  
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

GLO. I do remember now : henceforth I'll bear  
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,  
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,  
I took it for a man ; often 't would say,  
"The fiend, the fiend : " he led me to that place.

EDG. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes  
here ?

EDG. O thou side-piercing sight !

LEAR. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper : draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouse ! Peace, peace ;—this piece of toasted cheese will do 't.—There's my gauntlet ; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well flown bird !—i' the clout, i' the clout : hewgh !—Give the word.

EDG. Sweet marjoram.

LEAR. Pass.

GLO. I know that voice.

LEAR. Ha ! Goneril !—with a white beard !—They flattered me like a dog ; and told me I had the white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say ay, and no, to everything I said.—Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter ; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding ; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words : they told me I was everything ; 't is a lie ; I am not ague-proof.

GLO. The trick of that voice I do well remember :  
Is 't not the king ?

LEAR. Ay, every inch a king ; \

When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.  
I pardon that man's life : What was thy cause ?—  
Adultery ?—

Thou shalt not die : Die for adultery ! No :  
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly  
Does lecher in my sight.  
Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son  
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters  
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.  
To 't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—  
Behold yon' simpering dame

above ; but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends' ; there 's hell, there 's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption ;—Fye, fye, fye ! pah ; pah ! Give me an ounce of civet ; good apothecary, sweeten my imagination : there 's money for thee.

GLO. O let me kiss that hand !

LEAR. Let me wipe it first ; it smells of mortality.

GLO. O ruin'd piece of nature ! This great world Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me ?

LEAR. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me ! No, do thy worst, blind Cupid ; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge ; mark but the penning of it.

GLO. Were all thy letters suns, I could not see.

EDG. I would not take this from report ;—it is,  
And my heart breaks at it.

LEAR. Read.

GLO. What, with the case of eyes ?

LEAR. O, ho, are you there with me ? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse ? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light : Yet you see how this world goes.

GLO. I see it feelingly.

LEAR. What, art mad ? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears : see how you' justice rails upon you' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear : Change places ; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief ? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar ?

GLO. Ay, sir.

LEAR. And the creature run from the cur ? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority : a dog 's obeyed in office.—

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.  
None does offend, none, I say none ; I 'll able 'em :  
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power  
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes ;  
And, like a scurvy politician, seem  
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now :  
Pull off my boots :—harder, harder ; so.

EDG. O, matter and impertinency mix'd !  
Reason in madness.

LEAR. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.  
I know thee well enough ; thy name is Gloster ;  
Thou must be patient ; we came crying hither.  
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,  
We wawl, and cry :—I will preach to thee :—mark.

GLO. Alack, alack the day !

LEAR. When we are born, we cry, that we are come  
To this great stage of fools ;——This a good block !—  
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe  
A troop of horse with felt : I 'll put it in proof ;  
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,  
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

*Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.*

GENT. O, here he is ; lay hand upon him.—Sir,  
Your most dear daughter—

LEAR. No rescue ? What, a prisoner ? I am even  
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well ;  
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons,  
I am cut to the brains.

GENT. You shall have anything.

LEAR. No seconds ? all myself ?  
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,  
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,  
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

GENT. Good sir,—

LEAR. I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom ; What ?  
I will be jovial ; come, come ; I am a king,  
My masters, know you that ?

GENT. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

LEAR. Then there's life in't. Come, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit running; Attendants follow.*]

GENT. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;  
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast a daughter,  
Who redeems nature from the general curse  
Which twain have brought her to.

EDG. Hail, gentle sir.

GENT. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

EDG. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

GENT. Most sure, and vulgar; every one hears that,  
Which can distinguish sound.

EDG. But, by your favour,  
How near's the other army?

GENT. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descery  
Stands on the hourly thought.

EDG. I thank you, sir; that's all.

GENT. Though that the queen on special cause is here,  
Her army is mov'd on.

EDG. I thank you, sir. [*Exit GENT.*]

GLO. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me;  
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again  
To die before you please!

EDG. Well pray you, father.

GLO. Now, good sir, what are you?

EDG. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;  
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,  
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,  
I'll lead you to some bidding.

GLO. Hearty thanks:  
The bounty and the benison of heaven  
To boot, and boot!

*Enter Steward.*

STEW. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!  
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh  
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,  
Briefly thyself remember:—The sword is out  
That must destroy thee.

GLO. Now let thy friendly hand  
Put strength enough to it. [*EDGAR opposes*]

STEW. Wherefore, bold peasant,  
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;  
Lest that the infection of his fortune, take  
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

EDG. Ch'll not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

STEW. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

EDG. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass.  
And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 't would not  
ha' been so long as 't is by a vortnight. Nay, come not  
near th' old man; keep out, che vor' ye, or ise try whether  
your costard or my ballow be the harder: Ch'll be plain  
with you.

STEW. Out, dunghill!

EDG. Ch'll pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter vor  
your foins. [*They fight; and EDGAR knocks him down.*]

STEW. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take my purse;  
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;  
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,  
To Edmund, earl of Gloster; seek him out  
Upon the English party: O, untimely death! [*Dies.*]

EDG. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;  
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress  
As badness would desire.

GLO. What, is he dead?

EDG. Sit you down, father; rest you.—

Let's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks of  
May be my friends.—He is dead; I am only sorry  
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:  
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:  
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;  
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] "Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You  
have many opportunities to cut him off; if your will want  
not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is no-  
thing done, if he return the conqueror; then am I the pri-  
soner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth  
whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

"Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant,  
"GONERIL."

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will! —

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life ;  
And the exchange, my brother !—Here, in the sands,  
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified  
Of murtherous lechers ; and, in the mature time,  
With this ungracious paper strike the sight  
Of the death-practis'd duke : For him 't is well,  
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit EDGAR, dragging out the body.*]

GLO. The king is mad : How stiff is my vile sense,  
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling  
Of my huge sorrows ! Better I were distract :  
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs ;  
And woes, by wrong imaginations lose  
The knowledge of themselves.

*Re-enter EDGAR.*

EDG. Give me your hand :  
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.  
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Tent in the French Camp. LEAR on a  
Bed, asleep ; Physician, Gentlemen, and others, attending.*

*Enter CORDELLIA and KENT.*

COR. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,  
To match thy goodness ? My life will be too short,  
And every measure fail me.

KENT. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.  
All my reports go with the modest truth ;  
No more, nor clipp'd, but so.

COR. Be better suited :  
These weeds are memories of those worsèr hours ;  
I prithee put them off.

KENT. Pardon, dear madam :  
Yet to be known shortens my made intent :  
My boon I make it that you know me not,  
Till time and I think meet.

COR. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does the king ?  
[*To the Physician.*]

PHYS. Madam, sleeps still.

COR. O you kind gods,  
Cure this great breach in his abused nature !  
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up,  
Of this child-changed father !

PHYS. So please your majesty,  
That we may wake the king ? he hath slept long.

COR. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed  
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd ?

GENT. Ay, madam ; in the heaviness of sleep,  
We put fresh garments on him.

PHYS. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him ;  
I doubt not of his temperance.

COR. Very well.

PHYS. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.

COR. O, my dear father ! Restoration hang  
Thy medicine on my lips ; and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters  
Have in thy reverence made !

KENT. Kind and dear princess !

COR. Had you not been their father, these white flakes  
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face  
To be oppos'd against the jarring winds ?  
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder ;  
In the most terrible and nimble stroke  
Of quick cross-lightning ; to watch (poor perdu !)   
With this thin helm ? Mine enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night  
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,  
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,  
In short and musty straw ? Alack, alack !  
'T is wonder, that thy life and wits at once

COR. Still, still, far wide !

PHYS. He 's scarce awake ; let him 'lone awhile.

LEAR. Where have I been ? Where am I ?—Fair day-light ?—

I am mightily abus'd.—I should e'en die with pity,  
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—  
I will not swear these are my hands :—let 's see ;  
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd  
Of my condition.

COR. O, look upon me, sir,  
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me :—  
No, sir, you must not kneel.

LEAR. Pray, do not mock me :  
I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward ; not an hour more nor less :  
And, to deal plainly,  
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.  
Methinks I should know you, and know this man ;  
Yet I am doubtful : for I am mainly ignorant  
What place this is : and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments ; nor I know not  
Where I did lodge last night : Do not laugh at me ;  
For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

COR. And so I am, I am.

LEAR. Be your tears wet ? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep  
not :

If you have poison for me I will drink it.  
I know you do not love me ; for your sisters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong :  
You have some cause, they have not.

COR. No cause, no cause.

LEAR. Am I in France ?

KENT. In your own kingdom, sir.

LEAR. Do not abuse me.

PHYS. Be comforted, good madam : the great rage  
You see, is kill'd in him : and yet it is danger  
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.  
Desire him to go in ; trouble him no more,  
'Till further settling.

COR. Will 't please your highness walk ?

LEAR. You must bear with me :  
Pray you now, forget and forgive : I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, and Attendants.

GENT. Holds it true, sir,  
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain ?

KENT. Most certain, sir.

GENT. Who is conductor of his people ?

KENT. As 't is said,  
The bastard son of Gloster.

GENT. They say, Edgar,  
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent  
In Germany.

KENT. Report is changeable.  
'T is time to look about ; the powers o' the kingdom  
Approach apace.

GENT. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.  
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

KENT. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,  
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle 's fought. [*Exit.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.*

*Enter, with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

EDM. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold ;  
Or whether, since, he is advis'd by aught  
To change the course : He 's full of alteration,  
And self-reproving :—bring his constant pleasure.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

REG. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

EDM. 'T is to be doubted, madam.

REG. Now, sweet lord.

You know the goodness I intend upon you :  
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,  
Do you not love my sister ?

EDM. In honour'd love.

REG. But have you never found my brother's way  
To the forefended place ?

EDM. That thought abuses you.

REG. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct  
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

EDM. No, by mine honour, madam.

REG. I never shall endure her : Dear my lord,  
Be not familiar with her.

EDM. Fear me not :—  
She, and the duke her husband.

*Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.*

GON. I had rather lose the battle than that sister  
Should loosen him and me. [Aside]

ALB. Our very loving sister, well be met.—  
Sir, this I heard,—The king is come to his daughter,  
With others, whom the rigour of our state  
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,  
I never yet was valiant : for this business,  
It toucheth us as France invades our land,  
Not bolds the king ; with others, whom, I fear,  
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

EDM. Sir, you speak nobly.

REG. Why is this reason'd ?

GON. Combine together 'gainst the enemy :  
For these domestic and particular broils  
Are not the question here.

ALB. Let 's then determine with the ancient of war  
On our proceeding.

EDM. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

REG. Sister, you 'll go with us ?

GON. No.

REG. 'T is most convenient ; pray you go with us.

GON. O, ho, I know the riddle : *[Aside.]* I will go.

*As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.*

EDG. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,  
Hear me one word.

ALB. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers,  
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

EDG. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.  
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound  
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,  
I can produce a champion that will prove  
What is avouched there: if you miscarry,  
Your business of the world hath so an end,  
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

ALB. Stay till I have read the letter.

EDG. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,  
And I'll appear again. [*Exit*]

ALB. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

*Re-enter EDMUND.*

EDM. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.  
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces  
By diligent discovery:—but your haste  
Is now urg'd on you.

ALB. We will greet the time. [*Exit*]

EDM. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;  
Each jealous of the other, as the stung  
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?  
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,  
If both remain alive: To take the widow,  
Exasperates, makes mad, her sister Goneril;  
And hardly shall I carry out my side

Shall never see his pardon : for my state  
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Field between the two Camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exeunt.*

*Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.*

EDG. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree  
For your good host ; pray that the right may thrive .  
If ever I return to you again,  
I'll bring you comfort.

GLO. Grace go with you, sir ! [*Exit EDGAR.*

*Alarums ; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.*

EDG. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away ;  
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en :  
Give me thy hand, come on.

GLO. No further, sir ; a man may rot even here.

EDG. What, in ill thoughts again ? Men must endure  
Their going hence, even as their coming hither :  
Ripeness is all : Come on.

GLO. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The British Camp near Dover.*

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND ; LEAR and CORDELIA, as prisoners ; Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

EDM. Some officers take them away : good guard ;  
Until their greater pleasures first be known  
That are to censure them.

COR. We are not the first,  
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.

When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,  
 And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,  
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
 Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—  
 Who loses, and who wins: who's in, who's out,  
 And take upon us the mystery of things,  
 As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,  
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,  
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

EDM. Take them away.

LEAR. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,  
 The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?  
 He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven  
 And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;  
 The good years shall devour them, flesh and fell,  
 Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve first.  
 Come. [*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.*]

EDM. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note [*giving a paper*]; go, follow them to  
 prison;

One step I have advanc'd thee: if thou dost  
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way  
 To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men  
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded  
 Does not become a sword:—Thy great employment  
 Will not bear question;—either say, thou'lt do 't,  
 Or thrive by other means.

OFF. I'll do 't, my lord.

EDM. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.  
 Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so  
 As I have set it down.

OFF. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;  
 If it be man's work I will do it. [*Exit Officer.*]

*Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GLOUCESTER, REGAN, Officers, and*

Who were the opposites of this day's strife :  
I do require them of you, so to use them,  
As we shall find their merits and our safety  
May equally determine.

EDM. Sir, I thought it fit  
To send the old and miserable king  
To some retention and appointed guard ;  
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,  
To pluck the common bosom on his side,  
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes  
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen ;  
My reason all the same ; and they are ready  
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear  
Where you shall hold your session. At this time  
We sweat and bleed : the friend hath lost his friend ;  
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd  
By those that feel their sharpness :—  
The question of Cordelia and her father  
Requires a fitter place.

ALB. Sir, by your patience,  
I hold you but a subject of this war,  
Not as a brother.

REG. That 's as we list to grace him.  
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded  
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers ;  
Bore the commission of my place and person ;  
The which immediacy may well stand up,  
And call itself your brother.

GON. Not so hot :  
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,  
More than in your addition.

REG. In my rights,  
By me invested, he compeers the best.

GON. That were the most if he should husband you.

REG. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

GON. Holla, holla !  
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

REG. Lady, I am not well ; else I should answer  
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,  
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony ;

Dispose of them, of me ; the walls are thine :  
Witness the world, that I create thee here  
My lord and master.

GON. Mean you to enjoy him ?

ALB. The let-alone lies not in your good-will.

EDM. Nor in thine, lord.

ALB. Half-blooded fellow, yes

REG. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

[To EDMUND.]

ALB. Stay yet ; hear reason :—Edmund, I arrest thee  
On capital treason ; and, in thy arrest,  
This gilded serpent [*Pointing to GONERIL*] :—for your claim,  
fair sister,  
I bar it in the interest of my wife ;  
'T is she is sub-contracted to this lord,  
And I, her husband, contradict your banns.  
If you will marry make your loves to me,  
My lady is bespoke.

GON. An interlude !

ALB. Thou art arm'd, Gloster :—Let the trumpet sound :  
If none appear to prove upon thy person,  
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,  
There is my pledge ; [*Throwing down a glove.*] I'll make it  
on thy heart,  
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less  
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

REG. Sick, O, sick !

GON. If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine. [*Aside.*]

EDM. There's my exchange : [*Throwing down a glove.*]  
what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies :  
Call by the trumpet : he that dares approach,  
On him, on you, (who not ?) I will maintain  
My truth and honour firmly.

ALB. A herald, ho !

EDM. A herald, ho, a herald !

ALB. Trust to thy single virtue ; for thy soldiers,  
All levied in my name, have in my name  
Took their discharge.

REG. My sickness grows upon me.

*Enter a Herald.*

ALB. She is not well ; convey her to my tent.

*[Exit REGAN, led.]*

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—  
And read out this.

OFF. Sound, trumpet !

*[A trumpet sounds.]*

*Herald reads.*

If any man of quality or degree, within the list of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet : He is bold in his defence.

EDM. Sound !

*[1 Trumpet.]*

HER. Again.

*[2 Trumpet.]*

HER. Again.

*[3 Trumpet.]*

*[Trumpet answers within.]*

*Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a trumpet.*

ALB. Ask him his purposes, why he appears  
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

HER. What are you ?

Your name, your quality ? and why you answer  
This present summons ?

EDG. Know, my name is lost ;  
By treason's tooth bare gnawn, and canker-bit :  
Yet am I noble, as the adversary  
I come to cope withal.

ALB. Which is that adversary ?

EDG. What 's he that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster ?

EDM. Himself ;—What say'st thou to him ?

EDG.

Draw thy sword :

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,  
Thy arm may do thee justice : here is mine.  
Behold, it is my privilege,  
The privilege of mine honours,  
My oath, and my profession ; I protest,—  
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,  
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,

Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor :  
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father ;  
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince ;  
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,  
To the descent and dust below thy feet,  
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, "No,"  
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent  
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,  
Thou liest.

EDM. In wisdom, I should ask thy name ;  
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,  
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,  
What safe and nicely I might well delay,  
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn :  
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head ;  
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart ;  
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)  
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,  
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.*]

ALB. Save him, save him !

GON. This is practice, Gloucester :  
By the law of war, thou wast not bound to answer  
An unknown opposite ; thou art not vanquish'd,  
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

ALB. Shut your mouth, dame,  
Or with this paper shall I stop it :—Hold, sir :—  
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil :—  
No tearing, lady ; I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the letter to EDMUND.*]

GON. Say, if I do : the laws are mine, not thine :  
Who can arraign me for 't ? [Exit GONERIL.]

ALB. Most monstrous ! O !  
Know 'st thou this paper ?

EDM. Ask me not what I know.

ALB. Go after her : she 's desperate ; govern her.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

EDM. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done,  
And more, much more : the time will bring it out ;  
'T is past, and so am I : But what art thou

That hast this fortune on me ? If thou art noble  
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.  
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;  
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.  
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

(The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to plague us :)

The dark and vicious place where thee he got  
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right ; 't is true ;  
The wheel is come full circle ; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy  
A royal nobleness :—I must embrace thee ;  
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I  
Did hate thee, or thy father !

Edg. Worthy prince, I know 't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself ?  
How have you known the miseries of your father ?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale ;—  
And when 't is told, O, that my heart would burst !—  
The bloody proclamation to escape  
That follow'd me so near (O our lives' sweetness !  
That we the pain of death would hourly die,  
Rather than die at once !) taught me to shift  
Into a mad-man's rags ; to assume a semblance  
That very dogs disdain'd : and in this habit  
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,  
Their precious stones new lost ; became his guide,  
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair ;  
Never (O fault !) reveal'd myself unto him,  
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd ;  
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,  
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last  
Told him our pilgrimage : but his flaw'd heart,  
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support !)  
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,  
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,  
And shall, perchance, do good : but speak you on ;

You look as you had something more to say.

ALB. If there be more, more woful, hold it in ;  
For I am almost ready to dissolve,  
Hearing of this.

EDG. This would have seem'd a period  
To such as love not sorrow ; but another,  
To amplify too much, would make much more,  
And top extremity.  
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,  
Who, having seen me in my worse estate,  
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society ; but then, finding  
Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms  
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out  
As he 'd burst heaven ; threw him on my father ;  
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,  
That ever ear receiv'd : which in recounting  
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life  
Began to crack : Twice then the trumpet sounded,  
And there I left him tranc'd.

ALB. But who was this ?

EDG. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent ; who in disguise  
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service  
Improper for a slave.

*Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.*

GENT. Help ! help ! O help !

EDG. What kind of help ?

ALB. Speak, man.

EDG. What means this bloody knife ?

GENT. 'T is hot, it smokes ;

It came even from the heart of—O she's dead.

ALB. Who dead ? speak, man.

GENT. Your lady, sir, your lady : and her sister  
By her is poison'd ; she confesses it.

EDM. I was contracted to them both ; all three

*Enter KENT.*

O, is this he ?

The time will not allow the compliment,  
Which very manners urges.

KENT. I am come  
To bid my king and master aye good night ;  
Is he not here ?

ALB. Great thing of us forgot !—  
Speak, Edmund, where 's the king ; and where 's Cordelia ?—  
See'st thou this object, Kent ?

*[The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in.]*

KENT. Alack, why thus ?

EDM. Yet Edmund was belov'd :  
The one the other poison'd for my sake,  
And after slew herself.

ALB. Even so.—Cover their faces.

EDM. I pant for life : some good I mean to do,  
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—  
Be brief in it,—to the castle ; for my writ  
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia :—  
Nay, send in time.

ALB. Run, run, O run—

EDG. To who, my lord ?—Who has the office ? send  
Thy token of reprieve.

EDM. Well thought on ; take my sword,  
Give it the captain.

ALB. Haste thee, for thy life. *[Exit EDMUND.]*

EDM. He hath commission from thy wife and me  
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and  
To lay the blame upon her own despair,  
That she fordid herself.

*[Edmund looks back and then runs.]*

Had I your tongues and eyes I'd use them so  
That heaven's vault should crack :—She's gone for ever !—  
I know when one is dead, and when one lives ;  
She's dead as earth :—Lend me a looking-glass ;  
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why, then she lives.

KENT. Is this the promis'd end ?

EDG. Or image of that horror ?

ALB. Fall, and cease !

LEAR. This feather stirs ; she lives ! if it be so,  
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows  
That ever I have felt.

KENT. O my good master ! [Kneeling.]

LEAR. Prithce, away.

EDG. 'T is noble Kent, your friend.

LEAR. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all !  
I might have sav'd her ; now she's gone for ever !  
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha !

What is't thou say'st ?—Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low ; an excellent thing in woman :—  
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

OFF. 'T is true, my lords, he did.

LEAR. Did I not, fellow ?  
I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion  
I would have made them skip : I am old now,  
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you ?  
Mine eyes are not o' the best :—I'll tell you straight.

KENT. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,  
One of them we behold.

LEAR. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent ?

KENT. The same ;

Your servant Kent : Where is your servant Caius ?

LEAR. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that ;  
He'll strike, and quickly too : He's dead and rotten.

KENT. No, my good lord ; I am the very man ;—

LEAR. I'll see that straight.

KENT. That, from your first of difference and decay,  
Have follow'd your sad steps.

LEAR. You are welcome hither.

KENT. Nor no man else ; all 's cheerless, dark, and  
deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-done themselves,  
And desperately are dead.

LEAR. Ay, so I think.

ALB. He knows not what he says ; and vain it is  
That we present us to him.

EDG. Very bootless.

*Enter an Officer.*

OFF. Edmund is dead, my lord.

ALB. That 's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come

Shall be applied : For us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power :—You, to your rights ;

*[To EDGAR and KENT.]*

With boot, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see !

LEAR. And my poor fool is hang'd ! No, no, no life :

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,

And thou no breath at all ? Thou 'lt come no more.

Never, never, never, never, never !—

Pray you undo this button : Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this ? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—

Look there, look there !—

*[He dies.]*

EDG. He faints !—My lord, my lord,—

KENT. Break, heart ; I prithee, break !

EDG. Look up, my lord.

KENT. Vex not his ghost : O, let him pass ! he hates him

That would upon the rack of this rough world

Stretch him out longer.

EDG. He is gone, indeed.

KENT. The wonder is he hath endur'd so long :  
He but usurp'd his life.

ALB. Bear them from hence.—Our present business  
Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain  
[To KENT and EDGAR.  
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

KENT. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;  
My master calls me,—I must not say, no.

ALB. The weight of this sad time we must obey;  
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.  
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young  
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

*[Exeunt with a dead march]*

## VARIOUS READINGS.

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"It is no vicious blot, *nor other* foulness,  
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd *stoop*,  
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour."

ACT I., SC. 1.

The original copies read :—

"It is no vicious blot, *murther*, or  
foulness,  
No unchaste action or dishonour'd  
*step*."

The corrections are in Mr. Collier's folio. Mr. Collier says that "Cordelia could never contemplate that anybody would suspect her of murder." *Step*, Mr. Collier considers an insignificant word.

There is great plausibility in the change of "*murther*" to "*nor other*;" but we hesitate to adopt it. Without Cordelia supposing she might be charged with murder, it would be natural for her to enumerate such heinous offences as would have justified her father's great severity. The word "*murther*" has not presented a difficulty to any commentator before Mr. Collier's publication.

"The *knave* turns *fool* that runs away,  
The *fool* no *knave* perdy."—FOLIO OF 1623.

"The *fool* turns *knave* that runs away,  
'The *knave* no *fool* perdy."

JOHNSON, AND COLLIER'S FOLIO.

"The *fool* turns *knave* that runs away,  
The *fool* no *knave* perdy."—CAPELL. ACT II., SC. 4.

There is no doubt that the original does not express the meaning intended.

Capell's correction of one line is quite sufficient to retain the true meaning.

"Ask her forgiveness?"

Do you but mark how this becomes the *mouth* :

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old." ACT II., SC. 4.

The original has "becomes the *house*." Mr. Collier's corrected folio has *mouth*; and Mr. Collier asks, "What has 'the house' to do with it? They are talking outside Gloucester's castle, and not in, nor referring to, any habitation."

Capell long ago answered the question which Mr. Collier puts in such a prosaic form: "This is one of the lines that mark Shakspeare. *The house* is an expression worthy of his genius. Fathers are not the heads only of a house or family, but its representatives; they are *the house*."

## GLOSSARY.

### ADDITION. Act II., Sc. 2.

"If thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition."

*Addition*, in a legal document, is the particular description of an individual. The attempts of the commentators to explain the *addition* bestowed by Kent on the Steward are very unsatisfactory, and several, no doubt, are of the kind we now call *slang*.

### AROINT. Act III., Sc. 4.

"And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!"

*Aroint* is used here, and in 'Macbeth' (Act I., Sc. 3), by Shakspeare, and by no other old writer, nor is it found in any dictionary. Much dispute has arisen as to its exact meaning and derivation. The late Mr. Thomas Rodd enabled us to give the following happy explanation of it in the 'Pictorial Shakspeare,' which he there supported by many collateral reasons. He says "it is conjectured that it is a compound of *ar* or *aer*, and *hymt*: the first a very ancient word, common to the Greek and Gothic languages in the sense of *to go*; the second derived from the Gothic, and still in common use under the same form, and with the same meaning, *hint*, *behind*, &c., in English, and *hynt* or *hynt* in German." Hence the meaning is clearly, "Go or get behind me," as in the New Testament, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

### BALLOW. Act IV., Sc. 6.

"Whether your costard or my ballow be the harder."

Grose in his 'Provincial Glossary' gives *ballow* as the north-country word for pole. Edgar is speaking in the Somersetshire dialect.

### BANS. Act II., Sc. 3.

"Sometime with lunatic bans."

*Bans* are curses: to be under the ban of the Church was to be excluded from all religious rites.

### BEWRAY. Act II., Sc. 1.

"He did bewray his practice."

*Bewray* is to reveal, to disclose.

### BLOCK. Act IV., Sc. 6.

"This a good block!"

*Block* is Shakspeare's name for the stone used for a tomb.

conjectures that Lear takes his hat in his hand when he says, "I will preach to thee;" and, disliking the fashion, exclaims, "This a good block!" and then starts off, from the association, to shoeing the horses with felt.

**BOURN.** Act IV., Sc. 6.

"From the dread summit of this chalky bourn."

*Bourne*, from the French *borne*, is properly a boundary. In a previous passage,—

"Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,"

it is used for a rivulet, which is also a common meaning, and is the same as the Scottish *burn*, still in use. The "bosky bourn" in Milton's 'Comus' is well explained by Warton as a deep, winding, and narrow valley, with a rivulet at the bottom. Such a bourn is a boundary, because it is a natural division. But in the 'Winter's Tale' (Act I., Sc. 2), Shakspere uses *born* even more strictly as a boundary:—

"One that fixes  
No bourn 'twixt his and mine."

**BRACH.** Act I., Sc. 4.

"The lady brach may stand by the fire."

And Act III., Sc. 6,—

"Brach or lym."

See Glossary to 'Henry IV., Part II.'

**BROWN BILLS.** Act IV., Sc. 6.

"Bring up the brown bills."

*Brown bills*—bills for bill-men—were a class of infantry. Marlowe, in his 'Edward II.,' has—

"Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,  
Brown bills-and targetiers."

**CHARACTER.** Act II., Sc. 1.

"My very character."

*Character* is handwriting, used thus more than once by Shakspere. In 'As You Like It' (Act III., Sc. 2), we have—

"My thoughts I'll character."

**CLOTHIER'S YARD.** Act IV., Sc. 6.

**COMPACT.** Act II., Sc. 2.

"When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure."

*Compact* is used in the sense of in agreement with, in confederacy with.

**CONVEY.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"Convey the business as I shall find means."

*Convey* was frequently used in a bad sense; it here means to manage, to conduct.

**CROW-KEEPER.** Act IV., Sc. 6.

"That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper."

The rustic who kept crows from corn—one unpractised in the right use of the bow—was the *crow-keeper*.

**CURIOSITY.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"Curiosity in neither can make choice."

*Curiosity* is used in the sense of curious inquiry, exact scrutiny. In Scene 2, where Edmund speaks of the "curiosity of nations," the meaning is more that of *fastidiousness*.

**EACH.** Act IV., Sc. 6.

"Ten masts at each make not the altitude."

*Ten masts at each* may mean placed at the end of each other, and in this sense Voss and Schlegel translate it. Some, however, think *each* a typographical error for *reach*. We can find no other example of a similar use of *at each*, but the phrase conveys the meaning.

**ENRIDGED.** Act IV., Sc. 6.

"And wav'd like the enridged sea."

*Enridged*, which appears in the quarto, is a more poetical word than *enraged*, which is given in the folio. In 'Venus and Adonis,' Shakspere has the same idea:—

"Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,  
Whose *ridges* with the meeting clouds contend."

**ESSAY.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"As an essay or taste of my virtue."

FELL. Act V., Sc. 3.

"Flesh and fell."

*Fell* is the skin, usually applied to that of the sheep, whence *fellmonger*.

FLAW. Act II., Sc. 4.

"Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws."

It is suggested by Douce that in Shakspeare's time a *flaw* might signify a *fragment* as well as a *crack*; but it may also mean the *flaw* which is commonly called a *star* on glass, by which, though it is shivered, it does not immediately fall to pieces.

FORE-DONE. Act V., Sc. 3.

"Your eldest daughters have fore-done themselves."

*Fore-done*, from the Anglo-Saxon *fordon*, is destroyed. *For-dul* has been used previously by Edmund in this scene in the same sense.

GALLOW. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Gallow the very wanderers."

To *gallow* is to scare, to annoy.

GERMENS. Act III., Sc. 1.

"All germens spill at once."

See 'Macbeth.'

GONE. Act IV., Sc. 6.

"Gone, sir. Farewell."

Gloster has previously said to Edgar, "Go thou further off," and after bidding him farewell, Edgar says, "Gone, sir." Schlegel translates it in this sense, but in most modern editions the reading is—"Gone, sir?"

GOOD YEARS. Act V., Sc. 3.

"The good years shall devour them."

*Good years* is usually printed *goujeers*. See 'Much Ado about Nothing.'

HALCYON. Act II., Sc. 2.

"Turn their halcyon beaks."

which is *held*. "Thy tender-hafted nature" may thus be the nature which may be held by tenderness. Steevens says *hefted* here seems to mean the same as *heaved*, to which we cannot assent.

INTERESS'D. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Strive to be interest'd."

*Interest'd*, from the French *intéresser*, is also used by Ben Jonson and Massinger.

INTRINSE. Act II., Sc. 2.

"Which are too intrinse t' unloose."

*Intrinse* is closely tied.

LAUNCH'D. Act II., Sc. 1.

"Launch'd mine arm."

*Launch'd*, in the sense of *lanced*, is used also by Spenser and Dryden. In the 'Faerie Queene,' Book i., c. 4, we have—

"Since my breast was launch'd with lovely dart,"

and in Dryden's translation of Virgil's 'Georgics,' iii., "to launch the sore."

LIVING. Act I., Sc. 4.

"If I gave them all my living."

*My living* is all my estate, my means of living: an ecclesiastical benefice is called a *living*.

MAKES. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Election makes not up in such conditions."

*Makes up* is here to decide, make up one's mind, as we say now. Burgundy will not decide in such circumstances, on such condition.

MEINY. Act II., Sc. 4.

"They summon'd up their meiny."

*Meiny* is retinue, attendants, and hence we derive *menial*.

OLD. Act III., Sc. 4.

"Swithin footed thrice the old."

*Old* is here used, as has been done by Spelman and others. for *wold*.

OWEST. Act I., Sc. 4.

"Lend less than thou owest."

*Owest* was commonly used for *ownest* by our old writers.

PACKINGS. Act III., Sc. 1.

"Either in snuffs or packings."

*Packings* are intrigues; *snuffs* are dislikes, as in 'Henry IV., Part I., "took it in snuff."

PELTING. Act II., Sc. 3.

"Poor pelting villages."

*Pelting* is petty, of little worth. *Pelt* in Falconry was the dismembered carcase of a fowl.

PIGHT. Act II., Sc. 1.

"And found him pight to do it."

*Pight* is used by Chaucer for *pitched*, 'Knight's Tale,'—

"He pight him on the pommel of his head."

But in Phillips's 'World of Words,' one of the meanings given is *settled*, which is the sense here.

PLIGHTED. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides."

*Plighted* is *plaited* or *folded* in this sentence. Milton, in his 'History of England,' says, Boadicea wore "a plighted garment of many colours;" and in 'Comus,'

"And play i' the plighted clouds,"

it has the same meaning.

PRETENCE. Act I., Sc. 2.

"No other pretence of danger."

*Pretence* is purpose, intention.

PROMIS'D END. Act V., Sc. 3.

"Is this the promis'd end?"

The *promis'd end* is the end of the world foretold in Scripture.

The "image of that horror" is the same as "the great doom's image" of 'Macbeth' (Act II., Sc. 3).

QUEASY. Act II., Sc. 1.

"I have one thing, of a queasy question."

*Queasy* means generally sickishness, nausea; but *ticklish* seems here to give the clearer meaning. It has been explained as doubtful, uncertain.

RENEGE. Act II., Sc. 2.

"Renegue, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks."

*Renegue*, from the Latin *renego*, is to deny.

SESEY. Act III., Sc. 4.

"Dolphin my boy, boy, Sesity."

*Sesity* is probably the same word as the *sessæ* used by Christopher Sly in the 'Taming of the Shrew.' The sentence was most likely meant to be unintelligible, though attempts have been made to explain it.

SERVING-MAN. Act III., Sc. 4.

"A serving-man, proud in heart and mind."

A *serving-man* is not here meant as a menial, but is used in the same sense as a *servant* in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona':—

"Too low a mistress for so high a servant."

SIMULAR. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Thou simular of virtue."

*Simular*, a counterfeit, is here used as a noun, as it was by other writers before Shakspeare.

SIZES. Act II., Sc. 4.

"To scant my sizes."

*Sizes* are allowances. In a college at the present day a *Sizar* is one to whom certain portions or sizes are allowed.

SMUG. Act IV., Sc. 6.

"Like a smug bridegroom."

*Smug*, says Phillips, is spruce or neat.

SUITED. Act IV., Sc. 7.

"Be better suited."

*Suited* is clothed.

TAMING OF THE SHREW. Act III. Sc. 4.

VALIDITY. Act I., Sc. 1.

"No less in space, validity, and pleasure."

*Validity* is here used for value, worth.

WEB AND PIN. Act III., Sc. 4.

"He gives the web and the pin."

Florio, in his 'New World of Words' (1611), explains the Italian *catarratta*, as "a dimness of sight occasioned by humours hardened in the eyes, called a cataract, or a pin and a web," and Phillips says a *web* is "a pearl or spot in the eye."

WHER'. Act II., Sc. 1.

"I know not wher' he comes."

*Wher'* used for *wherefore*.

WHERE. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Thou locest here, a better where to find."

*Where* and *here* are used as nouns. In the 'Comedy of Errors' is a similar instance of the use of *where*. See Glossary. In Scene 2 it is used as *whereas*, a common practice, as the words were convertible.

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## PLOT AND CHARACTERS.

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THE story of 'Lear' belongs to the popular literature of Europe. It is a pretty episode in the fabulous chronicles of Britain; and whether invented by the monkish historians, or transplanted into our annals from some foreign source, is not very material. We subjoin the legend, as Shakspeare found it in Holinshed's Chronicle:—

"Leir, the son of Baldud, was admitted ruler over the Britains in the year of the world 3105. At what time Joas reigned as yet in Juda. This Leir was a Prince of noble demeanour, governing his land and subjects in great wealth. He made the town of Cairleir, now called Leicester, which standeth upon the river of Dore. It is writ that he had by his wife three daughters, without other issue, whose names were Gonorilla, Regan, and Cordilla, which daughters he

greatly loved, but especially the youngest, Cordilla, far above the two elder.

"When this Leir was come to great years, and began to wear unwieldy through age, he thought to understand the affections of his daughters towards him, and prefer her whom he best loved to the succession of the kingdom; therefore, he first asked Gonorilla, the eldest, how well she loved him: the which, calling her gods to record, protested that she loved him more than her own life, which by right and reason should be most dear unto her; with which answer the father, being well pleased, turned to the second, and demanded of her how well she loved him? which answered (confirming her sayings with great oaths) that she loved him more than tongue can express, and far above all other creatures in the world.

"Then called he his youngest daughter, Cordilla, before him, and asked of her what account she made of him: unto whom she made this answer as followeth:—Knowing the great love and fatherly zeal you have always borne towards me (for the which, that I may not answer you otherwise than I think, and as my conscience leadeth me), I protest to you that I have always loved you, and shall continually while I live love you, as my natural father; and if you would more understand of the love that I bear you, ascertain yourself, that so much as you have, so much you are worth, and so much I love you, and no more.

"The father, being nothing content with this answer, married the two eldest daughters, the one unto the duke of Cornwall, named Henninus, and the other unto the duke of Albania, called Maglanus; and betwixt them, after his death, he willed and ordained his land should be divided, and the one-half thereof should be immediately assigned unto them in hand; but for the third daughter, Cordilla, he reserved nothing.

"Yet it fortune that one of the princes of Gallia (which is now called France), whose name was Aganippus, hearing of the beauty, womanhood, and good conditions of the said Cordilla, desired to have her in marriage, and sent over to her father, requiring that he might have her to wife; to whom answer was made, that he might have his daughter,

but for any dowry he could have none, for all was promised and assured to her other sisters already.

"Aganippus, notwithstanding this answer of denial to receive anything by way of dower with Cordilla, took her to wife, only moved thereto (I say) for respect of her person and amiable virtues. This Aganippus was one of the twelve kings that ruled Gallia in those days, as in the British history it is recorded. But to proceed: after that Leir was fallen into age, the two dukes that had married his two eldest daughters, thinking it long ere the government of the land did come to their hands, arose against him in armour, and reft from him the governance of the land, upon conditions to be continued for term of life: by the which he was put to his portion; that is, to live after a rate assigned to him for the maintenance of his estate, which in process of time was diminished, as well by Maglanus as by Henninus.

"But the greatest grief that Leir took was to see the unkindness of his daughters, who seemed to think that all was too much which their father had, the same being never so little, in so much that, going from the one to the other, he was brought to that misery that they would allow him only one servant to wait upon him. In the end, such was the unkindness, or, as I may say, the unpaturalness, which he found in his two daughters, notwithstanding their fair and pleasant words uttered in time past,<sup>a</sup> that, being constrained of necessity, he fled the land, and sailed into Gallia, there to seek some comfort of his youngest daughter, Cordilla, whom before he hated.

"The lady Cordilla, hearing he was arrived in poor estate, she first sent to him privately a sum of money to apparel himself withall, and to retain a certain number of servants, that might attend upon him in honourable wise, as apper-

his other daughters, Aganippus caused a mighty army to be put in readiness, and likewise a great navy of ships to be rigged, to pass over into Britain, with Leir his father-in-law, to see him again restored to his kingdom.

"It was accorded that Cordilla should also go with him to take possession of the land, the which he promised to leave unto her, as his rightful inheritor after his decease, notwithstanding any former grants made unto her sisters, or unto their husbands, in any manner or wise; hereupon, when this army and navy of ships were ready, Leir and his daughter Cordilla, with her husband, took the sea, and, arriving in Britain, fought with their enemies, and discomfited them in battle, in the which Maglanus and Henninus were slain, and then was Leir restored to his kingdom, which he ruled after this by the space of two years, and then died, forty years after he first began to reign. His body was buried at Leicester, in a vault under the channel of the river Dore, beneath the town."

Shelley, in his eloquent 'Defence of Poetry,' published in his 'Posthumous Essays,' &c., has stated the grounds for his belief that the 'Lear' of Shakspeare may sustain a comparison with the master-pieces of the Greek tragedy. "The modern practice of blending comedy with tragedy, though liable to great abuse in point of practice, is undoubtedly an extension of the dramatic circle; but the comedy should be as in 'King Lear,' universal, ideal, and sublime. It is, perhaps, the intervention of this principle which determines the balance in favour of 'King Lear' against the 'Œdipus Tyrannus' or the 'Agamemnon,' or, if you will, the trilogies with which they are connected; unless the intense power of the choral poetry, especially that of the latter, should be considered as restoring the equilibrium. 'King Lear,' if it can sustain that comparison, may be judged to be the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art existing in the world." We now understand 'King Lear' in this spirit. In the last century, Nahum Tate, whose 'Lear' held possession of the stage to our own times, was not laughed at when he said, of the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art existing in the world—"It is a heap of jewels, unstrung and unpolished, yet so dazzling in their disorder that I soon perceived I had



# OTHELLO.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

DUKE OF VENICE.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3.

BRABANTIO, a senator; father to Desdemona.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

Two other Senators.

*Appear*, Act I. sc. 3.

GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

OTHELLO, the Moor.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

CASSIO, lieutenant to Othello.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

IAGO, ancient to Othello.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.

*DESDEMONA, wife to Othello.*

*Appears,* Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 4.  
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

*EMILIA, wife to Iago.*

*Appears,* Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.  
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

*BIANCA, a courtesan.*

*Appears,* Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

SCENE,—FOR THE FIRST ACT, IN VENICE; DURING THE REST OF THE PLAY,  
AT A SEA-PORT IN CYPRUS.

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On the 6th of October, 1621, Thomas Walkley entered at Stationers' Hall, 'The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice.' In 1622 Walkley published the edition for which he had thus claimed the copyright. It is, as was usual with the separate plays, a small quarto. It is by no means certain to our minds that Walkley's edition was published before the folio. The usual date of that edition is 1623; but there is a copy in existence bearing the date of 1622. We have, however, no doubt that the copy of 'Othello' in the folio was printed from a manuscript copy, without reference to the quarto. The folio edition is regularly divided into acts and scenes; the quarto edition has not a single indication of any subdivision in the acts, and omits the division between Acts II. and III. The folio edition contains 163 lines which are not found in the quarto, and these some of the most striking in the play: the number of lines found in the quarto which are not in the folio do not amount to ten. The quarto, then, has not the merit of being the fuller copy. Believing the folio to be the more genuine copy, our text, for the most part, follows that authority. There is a quarto edition of 1630, which differs, in some readings, from both of the previous editions.

# OTHELLO.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.*

ROD. Never tell me, I take it much unkindly  
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse  
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

IAGO. But you 'll not hear me. If ever I did dream  
Of such a matter, abhor me.

ROD. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

IAGO. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the  
city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,  
Off-capp'd to him : and, by the faith of man,  
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place :  
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,  
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,  
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war ;  
And, in conclusion,

Nonsuits my mediators. For, certes, says he,  
I have already chose my officer.

And what was he ?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,

One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife,

That never set à squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows

More than a spinster ; unless the bookish theorick,

Wherein the toged consuls can propose

As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice,

Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election :  
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof  
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds  
Christen'd and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd  
By debtor and creditor : this counter-caster,  
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,  
And I,—bless the mark ! his Moor-ship's ancient.

ROD. By Heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

IAGO. Why, there's no remedy, 't is the curse of service ;  
Preferment goes by letter and affection,  
And not by old gradation, where each second  
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,  
Whether I in any just term am affin'd  
To love the Moor.

ROD. I would not follow him then.

IAGO. O sir, content you ;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him :  
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark  
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,  
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,  
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,  
For nought but provender ; and when he's old, cashier'd ;  
Whip me such honest knaves : Others there are  
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;  
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,  
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their  
coats,

Do themselves homage : these fellows have some soul ;  
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,  
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,  
Were I the Moor I would not be Iago.  
In following him I follow but myself ;  
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,  
But seeming so, for my peculiar end ;  
For when my outward action doth demonstrate  
The native act and figure of my heart  
In complement extern, 't is not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For daws to peck at : I am not what I am. /

ROD. What a full fortune does the Thicklips owe,  
If he can carry 't thus !

IAGO. Call up her father,  
Rouse him : make after him, poison his delight,  
Proclaim him in the streets ; incense her kinsmen,  
And though he in a fertile climate dwell,  
Plague him with flies : though that his joy be joy,  
Yet throw such chances of vexation on 't,  
As it may lose some colour.

ROD. Here is her father's house ; I 'll call aloud.

IAGO. Do ; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,  
As when (by night and negligence) the fire  
Is spied in populous cities.

ROD. What, ho ! Brabantio ! signior Brabantio, ho !

IAGO. Awake ; what, ho ! Brabantio ! thieves ! thieves !  
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags !  
Thieves ! thieves !

BRABANTIO, *above*.

BRA. What is the reason of this terrible summons ?  
What is the matter there ?

ROD. Signior, is all your family within ?

IAGO. Are your doors lock'd ?

BRA. Why ? wherefore ask you this ?

IAGO. Sir, you are robb'd ; for shame put on your gown ;  
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul ;  
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram  
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise ;  
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,  
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you :  
Arise, I say.

BRA. What, have you lost your wits ?

ROD. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice ?

BRA. Not I ; what are you ?

ROD. My name is Roderigo.

BRA. The worser welcome :  
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors :  
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say  
My daughter is not for thee ; and now, in madness,

(Being full of supper and distempering draughts,)  
Upon malicious knavery, dost thou come  
To start my quiet.

ROD. Sir, sir, sir,—

BRA. But thou must needs be sure,  
My spirit and my place have in their power  
To make this bitter to thee.

ROD. Patience, good sir.

BRA. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;  
My house is not a grange.

ROD. Most grave Brabantio,  
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

IAGO. Sir, you are one of those that will not serve God,  
(if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service,  
and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter  
covered with a barbarity horse: you'll have your nephews  
neigh to you: you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets  
for germans.

BRA. What profane wretch art thou?

IAGO. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter  
and the Moor are making the beast with two backs.

BRA. Thou art a villain.

IAGO. You are a senator.

BRA. This thou shalt answer. I know thee, Roderigo.

ROD. Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,  
If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,  
(As partly I find it is,) that your fair daughter,  
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,  
Transported with no worse nor better guard,  
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,  
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:  
If this be known to you, and your allowance,  
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;  
But if you know not this, my manners tell me  
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe  
That, from the sense of all civility,  
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:  
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—  
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;  
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,

In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,  
Of here and every where : Straight satisfy yourself :  
If she be in her chamber, or your house,  
Let loose on me the justice of the state  
For thus deluding you.

BRA. Strike on the tinder, ho !  
Give me a taper ; call up all my people :  
This accident is not unlike my dream ;  
Belief of it oppresses me already :  
Light, I say ! light !

*[Exit from above.]*

IAGO. Farewell ; for I must leave you :  
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,  
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)  
Against the Moor : For, I do know, the state  
(However this may gall him with some check)  
Cannot with safety cast him. For he's embark'd  
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,  
(Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls,  
Another of his fathom they have none  
To lead their business : in which regard,  
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,  
Yet, for necessity of present life,  
I must show out a flag and sign of love,  
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,  
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search ;  
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

*[Exit.]*

*Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.*

BRA. It is too true an evil : gone she is ;  
And what's to come of my despised time  
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,  
Where didst thou see her ?—O, unhappy girl !—  
With the Moor, say'st thou ?—Who would be a father ?—  
How didst thou know 't was she ?—O, she deceives me  
Past thought !—What said she to you ?—Get more tapers ;  
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you ?

ROD. Truly, I think they are.

BRA. O heaven ! How got she out ?—O treason of the  
blood !—  
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds

By what you see them act.—Are there not charms  
By which the property of youth and maidhood  
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,  
Of some such thing?

ROD. Yes, sir; I have indeed.

BRA. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—  
Some one way, some another.—Do you know  
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

ROD. I think I can discover him, if you please  
To get good guard, and go along with me.

BRA. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;  
I may command at most;—Get weapons, ho!  
And raise some special officers of night.—

On, good Roderigo. I will deserve your pains. [Exeunt

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches.*

IAGO. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,  
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,  
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity,  
Sometime to do me service: Nine or ten times  
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

OTH. 'T is better as it is.

IAGO. Nay, but he prated,  
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
Against your honour,  
That, with the little godliness I have,  
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,  
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,  
That the magnifico is much belov'd,  
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential,  
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;  
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance  
The law (with all his might to enforce it on)  
Will give him cable.

OTH. Let him do his spite:  
My services, which I have done the signiory,  
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to know,  
(Which when I know that boasting is an honour  
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being

From men of royal siege ; and my demerits  
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune  
As this that I have reach'd : For know, Iago,  
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my unhoused free condition  
Put into circumscription and confine  
For the sea's worth. But, look ! what lights come yond ?

*Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain Officers with torches.*

IAGO. Those are the raised father and his friends :  
You were best go in.

OTH. Not I : I must be found ;  
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,  
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

IAGO. By Janus, I think no.

OTH. The servants of the duke ; and my lieutenant.  
The goodness of the night upon you, friends !  
What is the news ?

CAS. The duke does greet you, general ;  
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,  
Even on the instant.

OTH. What is the matter, think you ?

CAS. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine :  
It is a business of some heat. The galleys  
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
This very night, at one another's heels ;  
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,  
Are at the duke's already : You have been hotly call'd for ;  
When, being not at your lodging to be found,  
The senate hath sent about three several quests,  
To search you out.

OTH. 'T is well I am found by you.  
I will but spend a word here in the house,  
And go with you.

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

IAGO. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

OTH. Have with you.

CAS. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with torches.*

IAGO. It is Brabantio :—general, be advis'd ;  
He comes to bad intent.

OTH. Hola ! stand there !

ROD. Signior, it is the Moor.

BRA. Down with him, thief !

*[They draw on both sides.]*

IAGO. You, Roderigo ! Come, sir, I am for you.

OTH. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust  
them.

Good signior, you shall more command with years  
Than with your weapons.

BRA. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter !  
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her :  
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,  
(If she in chains of magic were not bound,)   
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,  
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd  
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,  
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,  
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom  
Of such a thing as thou,—to fear, not to delight.  
Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense,  
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms ;  
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,  
That weaken motion :—I'll have it disputed on ;  
'T is probable, and palpable to thinking.  
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,  
For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant :  
Lay hold upon him ; if he do resist,  
Subdue him at his peril.

OTH. Hold your hands,  
Both you of my inclining, and the rest :

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it  
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go  
To answer this your charge?

BRA. To prison: till fit time  
Of law, and course of direct session,  
Call thee to answer.

OTH. What if I do obey?  
How may the duke be therewith satisfied;  
Whose messengers are here about my side,  
Upon some present business of the state,  
To bring me to him?

OFF. 'T is true, most worthy signior,  
The duke's in council; and your noble self,  
I am sure is sent for.

BRA. How! the duke in council?  
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:  
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,  
Or any of my brothers of the state,  
Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own:  
(For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Council Chamber.*

*The DUKE and Senators, sitting; Officers attending.*

DUKE. There is no composition in these news,  
That gives them credit.

1 SEN. Indeed, they are disproportion'd;  
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

DUKE. And mine, a hundred forty.

2 SEN. And mine, two hundred.  
But though they jump not on a just account,  
(As in these cases where the aim reports,

*Enter Sailor.*

OFF. A messenger from the galleys.

DUKE. Now? what's the business?

SAIL. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;  
So was I bid report here to the state,  
By signior Angelo.

DUKE. How say you by this change?

1 SEN. This cannot be,  
By no assay of reason; 't is a pageant,  
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider  
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;  
And let ourselves again but understand  
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,  
So may he with more facile question bear it,  
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,  
But altogether lacks the abilities  
That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this,  
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,  
To leave that latest which concerns him first,  
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,  
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

DUKE. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

OFF. Here is more news.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,  
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,  
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1 SEN. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you guess?

MESS. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem  
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance  
Their purposes towards Cyprus. Signior Montano,  
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,  
With his free duty, recommends you thus,  
And prays you to believe him.

DUKE. 'T is certain then for Cyprus.  
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

1 SEN. He's now in Florence.

DUKE. Write from us to him, post—post-haste, despatch.

1 SEN. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers.*

DUKE. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you  
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

I did not see you ; welcome, gentle signior : [*To BRABANTIO.*  
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

BRA. So did I yours : Good your grace, pardon me ;  
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,  
Hath rais'd me from my bed ; nor doth the general care  
Take hold on me ; for my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,  
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,  
And it is still itself.

DUKE. Why, what 's the matter ?

BRA. My daughter ! O, my daughter !

SEN. Dead ?

BRA. Ay, to me ;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted  
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks :  
For nature so preposterously to err,  
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,  
Sans witchcraft could not—

DUKE. Whose'er he be, that in this foul proceeding  
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,  
And you of her, the bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,  
After your own sense ; yea, though our proper son  
Stood in your action.

BRA. Humbly I thank your grace.  
Here is the man, this Moor ; whom now, it seems,  
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,  
Hath hither brought.

ALL. We are very sorry for 't.

DUKE. What, in your own part, can you say to this ?

[*To OTHELLO.*

BRA. Nothing, but this is so.

OTH. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—

That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace ;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd  
Their dearest action in the tented field ;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle ;  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
In speaking for myself : Yet, by your gracious patience,  
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love : what drugs, what charms,  
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,  
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)  
I won his daughter.

BRA. A maiden never bold ;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at herself : And she, in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,  
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on !  
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,  
That will confess perfection so could err  
Against all rules of nature ; and must be driven  
To find out practices of cunning hell,  
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,  
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,  
He wrought upon her.

DUKE. To vouch this is no proof ;  
Without more wider and more overt test,  
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods  
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

I SEN. But, Othello, speak :  
Did you by indirect and forced courses  
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ?  
Or came it by request, and such fair question  
As soul to soul affordeth ?

OTH. I do beseech you,

Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
And let her speak of me before her father :  
If you do find me foul in her report,  
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,  
Not only take away, but let your sentence  
Even fall upon my life.

DUKE. Fetch Desdemona hither.

OTH. Ancient, conduct them : you best know the place.

*[Exeunt Iago and Attendants.]*

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I 'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

DUKE. Say it, Othello.

OTH. Her father lov'd me ; oft invited me ;  
Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year : the battles, sieges, fortune,  
That I have pass'd.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.  
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances ;  
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe  
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,  
And portance. In my traveller's history,  
(Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,  
It was my hint to speak,) such was my process ;—  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline :  
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;  
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse : Which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,

That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not intentively : I did consent ;  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :  
She swore,—In faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange ;  
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful :  
She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd  
That heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd me ;  
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake :  
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd ;  
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd ;  
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

*Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.*

DUKE. I think this tale would win my daughter too.  
Good Brabantio,  
Take up this mangled matter at the best :  
Men do their broken weapons rather use,  
Than their bare hands.

BRA. I pray you, hear her speak ;  
If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
Destruction on my head if my bad blame  
Light on the man !—Come hither, gentle mistress ;  
Do you perceive in all this noble company  
Where most you owe obedience ?

DES. My noble father,  
I do perceive here a divided duty :  
To you, I am bound for life and education ;  
My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty ;—  
I am hitherto your daughter : But here's my husband ;  
And so much duty as my mother show'd  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess

Due to the Moor, my lord.

BRA. God be with you !—I have done :—  
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs ;  
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.  
Come hither, Moor :

( I here do give thee that with all my heart,  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart )  
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,  
I am glad at soul I have no other child ;  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

DUKE. Let me speak like yourself ; and lay a sentence,  
Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers.  
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.  
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,  
Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief ;  
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

BRA. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ;  
We lose it not so long as we can smile.  
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears  
But the free comfort which from thence he hears :  
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow  
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.  
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :  
But words are words ; I never yet did hear  
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.  
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

DUKE. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes  
for Cyprus :—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best  
known to you : And though we have there a substitute of  
most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a more sovereign  
mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you : you  
must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new  
fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

OTH. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,

Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agnize  
A natural and prompt alacrity  
I find in hardness ; and do undertake  
These present wars against the Ottomites.  
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,  
I crave fit disposition for my wife ;  
Due reference of place, and exhibition ;  
With such accommodation, and besort,  
As levels with her breeding.

DUKE. Why ; at her father's.

BRA. I will not have it so.

OTH. Nor I.

DES. Nor I. I would not there reside,  
To put my father in impatient thoughts,  
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,  
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear ;  
And let me find a charter in your voice  
To assist my simpleness.

DUKE. What would you, Desdemona ?

DES. That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
My downright violence and storm of fortunes  
May trumpet to the world : my heart 's subdued  
Even to the very quality of my lord :  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;  
And to his honours and his valiant parts  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.  
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
The rights for why I love him are bereft me,  
And I a heavy interim shall support  
By his dear absence : Let me go with him.

OTH. Let her have your voice.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,  
To please the palate of my appetite ;  
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects

When she is with me : No, when light-wing'd toys  
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness  
My speculative and offic'd instrument,  
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,  
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,  
And all indign and base adversities  
Make head against my estimation.

DUKE. Be it as you shall privately determine,  
Either for her stay or going : the affair cries haste,  
And speed must answer it.

SEN. You must away to-night.

OTH. With all my heart.

DUKE. At nine i' the morning here we 'll meet again.  
Othello, leave some officer behind,  
And he shall our commission bring to you ;  
And such things else of quality and respect  
As doth import you.

OTH. So please your grace, my ancient ;  
A man he is of honesty and trust :  
To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
With what else needful your good grace shall think  
To be sent after me.

DUKE. Let it be so.  
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,

[To BRABANTIO.]

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,  
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 SEN. Adieu, brave Moor ! use Desdemona well.

BRA. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see ;  
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c.]

OTH. My life upon her faith ! Honest Iago,  
My Desdemona must I leave to thee ;  
I prithee let thy wife attend on her ;  
And bring them after in the best advantage.  
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour

IAGO. What say'st thou, noble heart ?

ROD. What will I do, think'st thou ?

IAGO. Why, go to bed and sleep.

ROD. I will incontinently drown myself.

IAGO. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman !

ROD. It is silliness to live when to live is torment : and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

IAGO. O villainous ! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years ; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

ROD. What should I do ? I confess it is my shame to be so fond ; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

IAGO. Virtue ? a fig ! 't is in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens ; to the which our wills are gardeners : so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce ; set hyssop, and weed up thyme ; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many ; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry ; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions : But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts ; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or scion.

ROD. It cannot be.

IAGO. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man : Drown thyself ? drown cats

his to her : it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration ;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills ;—fill thy purse with money : the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth : when she is sated with his body she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst : If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her ; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself ! it is clean out of the way : seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

ROD. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue ?

IAGO. Thou art sure of me ;—Go, make money : I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor : my cause is hearted ; thine hath no less reason : Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him : if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse ; go ; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

ROD. Where shall we meet i' the morning ?

IAGO. At my lodging.

ROD. I'll be with thee betimes.

IAGO. Go to ; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo ?

ROD. What say you ?

IAGO. No more of drowning, do you hear ?

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,  
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well ;  
The better shall my purpose work on him.  
Cassio 's a proper man : Let me see now ;  
To get his place, and to plume up my will ;  
In double knavery,—How? how?—Let 's see :—  
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear  
That he is too familiar with his wife :  
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,  
To be suspected ; fram'd to make women false.  
The Moor is of a free and open nature,  
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so ;  
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,  
As asses are.  
I have 't ;—it is engender'd :—'Hell and night  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit*

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.*

*Enter* MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.

MON. What from the cape can you discern at sea ?

1 GENT. Nothing at all : it is a high-wrought flood ;  
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main,  
Descry a sail.

MON. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land ;  
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements :  
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,  
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,  
Can hold the mortise ? what shall we hear of this ?

2 GENT. A segregation of the Turkish fleet :  
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,  
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds ;  
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,  
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole :  
I never did like molestation view  
On the enchaſed flood.

**Mon.** If that the Turkish fleet  
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd ;  
It is impossible to bear it out.

*Enter a Third Gentleman.*

**3 GENT.** News, lads ! our wars are done :  
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,  
That their designment halts : A noble ship of Venice  
Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance  
On most part of their fleet.

MON. How ! is this true ?

**3 GENT.** The ship is here put in,  
**A Veronessa :** Michael Cassio,  
 Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,  
 Is come on shore : the Moor himself 's at sea,  
 And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

MON. I am glad on 't; 't is a worthy governor.

3 GENT. But this same Cassio,—though he speak of  
comfort,  
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,  
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted  
With foul and violent tempest.

MON. Pray heaven he be ;  
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands  
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side,—ho !  
As well to see the vessel that 's come in  
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello ;  
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,  
An indistinct regard.

Give him defence against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

MON. Is he well shipp'd?

CAS. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot  
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;  
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,  
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

*Enter another Gentleman.*

CAS. What noise?

4 GENT. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea  
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

CAS. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

2 GENT. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:

[*Guns heard.*]

Our friends, at least.

CAS. I pray you, sir, go forth,  
And give us truth who 't is that is arriv'd.

2 GENT. I shall.

[*Exit.*]

MON. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

CAS. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid  
That paragon's description and wild fame;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And in the essential vesture of creation  
Does tire the ingener.—How now? who has put in?

*Re-enter Second Gentleman.*

2 GENT. 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

CAS. He has had most favourable and happy speed:  
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,  
Traitors ensteep'd to enclog the guiltless keel,  
As having sense of beauty do omit  
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

MON. What is she?

CAS. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,  
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,

A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,  
 And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath  
 That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
 Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,  
 Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,  
 And bring all Cyprus comfort !—O, behold,

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore !  
 You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees :  
 Hail to thee, lady ! and the grace of heaven,  
 Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
 Enwheel thee round !

DES. I thank you, valiant Cassio.  
 What tidings can you tell me of my lord ?

CAS. He is not yet arriv'd ; nor know I aught  
 But that he 's well, and will be shortly here.

DES. O, but I fear—How lost you company ?

CAS. The great contention of the sea and skies  
 Parted our fellowship : But hark ! a sail.

*[Cry within, A sail ! a sail ! Then guns heard.]*

2 GENT. They give their greeting to the citadel ;  
 This likewise is a friend.

CAS. See for the news. *[Exit Gentleman.]*  
 Good ancient, you are welcome ;—Welcome, mistress :—

*[To EMILIA.]*

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,  
 That I extend my manners ; 't is my breeding  
 That gives me this bold show of courtesy. *[Kissing her.]*

IAGO. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips  
 As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
 You 'd have enough.

DES. Alas, she has no speech.

IAGO. In faith, too much ;  
 I find it still when I have list to sleep :  
 Marry, before your ladyship, I grant  
 She puts her tongue a little in her heart,  
 And chides with thinking.

EMIL. You have little cause to say so.

IAGO. Come on, come on : you are pictures out of door ;

Bells in your parlours ; wild cats in your kitchens ;  
Saints in your injuries ; devils being offended ;  
Players in your huswifery ; and huswives in your beds.

DES. O, fie upon thee, slanderer !

IAGO. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk ;  
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

EMIL. You shall not write my praise.

IAGO. No, let me not.

DES. What wouldst write of me if thou shouldst praise me !

IAGO. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't ;  
For I am nothing if not critical.

DES. Come on, assay :—There 's one gone to the harbour !

IAGO. Ay, madam.

DES. I am not merry ; but I do beguile  
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

Come, how wouldst thou praise me ?

IAGO. I am about it ; but, indeed, my invention  
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,—  
It plucks out brains and all : But my muse labours,  
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,  
The one 's for use, the other useth it.

DES. Well prais'd ! How if she be black and witty ?

IAGO. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,  
She 'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

DES. Worse and worse.

EMIL. How, if fair and foolish ?

IAGO. She never yet was foolish that was fair  
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

DES. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i'  
the alchouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that 's  
foul and foolish ?

IAGO. There 's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,  
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

DES. O heavy ignorance !—thou praisest the worst best.  
But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman  
indeed ? one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly  
put on the vouch of very malice itself ?

IAGO. She that was ever fair, and never proud ;  
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud ;

Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay ;  
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—now I may ;  
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly ;  
She that in wisdom never was so frail,  
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail ;  
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,  
See suitors following, and not look behind ;  
She was a wight, if ever such wights were,

DES. To do what ?

IAGO. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

DES. O most lame and impotent conclusion !—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio ? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor ?

CAS. He speaks home, madam ; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

IAGO. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm : Ay, well said, whisper : with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do ; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true ; 't is so, indeed : if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good ! well kissed, and excellent courtesy ! 't is so indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips ? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake !—[*Trumpet.*] The Moor, I know his trumpet.

CAS. 'T is truly so.

DES. Let 's meet him, and receive him.

CAS. Lo, where he comes !

*Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.*

OTH. O my fair warrior !

DES. My dear Othello !

OTH. It gives me wonder great as my content,  
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy !  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death !  
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,  
Olympus-high ; and duck again as low

As hell 's from heaven ! If it were now to die,  
'T were now to be most happy ; for, I fear  
My soul hath her content so absolute,  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

DES.                               The heavens forbid  
But that our loves and comforts should increase,  
Even as our days do grow !

OTH.                               Amen to that, sweet powers !—  
I cannot speak enough of this content,  
It stops me here ; it is too much of joy ;  
And this, and this, the greatest discords be       *[Kissing her.]*  
That e'er our hearts shall make !

IAGO.                               O, you are well tun'd now !  
But I 'll set down the pegs that make this music,  
As honest as I am.                               *[Aside.]*

OTH.                               Come ; let us to the castle.—  
News, friends ; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.  
How does my old acquaintance of this isle ?  
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,  
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,  
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote  
In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago,  
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers :  
Bring thou the master to the citadel ;  
He is a good one, and his worthiness  
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,  
Once more well met at Cyprus.

*[Exeunt OTHELLO, DESD., and Attend.]*

IAGO. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come  
thither. If thou be'st valiant, (as they say, base men being  
in love have then a rebellion in their natures more than in

think it. Her eye must be fed ; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil ? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour ; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties ; all which the Moor is defective in : Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor ; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does ;—a knave very voluble ; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection ? why, none ; why, none : A slipper and subtle knave ; a finder of occasions : that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself : A devilish knave ! besides, the knave is handsome, young ; and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after : A pestilent complete knave ; and the woman hath found him already.

ROD. I cannot believe that in her ; she is full of most blessed condition.

IAGO. Blessed fig's end ! the wine she drinks is made of grapes : if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor : Blessed pudding ! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand ? didst not mark that ?

ROD. Yes, that I did ; but that was but courtesy.

IAGO. Lechery, by this hand ; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together.

or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

ROD. Well.

IAGO. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, may strike at you. Provoke him that he may: for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

ROD. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

IAGO. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

ROD. Adieu.

[Exit

IAGO. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit: The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not— Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin,) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards; And nothing can or shall content my soul, Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife; Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,— If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the right garb,— For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too; Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me. For making him egregiously an ass,

And practising upon his peace and quiet  
Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confus'd ;  
( Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

*Enter a Herald, with a proclamation ; People following.*

HER. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph : some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him ; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial : So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open ; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.*

OTH. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night :  
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,  
Not to out-sport discretion.

CAS. Iago hath direction what to do ;  
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye  
Will I look to 't.

OTH. Iago is most honest.  
Michael, good night : To-morrow, with your earliest,  
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,  
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ; [*To DESDEMONA.*  
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.—  
Good night. [*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attend.*

*Enter IAGO.*

CAS. Welcome, Iago : We must to the watch.

IAGO. Not this hour, lieutenant ; 't is not yet ten o' th' clock : Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, whom let us not therefore blame : he hath not yet made wanton the night with her ; and she is sport for Jove.

CAS. She's a most exquisite lady.

IAGO. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

CAS. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

IAGO. What an eye she has ! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

CAS. An inviting eye ; and yet methinks right modest.

IAGO. And when she speaks is it not an alarum to love ?

CAS. She is, indeed, perfection.

IAGO. Well, happiness to their sheets ! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine : and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

CAS. Not to-night, good Iago ; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking : I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

IAGO. O, they are our friends ; but one cup ; I'll drink for you.

CAS. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too,—and, behold, what innovation it makes here : I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

IAGO. What, man ! 't is a night of revels ; the gallants desire it.

CAS. Where are they ?

IAGO. Here at the door ; I pray you call them in.

CAS. I'll do 't ; but it dislikes me. [Exit CASSIO.]

IAGO. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,  
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,  
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence  
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,  
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out,

If consequence do but approve my dream,  
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Gentlemen.*

CAS. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

MON. Good faith, a little one ; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

IAGO. Some wine, hoa !

And let me the canakin clink, clink, [Sings.

And let me the canakin clink :

A soldier's a man ; O man's life's but a span ;

Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys !

[Wine brought in.

CAS. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

IAGO. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting : your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink hoa !—are nothing to your English.

CAS. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking ?

IAGO. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk ; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain ; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

CAS. To the health of our general.

MON. I am for it, lieutenant ; and I'll do you justice.

IAGO. O sweet England !

King Stephen was a worthy peer,  
His breeches cost him but a crown ;  
He held them sixpence all too dear,  
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,  
And thou art but of low degree :  
'T is pride that pulls the country down,  
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, hoa !

CAS. Why this is a more exquisite song than the other.

IAGO. Will you hear 't again ?

CAS. No ; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that

does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

IAGO. It's true, good lieutenant.

CAS. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

IAGO. And so do I too, lieutenant.

CAS. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this: let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk;—this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

ALL. Excellent well.

CAS. Why, very well then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.]

MON. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

IAGO. You see this fellow that is gone before;—  
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar  
And give direction: and do but see his vice;  
'T is to his virtue a just equinox,  
The one as long as the other: 't is pity of him.  
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,  
On some odd time of his infirmity,  
Will shake this island.

MON. But is he often thus?

IAGO. 'T is evermore his prologue to his sleep:  
He'll watch the horologe a double set,  
If drink rock not his cradle.

MON. It were well  
The general were put in mind of it.  
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature  
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,  
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

*Enter RODERIGO.*

IAGO. How now, Roderigo?  
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[Aside.]  
[Exit RODERIGO.]

MON. And 't is great pity, that the noble Moor  
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,  
With one of an ingraft infirmity :  
It were an honest action, to say so  
To the Moor.

IAGO. Not I, for this fair island :  
I do love Cassio well, and would do much  
To cure him of this evil. But hark ! what noise ?

*Enter CASSIO, pursuing RODERIGO.*

CAS. You rogue ! you rascal !

MON. What 's the matter, lieutenant ?

CAS. A knave !—teach me my duty !  
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

ROD. Beat me !

CAS. Dost thou prate, rogue ? [*Striking ROD.*

MON. Nay, good lieutenant ;  
[*Staying him.*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

CAS. Let me go, sir,  
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

MON. Come, come, you 're drunk.

CAS. Drunk ! [*They fight.*

IAGO. Away, I say ! go out, and cry—a mutiny.

[*Aside to RODERIGO, who goes out.*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—

Help, hoa !—Lieutenant,—sir Montano,—

Help, masters !—Here's a goodly watch, indeed ! [*Bell rings.*

Who's that which rings the bell ?—Diablo, hoa !

The town will rise : Fie, fie, lieutenant ! hold ;

You 'll be asham'd for ever.

*Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.*

OTH. What is the matter here ?

MON. I bleed still ; I am hurt to the death.—He dies—

OTH. Hold. for your lives.

OTH. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?  
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that  
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?  
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:  
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,  
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.  
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle  
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—  
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,  
Speak, who began this? on thy love I charge thee.

IAGO. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,  
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom  
Devesting them for bed: and then, but now,  
(As if some planet had unwitting men,)  
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast  
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak  
Any beginning to this peevish odds;  
And 'would in action glorious I had lost  
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

OTH. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

CAS. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

OTH. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be civil;  
The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted, and your name is great  
In mouths of wisest censure: What's the matter  
That you unlace your reputation thus,  
And spend your rich opinion, for the name  
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

MON. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;  
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—  
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—  
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught  
By me that's said or done amiss this night;  
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,  
And to defend ourselves it be a sin  
When violence assails us.

OTH. Now, by heaven,  
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;  
And passion, having my best judgment call'd

Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on ;  
And he that is approv'd in this offence,  
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,  
Shall loose me.—What ! in a town of war,  
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
To manage private and domestic quarrel,  
In night, and on the court and guard of safety !  
'T is monstrous.—Iago, who began 't ?

MON. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,  
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,  
Thou art no soldier.

IAGO. Touch me not so near :  
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,  
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;  
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth  
Shall nothing wrong him.—This it is, general.  
Montano and myself being in speech,  
There comes a fellow crying out for help ;  
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,  
To execute upon him : Sir, this gentleman  
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause ;  
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,  
Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,)  
The town might fall in fright : he, swift of foot,  
Outran my purpose ; and I return'd then rather  
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,  
And Cassio high in oath ; which, till to-night,  
I ne'er might say before : When I came back,  
(For this was brief,) I found them close together,  
At blow, and thrust ; even as again they were  
When you yourself did part them.  
More of this matter cannot I report :—  
But men are men : the best sometimes forget :—  
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him—

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,  
 Making it light to Cassio :—Cassio, I love thee :  
 But never more be officer of mine.

*Enter DESDEMONA, attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up ;—  
 I'll make thee an example.

DES. What is the matter, dear ?

OTH. All's well, sweeting.

Come away to bed. Sir, for your hurts,  
 Myself will be your surgeon : Lead him off.

*[To MONTANO, who is led off.]*

Iago, look with care about the town ;  
 And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.  
 Come, Desdemona : 't is the soldiers' life  
 To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

*[Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.]*

IAGO. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

CAS. Ay, past all surgery.

IAGO. Marry, heaven forbid !

CAS. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O, I have lost  
 my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part of myself,  
 and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my repu-  
 tation.

IAGO. As I am an honest man I had thought you had  
 received some bodily wound ; there is more sense in that  
 than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false  
 imposition ; oft got without merit, and lost without deserv-  
 ing : You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute  
 yourself such a loser. What, man ! there are ways to re-  
 cover the general again : You are but now cast in his mood,  
 a punishment more in policy than in malice ; even so as  
 one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious  
 lion : sue to him again, and he is yours.

CAS. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so  
 good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so in-  
 discreet an officer. Drunk ? and speak parrot ? and squab-  
 ble ? swagger ? swear ? and discourse fustian with one's own  
 shadow ?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no  
 name to be known by, let us call thee devil !

IAGO. What was he that you followed with your sword ?  
What had he done to you ?

CAS. I know not.

IAGO. Is 't possible ?

CAS. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly ; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains ! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts !

IAGO. Why, but you are now well enough : How came you thus recovered ?

CAS. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness, to give place to the devil wrath : one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

IAGO. Come, you are too severe a moraler : As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen ; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

CAS. I will ask him for my place again ; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard ! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast ! O strange !—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

IAGO. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used ; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

CAS. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk !

IAGO. You, or any man living, may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general :—I may say so in this respect, for that

CAS. You advise me well.

IAGO. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

CAS. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me.

IAGO. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

CAS. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit CASSIO.]

IAGO. And what's he then that says I play the villain? When this advice is free, I give, and honest, Probal to thinking, and indeed the course To win the Moor again? For 't is most easy The inclining Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor,—were 't to renounce his baptism, All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,— His soul is so enfetter'd to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I then a villain, To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, Directly to his good? Divinity of hell! When devils will the blackest sins put on, They do suggest at first with heavenly shows, As I do now: For whiles this honest fool Plies Desdemona to repair his fortune, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,— That she repeals him for her body's lust; And by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into pitch;

spent ; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled ; and, I think, the issue will be I shall have so much experience for my pains : and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

IAGO. How poor are they that have not patience !  
What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?  
Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft ;  
And wit depends on dilatory time.  
Does 't not go well ? Cassio hath beaten thee,  
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio :  
Though other things grow fair against the sun,  
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe :  
Content thyself a while.—In troth, 't is morning ;  
Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.  
Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted :  
Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter :  
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* ROD.] Two things are to be  
done,—  
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress,  
I 'll set her on ;  
Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,  
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find  
Soliciting his wife :—Ay, that 's the way ;  
Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[*Exit*.

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## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before the Castle.*

*Enter* CASSIO, and some Musicians.

1 MUS. How, sir, how ?

CLO. Are these, I pray you, wind instruments ?

1 MUS. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

*Marry Hives", l. 4.* CLO. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 MUS. Whereby hangs a tale, sir ?

CLO. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you : and the general so likes your music that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

1 MUS. Well, sir, we will not.

CLO. If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again : but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

1 MUS. We have none such, sir.

CLO. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away : Go ; vanish into air ; away. [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

CAS. Dost thou hear, my honest friend ?

CLO. No, I hear not your honest friend ; I hear you.

CAS. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee : if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech : Wilt thou do this ?

CLO. She is stirring, sir ; if she will stir hither I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*]

*Enter IAGO.*

CAS. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

IAGO. You have not been a-bed then ?

CAS. Why, no ; the day had broke  
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,  
To send in to your wife : My suit to her

*Enter EMILIA.*

EMIL. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry  
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.  
The general and his wife are talking of it,  
And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies,  
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,  
And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,  
He might not but refuse you: but he protests he loves you;  
And needs no other suitor, but his likings,  
To take the safest occasion by the front,  
To bring you in again.

CAS. Yet, I beseech you,—  
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—  
Give me advantage of some brief discourse  
With Desdemona alone.

EMIL. Pray you, come in;  
I will bestow you where you shall have time  
To speak your bosom freely.

CAS. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.*

OTL. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;  
And, by him, do my duties to the senate:  
That done, I will be walking on the works,—  
Repair there to me.

IAGO. Well, my good lord, I'll do 't.

OTL. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see 't?

GENT. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Before the Castle.*

*Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.*

DES. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do  
All my abilities in thy behalf.

EMIL. Good madam, do; I warrant it grieves my husband,  
As if the cause were his.

DES. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again  
As friendly as you were.

CAS. Bounteous madam,  
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,  
He's never any thing but your true servant.

DES. I know 't,—I thank you: You do love my lord:  
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd  
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off  
Than in a politic distance.

CAS. Ay, but, lady,  
That policy may either last so long,  
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,  
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,  
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,  
My general will forget my love and service.

DES. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,  
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,  
If I do vow a friendship I'll perform it  
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;  
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;  
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;  
I'll intermingle every thing he does  
With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio,  
For thy solicitor shall rather die  
Than give thy cause away.

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO at a distance.*

EMIL. Madam, here comes my lord.

CAS. Madam, I'll take my leave.

DES. Why, stay,  
And hear me speak.

CAS. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,  
Unfit for mine own purposes.

DES. Well; do your discretion.

[*Exit* **CASSIO**.]

IAGO. Ha! I like not that.

OTH. What dost thou say?

IAGO. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

OTH. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

IAGO. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it.  
That he would steal away so guilty-like,

Sceing your coming.

OTH. I do believe 't was he.

DES. How now, my lord ?

I have been talking with a suitor here,  
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

OTH. Who is 't you mean ?

DES. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,  
If I have any grace, or power to move you,  
His present reconciliation take ;  
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,  
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,  
I have no judgment in an honest face :  
I prithee call him back.

OTH. Went he hence now ?

DES. Ay, sooth ; so humbled,  
That he hath left part of his grief with me,  
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

OTH. Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some other time.

DES. But shall 't be shortly ?

OTH. The sooner, sweet, for you.

DES. Shall 't be to-night at supper ?

OTH. No, not to-night.

DES. To-morrow dinner then ?

OTH. I shall not dine at home ;  
I meet the captains at the citadel.

DES. Why then, to-morrow night ; on Tuesday morn ;  
On Tuesday noon, or night ; on Wednesday morn ;—  
I prithee name the time ; but let it not  
Exceed three days : in faith he 's penitent ;  
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,  
(Save that, they say, the wars must make example  
Out of their best,) is not almost a fault  
To incur a private check : When shall he come ?  
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,  
What you would ask me that I should deny,  
Or stand so mammering on. What ! Michael Cassio,  
That came a wooing with you ; and so many a time,  
When I have spoke of you disparagingly,  
Hath ta'en your part ; to have so much to do  
To bring him in ! Trust me, I could do much,—

OTH. Prithee, no more : let him come when he will ;  
I will deny thee nothing.

DES. Why, this is not a boon ;  
'T is as I should entreat you wear your gloves,  
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm ;  
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit  
To your own person : Nay, when I have a suit  
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
It shall be full of poize and difficult weight,  
And fearful to be granted.

OTH. I will deny thee nothing :  
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
To leave me but a little to myself.

DES. Shall I deny you ? no : Farewell, my lord.

OTH. Farewell, my Desdemona ; I 'll come to thee straight.

DES. Emilia, come :—Be as your fancies teach you ;  
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit, with EMILIA.*]

OTH. Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul  
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not  
Chaos is come again.

IAGO. My noble lord,—

OTH. What dost thou say, Iago ?

IAGO. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,  
Know of your love ?

OTH. He did, from first to last : Why dost thou ask ?

IAGO. But for a satisfaction of my thought ;  
No further harm.

OTH. Why of thy thought, Iago ?

IAGO. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

OTH. O, yes ; and went between us very oft.

IAGO. Indeed ?

OTH. Indeed ? ay, indeed :—Discern'st thou aught in that ?  
Is he not honest ?

IAGO. Honest, my lord ?

OTH. Honest ? Ay, honest.

IAGO. My lord, for aught I know.

OTH. What dost thou think ?

IAGO. Think, my lord ?

OTH. Think, my lord ? By heaven, he echoes me  
As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something :  
I heard thee say even now,—Thou lik'dst not that,  
When Cassio left my wife : What didst not like ?  
And, when I told thee he was of my counsel  
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, Indeed ?  
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,  
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit : If thou dost love me  
Show me thy thought.

IAGO. My lord, you know I love you.

OTH. I think thou dost ;  
And, for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty,  
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,  
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :  
For such things in a false disloyal knave  
Are tricks of custom ; but in a man that 's just,  
They 're close delations, working from the heart,  
That passion cannot rule.

IAGO. For Michael Cassio,—  
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

OTH. I think so too.

IAGO. Men should be what they seem ;  
Or, those that be not 'would they might seem none !

OTH. Certain, men should be what they seem.

IAGO. Why then, I think Cassio 's an honest man.

OTH. Nay, yet there 's more in this :  
I prithee speak to me, as to thy thinkings,  
As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst of thoughts  
The worst of words.

IAGO. Good my lord, pardon me ;  
Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.  
Utter my thoughts ? Why, say, they are vile and false,—  
As where 's that palace whereinto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not ?—who has that breast so pure.  
But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit  
With meditations lawful ?

OTH. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,  
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

IAGO. I do beseech you,  
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,  
(As I confess it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses, and of my jealousy  
Shape faults that are not,) that your wisdom  
From one that so imperfectly conceits  
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble  
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:  
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.

OTH. What dost thou mean?

IAGO. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:  
\* Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something, nothing;  
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

OTH. I'll know thy thoughts.

IAGO. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;  
Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

OTH. Ha!

IAGO. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger:  
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,  
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

OTH. O misery!

IAGO. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough.  
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:  
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy!

OTH. Why! why is this?  
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,

\* See *Perse*;

Is once to be resolv'd : Exchange me for a goat,  
When I shall turn the business of my soul  
To such exsufflicate and blow'd surmises,  
Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me jealous,  
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances ;  
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;  
For she had eyes, and chose me : No, Iago ;  
I'll see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;  
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—  
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

IAGO. I am glad of this ; for now I shall have reason  
To show the love and duty that I bear you  
With franker spirit : therefore, as I am bound,  
Receive it from me :—I speak not yet of proof.  
Look to your wife ; observe her well with Cassio ;  
Wear your eyes thus,—not jealous, nor secure ;  
I would not have your free and noble nature,  
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd ; look to 't :  
I know our country disposition well ;  
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
They dare not show their husbands ; their best conscience  
Is not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

OTH. Dost thou say so ?

IAGO. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;  
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,  
She lov'd them most.

OTH. And so she did.

IAGO. Why, go to, then ;  
She that so young could give out such a seeming,  
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,  
He thought 't was witchcraft :—But I am much to blame :  
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,  
For too much loving you.

OTH. I am bound to thee for ever.

IAGO. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

OTH. Not a jot, not a jot.

IAGO. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke  
Comes from my love :—But, I do see you are mov'd :—  
I am to pray you not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,  
Than to suspicion.

OTH. I will not.

IAGO. Should you do so my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile success  
Which my thoughts aim'd not. Cassio's my worthy friend :—  
My lord, I see you are mov'd.

OTH. No, not much mov'd :—  
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

IAGO. Long live she so ! and long live you to think so !

OTH. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

IAGO. Ay, there's the point :—As,—to be bold with  
you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches  
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree ;—  
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends :  
Foh ! one may smell in such a will most rank,  
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural,—  
But, pardon me : I do not in position  
Distinctly speak of her : though I may fear,  
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,  
May fall to match you with her country forms,  
And, happily, repent.

OTH. Farewell, farewell :  
If more thou dost perceive let me know more ;  
Set on thy wife to observe : Leave me, Iago.

IAGO. My lord, I take my leave. [Going.]

OTH. Why did I marry ?—This honest creature, doubtless,  
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

IAGO. My lord, I would I might entreat your honour  
To scan this thing no farther ; leave it to time :

Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,  
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,  
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am,)  
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

OTH. Fear not my government.

IAGO. I once more take my leave.

[Exit

OTH. This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,  
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,  
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,  
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,  
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,  
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,  
And have not those soft parts of conversation  
That chamberers have: Or, for I am declin'd  
Into the vale of years;—yet that 's not much;—  
She 's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief  
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,  
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,  
For other's uses. Yet 't is the plague of great ones;  
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;  
'T is destiny unshunnable, like death;  
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,  
When we do quicken. Look, where she comes:

*Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—  
I'll not believe 't.

DES. How now, my dear Othello?

OTH. Your napkin is too little ;  
[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.*  
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

DES. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESD.*

EMIL. I am glad I have found this napkin ;  
This was her first remembrance from the Moor :  
My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
Woo'd me to steal it : but she so loves the token,  
(For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,)  
That she reserves it evermore about her,  
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,  
And give 't Iago.  
What he will do with it heaven knows, not I.  
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

*Enter IAGO.*

IAGO. How now ! what do you here alone ?

EMIL. Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

IAGO. A thing for me ?—it is a common thing—

EMIL. Ha !

IAGO. To have a foolish wife.

EMIL. O, is that all ? What will you give me now  
For that same handkerchief ?

IAGO. What handkerchief ?

EMIL. What handkerchief ?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;  
That which so often you did bid me steal.

IAGO. Hast stolen it from her ?

EMIL. No ; but she let it drop by negligence :  
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.  
Look, here it is.

IAGO. Be not acknown on 't ; I have use for it.  
Go, leave me. [Exit EMILIA]  
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it : Trifles, light as air, }  
Are to the jealous confirmations strong }  
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.  
The Moor already changes with my poison :  
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,  
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste ;  
But, with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so—  
Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

*Enter OTHELLO.*

OTH. Ha ! ha ! false to me !

IAGO. Why, how now, general ! no more of that.

OTH. Avaunt ! be gone ! thou hast set me on the rack :  
I swear, 't is better to be much abus'd,  
Than but to know 't a little.

IAGO. How now, my lord !

OTH. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust !  
I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me :  
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free and merry ;  
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips :

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,  
Let him not know 't, and he 's not robb'd at all.

IAGO. I am sorry to hear this.

OTH. I had been happy, if the general camp,  
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
So I had nothing known : O now, for ever,  
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !  
Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trumpet,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner ; and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !

And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
Farewell ! Othello's occupation 's gone !

IAGO. Is 't possible, my lord ?

OTH. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore ;  
Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof ;

*[Taking him by the throat]*

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,  
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog  
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

IAGO. Is 't come to this ?

OTH. Make me see 't ; or, at the least, so prove it,  
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,  
To hang a doubt on : or woe upon thy life !

IAGO. My noble lord,—

OTH. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more : abandon all remorse ;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate :  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,  
Greater than that.

IAGO. O grace ! O heaven forgive me !

Are you a man ? have you a soul, or sense ?—  
God be wi' you ; take mine office.—O wretched fool,  
That lov'st to make thine honesty a vice !—  
O monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O world,  
To be direct and honest is not safe.

I thank you for this profit ; and, from hence,  
I 'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

OTH. Nay, stay :—Thou shouldst be honest.

IAGO. I should be wise ; for honesty 's a fool,  
And loses that it works for.

OTH. By the world,

I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;  
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not ;  
I 'll have some proof : My name, that was as fresh  
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black  
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,  
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
I 'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied !

IAGO. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion :  
I do repent me that I put it to you.  
You would be satisfied ?

OTH. Would ? nay, and I will.

IAGO. And may : But how ? how satisfied, my lord ?  
Would you the supervision ? grossly gape on ?  
Behold her topp'd !

OTH. Death and damnation ! O !

IAGO. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
To bring them to that prospect : Damn them then,  
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,  
More than their own ! What then ? how then ?  
What shall I say ? Where 's satisfaction ?  
It is impossible you should see this,  
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,  
If imputation, and strong circumstances,  
Which lead directly to the door of truth,  
Will give you satisfaction, you might have 't.

OTH. Give me a living reason she 's disloyal.

IAGO. I do not like the office :

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,  
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,  
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;  
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,  
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  
( That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs ;  
( One of this kind is Cassio :  
In sleep I heard him say,—Sweet Desdemona,  
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves !

OTH. But this denoted a foregone conclusion ;  
'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

IAGO. And this may help to thicken other proofs,  
That do demonstrate thinly.

OTH. I'll tear her all to pieces.

IAGO. Nay, but be wise ; yet we see nothing done ;  
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—  
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,  
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand ?

OTH. I gave her such a one ; 't was my first gift.

IAGO. I know not that : but such a handkerchief  
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day  
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

OTH. If it be that,—

IAGO. If it be that or any, if 't was hers,  
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

OTH. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives ;  
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge !  
Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago ;  
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven :  
'T is gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell !  
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,  
To tyrannous hate ! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,  
For 't is of aspicks tongues !

IAGO. Yet, be content.

OTH. O, blood, blood, blood !

IAGO. Patience, I say ; your mind may change.

OTH. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er keeps retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontick and the Hellespont ;  
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,  
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
Till that a capable and wide revenge  
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow  
I here engage my words.

[Kneels

IAGO. Do not rise yet.—

[Kneels

Witness, you ever-burning lights above !

You elements that clip us round about !  
Witness, that here Iago doth give up  
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
To wrong'd Othello's service ! let him command,  
And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
What bloody business ever—

OTH. I greet thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,  
And will upon the instant put thee to 't :  
Within these three days let me hear thee say  
That Cassio's not alive.

IAGO. My friend is dead : 't is done, at your request :  
But let her live.

OTH. Damn her, lewd minx ! O, damn her ! damn  
her !  
Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,  
To furnish me with some swift means of death  
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

IAGO. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*The Same.*

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.*

DES. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies ?

CLO. I dare not say he lies any where.

DES. Why, man ?

CLO. He is a soldier ; and for me to say a soldier lies, 't is  
stabbing.

DES. Go to 't. Where lodges he ?

CLO. To tell you where he lodges is to tell you where I  
lie.

DES. Can any thing be made of this ?

CLO. I know not where he lodges ; and for me to devise a  
lodging, and say he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in

CLO. To do this is within the compass of man's wit ; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [Exit.]

DES. Where should I lose the handkerchief, Emilia ?

EMIL. I know not, madam.

DES. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse  
Full of cruzadoes. And, but my noble Moor  
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness  
As jealous creatures are, it were enough  
To put him to ill thinking.

EMIL. Is he not jealous ?

DES. Who, he ? I think the sun, where he was born,  
Drew all such humours from him.

EMIL. Look where he comes.

DES. I will not leave him now, till Cassio  
Be call'd to him.—How is 't with you, my lord ?

*Enter OTHELLO.*

OTH. Well, my good lady ;—*[Aside.]* O, hardness to dis-  
semble !—

How do you, Desdemona ?

DES. Well, my good lord.

OTH. Give me your hand : This hand is moist, my lady.

DES. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

OTH. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart ;  
Hot, hot, and moist : This hand of yours requires  
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,  
Much castigation, exercise devout ;  
For here 's a young and sweating devil here,  
That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,  
A frank one.

DES. You may, indeed, say so ;  
For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

OTH. A liberal hand : The hearts of old gave hands :  
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

DES. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

OTH. What promise, chuck ?

DES. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

OTH. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me ;  
Lend me thy handkerchief.

DES. Here, my lord.

OTH. That which I gave you.

DES. I have it not about me.

OTH. Not ?

DES. No, indeed, my lord.

OTH. That is a fault :

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people : she told her, while she kept it,

'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father

Entirely to her love ; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt

After new fancies : She, dying, gave it me ;

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her. I did so : and take heed on 't,

Make it a darling like your precious eye ;

To lose 't or give 't away, were such perdition

As nothing else could match.

DES. Is 't possible ?

OTH. 'T is true : There 's magic in the web of it :

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world

The sun to course two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work :

The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk ;

And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful

Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

DES. Indeed ! is 't true ?

OTH. Most veritable ; therefore look to 't well.

DES. Then 'would to heaven that I had never seen it.

OTH. Ha ! wherefore ?

DES. Why do you speak so startingly and rash ?

OTH. Is 't lost ? is 't gone ? speak, is 't out of the way ?

DES. Bless us !

OTH. Sav you ?

This is a trick, to put me from my suit ;  
Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

OTH. Fetch me the handkerchief : my mind misgives.

DES. Come, come ;

You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.

OTH. The handkerchief,—

DES. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

OTH. The handkerchief,—

DES. A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,  
Shar'd dangers with you ;—

OTH. The handkerchief,—

DES. In sooth, you are to blame.

OTH. Away !

[*Exit OTHELLO.*]

EMIL. Is not this man jealous ?

DES. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there 's some wonder in this handkerchief ;  
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

EMIL. 'T is not a year or two shows us a man :  
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food ;  
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full  
They belch us. Look you ! Cassio, and my husband.

*Enter IAGO and CASSIO.*

IAGO. There is no other way ; 't is she must do 't ;  
And, lo, the happiness ! go, and importune her.

DES. How now, good Cassio ? what 's the news with you ?

CAS. Madam, my former suit : I do beseech you,  
That, by your virtuous means, I may again  
Exist, and be a member of his love,  
Whom I. with all the office of my heart,

DES. Alas ! thrice-gentle Cassio,  
 My advocacy is not now in tune ;  
 My lord is not my lord ; nor should I know him,  
 Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.  
 So help me every spirit sanctified,  
 As I have spoken for you all my best,  
 And stood within the blank of his displeasure,  
 For my free speech ! You must a while be patient :  
 What I can do I will ; and more I will,  
 Than for myself I dare : let that suffice you.

IAGO. Is my lord angry ?

EMIL. He went hence but now,  
 And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

IAGO. Can he be angry ? I have seen the cannon,  
 When it hath blown his ranks into the air ;  
 And, like the devil, from his very arm  
 Puff'd his own brother ;—And can he be angry ?  
 Something of moment, then : I will go meet him ;  
 There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

DES. I prithee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,

[Exit IAGO]

Either from Venice ; or some unhatch'd practice  
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,  
 Hath puddled his clear spirit : and, in such cases,  
 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
 Though great ones are their object. 'T is even so ;  
 For let our finger ache, and it indues  
 Our other healthful members ev'n to a sense  
 Of pain : Nay, we must think men are not gods ;  
 Nor of them look for such observancy  
 As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,  
 I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)  
 Arraiguing his unkindness with my soul ;  
 But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,  
 And he 's indicted falsely.

EMIL. But heaven it be state matter, as you think.

They are not ever jealous for the cause,  
But jealous for they 're jealous : It is a monster,  
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

DES. Heaven keep the monster from Othello's mind !

EMIL. Lady, amen.

DES. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout :  
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,  
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

CAS. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

*Enter BIANCA.*

BIAN. Save you, friend Cassio !

CAS. What make you from home ?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca ?

Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

BIAN. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.  
What ! keep a week away ? seven days and nights ?  
Eight score eight hours ? and lovers' absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial eight score times ?  
O weary reckoning !

CAS. Pardon me, Bianca ;  
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd ;  
But I shall, in a more continue time,  
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[*Giving her DESDEMONA's handkerchief.*]

Take me this work out.

BIAN. O, Cassio, whence came this ?  
This is some token from a newer friend.  
To the felt absence now I feel a cause.  
Is't come to this ? Well, well.

CAS. Go to, woman !  
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,  
From whence you have them. You are jealous now  
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance :  
No, in good troth, Bianca.

BIAN. Why, whose is it ?

CAS. I know not, neither : I found it in my chamber.  
I like the work well : ere it be demanded,  
(As like enough it will,) I'd have it copied :

Take it, and do 't ; and leave me for this time.

BIAN. Leave you ! wherefore ?

CAS. I do attend here on the general ;  
And think it no addition, nor my wish,  
To have him see me woman'd.

BIAN. Why, I pray you ?

CAS. Not that I love you not.

BIAN. But that you do not love me.  
I pray you, bring me on the way a little ;  
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

CAS. 'T is but a little way that I can bring you,  
For I attend here : but I 'll see you soon.

BIAN. 'T is very good : I must be circumstanc'd. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*Before the Castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.*

IAGO. Will you think so ?

OTH. Think so, Iago ?

IAGO. What,  
To kiss in private ?

OTH. An unauthoris'd kiss ?

IAGO. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,  
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm ?

OTH. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm ?  
It is hypocrisy against the devil :

OTH. She is protectress of her honour too ;  
May she give that !

IAGO. Her honour is an essence that 's not seen ;  
They have it very oft that have it not :  
But, for the handkerchief,—

OTH. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it :—  
Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,  
As doth the raven o'er the infectious house,  
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

IAGO. Ay, what of that ?

OTH. That 's not so good, now.

IAGO. What, if I had said I had seen him do you wrong !  
Or heard him say, (as knaves be such abroad,  
Who, having by their own importunate suit,  
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,  
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose  
But they must blab,)—

OTH. Hath he said any thing ?

IAGO. He hath, my lord ; but be you well assur'd,  
No more than he 'll unswear.

OTH. What hath he said ?

IAGO. Why, that he did,—I know not what he did.

OTH. What ? what ?

IAGO. Lie—

OTH. With her ?

IAGO. With her ;—on her ;—what you will.

OTH. Lie with her ! lie on her !—We say, lie on her, when  
they belie her : Lie with her ! that 's fulsome.—Handker-  
chief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—To confess, and be  
hanged for his labour.—First, to be hanged, and then to  
confess :—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself  
in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is  
not words that shake me thus :—Pish !—Noses, ears, and  
lips :—Is 't possible ?—Confess !—Handkerchief !—O devil !

*[Falls, in a trance.]*

IAGO. Work on,  
My medicine, work ! Thus credulous fools are caught ;  
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,  
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho ! my lord !

*Enter CASSIO.*

My lord, I say ! Othello !—How now, Cassio ?

CAS. What is the matter ?

IAGO. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy ;  
This is his second fit ; he had one yesterday.

CAS. Rub him about the temples.

IAGO. No, forbear :

The lethargy must have his quiet course :  
If not, he foams at mouth ; and, by and by,  
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs :  
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,  
He will recover straight : when he is gone,  
I would on great occasion speak with you.— [*Exit CASSIO.*]  
How is it, general ? have you not hurt your head ?

OTH. Dost thou mock me ?

IAGO. I mock you ? no, by heaven :  
'Would you would bear your fortune like a man.

OTH. A horned man 's a monster, and a beast.

IAGO. There 's many a beast then in a populous city,  
And many a civil monster.

OTH. Did he confess it ?

IAGO. Good sir, be a man ;  
Think, every bearded fellow that 's but yok'd  
May draw with you : there 's millions now alive  
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,  
Which they dare swear peculiar ; your case is better.  
O, 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,  
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,  
And to suppose her chaste ! No, let me know ;  
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

OTH. O, thou art wise ; 't is certain.

IAGO. Stand you awhile apart ;  
Confine yourself but in a patient list.  
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,  
(A passion most unsuited such a man,)  
Cassio came hither : I shifted him away,  
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy ;  
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me ;  
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,

And mark the flections, the gibes, and notable scorns,  
That dwell in every region of his face ;  
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—  
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when  
He hath, and is again to cope your wife ;  
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ;  
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,  
And nothing of a man.

OTH. Dost thou hear, Iago ?  
I will be found most cunning in my patience ;  
But (dost thou hear ?) most bloody.

IAGO. That 's not amiss :  
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?

[OTHELLO *withdraws*.

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,  
A housewife, that by selling her desires  
Buys herself bread and clothes : it is a creature  
That dotes on Cassio,—as 't is the strumpet's plague,  
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one ;—  
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain  
From the excess of laughter :—Here he comes :—

*Re-enter CASSIO.*

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;  
And his unbookish jealousy must construe  
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,  
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant ?

CAS. The worse, that you give me the addition,  
Whose want even kills me.

IAGO. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.  
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [*Speaking lower.*  
How quickly should you speed ?

CAS. Alas, poor caitiff !

OTH. Look, how he laughs already ! [*Aside.*

To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*]

IAGO. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:

Do you intend it?

CAS. Ha, ha, ha!

OTH. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph? [*Aside.*]

CAS. I marry!—what? a customer? Prithee bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

OTH. So, so, so, so: They laugh that win. [*Aside.*]

IAGO. Why, the cry goes, that you marry her.

CAS. Prithee, say true.

IAGO. I am a very villain else.

OTH. Have you scored me? Well. [*Aside.*]

CAS. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

OTH. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story. [*Aside.*]

CAS. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck;—

OTH. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*]

CAS. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so shakes and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

OTH. Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*]

CAS. Well, I must leave her company.

IAGO. Before me! look, where she comes.

*Enter BIANCA.*

CAS. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

BIAN. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work!—A likely piece of work that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There,

—give it your hobby horse : Wheresoever you had it I'll take out no work on 't.

CAS. How now, my sweet Bianca ? how now, how now !

OTH. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief ! [*Aside.*

BIAN. If you 'll come to supper to-night you may ; if you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

IAGO. After her, after her.

CAS. I must ; she 'll rail in the streets else.

IAGO. Will you sup there ?

CAS. Yes, I intend so.

IAGO. Well, I may chance to see you ; for I would very fain speak with you.

CAS. Prithce, come : Will you ?

IAGO. Go to ; say no more. [*Exit CASSIO.*

OTH. How shall I murder him, Iago ?

IAGO. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice ?

OTH. O, Iago !

IAGO. And did you see the handkerchief ?

OTH. Was that mine ?

IAGO. Yours, by this hand ; and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife ! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

OTH. I would have him nine years a killing :—A fine woman ! a fair woman ! a sweet woman !

IAGO. Nay, you must forget that.

OTH. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night ; for she shall not live : No, my heart is turned to stone ; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature : she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

IAGO. Nay, that 's not your way.

OTH. Hang her ! I do but say what she is :—So delicate with her needle !—An admirable musician ! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear !—Of so high and plentiful wit and invention !

IAGO. She 's the worse for all this.

OTH. O, a thousand thousand times :—And then, of so gentle a condition !

IAGO. Ay, too gentle.

OTH. Nay, that 's certain : But yet the pity of it, Iago !—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago !

IAGO. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend ; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

OTH. I will chop her into messes :—Cuckold me !

IAGO. O, 't is foul in her.

OTH. With mine officer !

IAGO. That 's fouler.

OTH. Get me some poison, Iago ; this night :—I 'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again :—this night, Iago.

IAGO. Do it not with poison ; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

OTH. Good, good : the justice of it pleases ; very good.

IAGO. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker :

You shall hear more by midnight. [*A trumpet within.*]

OTH. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same ?

IAGO. Something from Venice, sure. 'T is Lodovico, Come from the duke ; and, see, your wife is with him.

*Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*

LOD. 'Save you, worthy general !

OTH. With all my heart, sir.

LOD. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a packet.*]

OTH. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the packet and reads.*]

DES. And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico ?

IAGO. I am very glad to see you, signior ;

Welcome to Cyprus.

LOD. I thank you : how does lieutenant Cassio ?

IAGO. Lives, sir.

DES. Cousin, there 's fallen between him and my lord An unkind breach : but you shall make all well.

OTH. Are you sure of that ?

DES. My lord ?

OTH. This fail you not to do, as you will—

[*Reads.*]

LOD. He did not call : he 's busy in the paper.  
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio ?

DES. A most unhappy one ; I would do much

To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

OTH. Fire and brimstone !

DES. My lord ?

OTH. Are you wise ?

DES. What, is he angry ?

LOD. 'May be, the letter mov'd him ;

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

DES. Trust me, I am glad on 't.

OTH. Indeed ?

DES. My lord ?

OTH. I am glad to see you mad.

DES. Why, sweet Othello ?

OTH. Devil ! *[Striking her.]*

DES. I have not deserv'd this.

LOD. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw 't : 'T is very much ;

Make her amends, she weeps.

OTH. O devil, devil !

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,

Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile :—

Out of my sight !

DES. I will not stay to offend you. *[Going.]*

LOD. Truly, an obedient lady :—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

OTH. Mistress—

DES. My lord ?

OTH. What would you with her, sir ?

LOD. Who, I, my lord ?

OTH. Ay ; you did wish that I would make her turn :

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,

And turn again ; and she can weep, sir, weep ;

And she 's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—

Very obedient :—Proceed you in your tears.—

I do entreat that we may sup together.  
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys!

[*Exit.*]

LOD. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate  
Call all-in-all sufficient?—Is this the nature  
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue  
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,  
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

IAGO. He is much chang'd.

LOD. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

IAGO. He is that he is; I may not breathe my censure.  
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—  
I would to heaven, he were.

LOD. What, strike his wife!

IAGO. 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I knew  
That stroke would prove the worst.

LOD. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,  
And new-create his fault?

IAGO. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me, to speak  
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;  
And his own courses will denote him so,  
That I may save my speech: Do but go after,  
And mark how he continues.

LOD. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.*

OTH. You have seen nothing then?

EMIL. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

EMIL. Never, my lord.

OTH. That's strange.

EMIL. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,  
Lay down my soul at stake : if you think other,  
Remove your thought ; it doth abuse your bosom.  
If any wretch have put this in your head,  
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !  
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,  
There's no man happy ; the purest of their wives  
Is foul as slander.

OTH. Bid her come hither ;—go.— [*Exit EMIL.*  
She says enough ;—yet she's a simple bawd  
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,  
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets :  
And yet she'll kneel, and pray ; I have seen her do't.

*Re-enter EMILIA, with DESEMONA.*

DES. My lord, what is your will ?

OTH. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

DES. What is your pleasure ?

OTH. Let me see your eyes ;

Look in my face.

DES. What horrible fancy's this ?

OTH. Some of your function, mistress ; [*To EMILIA.*  
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door ;  
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come :

Your mystery, your mystery ;—nay, despatch. [*Exit EMIL.*

DES. Upon my knee what doth your speech import ?  
I understand a fury in your words,  
But not the words.

OTH. Why, what art thou ?

DES. Your wife, my lord ; your true and loyal wife.

OTH. Come, swear it, damn thyself ;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves  
Should fear to seize thee : therefore be double-damn'd,  
Swear—thou art honest.

DES. Heaven doth truly know it.

OTH. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

DES. To whom, my lord ? with whom ? How am I false !

OTH. Ah, Desdemona !—away ! away ! away !

DES. Alas, the heavy day !—Why do you weep ?  
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord ?  
If, haply, you my father do suspect  
An instrument of this your calling back,  
Lay not your blame on me ; if you have lost him,  
I have lost him too.

OTH. Had it pleas'd heaven  
To try me with affliction ; had he rain'd  
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head ;  
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;  
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;  
I should have found in some place of my soul  
A drop of patience : but, alas ! to make me  
The fixed figure of the time, for scorn  
To point his slow and moving finger at,—  
Yet could I bear that too ; well, very well :  
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart ;  
Where either I must live, or bear no life ;  
The fountain from the which my current runs,  
Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence !  
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads  
To knot and gender in ! turn thy complexion there,  
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin !  
Ay, there, look grim as hell !

DES. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

OTH. O, ay ; as summer flies are in the shambles,  
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,  
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,  
That the sense aches at thee,—'would thou hadst ne'er been  
born !

DES. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed ?

OTH. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,  
Made to write whore upon ? What committed ?  
Committed ?—O thou public commoner !  
I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed ?  
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks ;  
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,

Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,  
And will not hear it : What committed ?  
Impudent strumpet !

DES. By heaven, you do me wrong.

OTH. Are not you a strumpet ?

DES. No, as I am a Christian ;

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,  
From any other foul unlawful touch,  
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

OTH. What, not a whore ?

DES. No, as I shall be saved.

OTH. Is 't possible ?

DES. O, heaven forgive us !

OTH. I cry you mercy, then ;  
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,  
That married with Othello. — You, mistress,  
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,  
And keep the gate of hell ; You ! you ! ay, you !

*Re-enter EMILIA.*

We have done our course ; there 's money for your pains ;  
I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit*]

EMIL. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive ? —

How do you, madam ? how do you, my good lady ?

DES. 'Faith, half asleep.

EMIL. Good madam, what 's the matter with my lord ?

DES. With who ?

EMIL. Why, with my lord, madam.

DES. Who is thy lord ?

EMIL. He that is yours, sweet lady.

. *Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.*

IAGO. What is your pleasure, madam? How is 't with you?

DES. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes, Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks: He might have chid me so; for, in good faith, I am a child to chiding.

IAGO. What is the matter, lady?

EMIL. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her, Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her, That true hearts cannot bear it.

DES. Am I that name, Iago?

IAGO. What name, fair lady?

DES. Such as she said my lord did say I was.

EMIL. He call'd her whore; a beggar, in his drink, Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

IAGO. Why did he so?

DES. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

IAGO. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas the day!

EMIL. Has she forsook so many noble matches, Her father, and her country, and her friends, To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

DES. It is my wretched fortune.

IAGO. Beshrew him for 't!

How comes this trick upon him?

DES. Nay, heaven doth know.

EMIL. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain, Some busy and insinuating rogue, Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office, Have not devis'd this slander; I will be hang'd else.

IAGO. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

DES. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

EMIL. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones! Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company? What place? what time? what form? what likelihood? The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave, Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:— O, heaven, that such companions thou 'dst unfold; And put in every honest hand a whip,

To lash the rascals naked through the world,  
Even from the east to the west !

IAGO. Speak within door.

EMIL. O, fie upon them ! some such squire he was  
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,  
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

IAGO. You are a fool ; go to.

DES. Alas, Iago,  
What shall I do to win my lord again ?  
Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,  
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel ;  
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,  
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed ;  
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,  
Delighted them in any other form ;  
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,  
And ever will,—though he do shake me off  
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,  
Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;  
And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore ;  
It does abhor me, now I speak the word ;  
To do the act that might the addition earn,  
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

IAGO. I pray you, be content ; 't is but his humour ;  
The business of the state does him offence,  
And he does chide with you.

DES. If 't were no other !

IAGO. It is but so, I warrant.

[Trumpets.]  
Hark how these instruments summon to supper !

and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

IAGO. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

ROD. I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together.

IAGO. You charge me most unjustly.

ROD. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance: but I find none.

IAGO. Well; go to; very well.

ROD. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 't is not very well. Nay, I think, it is scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

IAGO. Very well.

ROD. I tell you, 't is not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me my jewels I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

IAGO. You have said now.

ROD. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

IAGO. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

IAGO. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

ROD. Is that true? why then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

IAGO. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

ROD. How do you mean removing him?

IAGO. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

ROD. And that you would have me to do?

IAGO. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one), you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

ROD. I will hear further reason for this.

IAGO. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

LOD. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

OTH. O, pardon me; 't will do me good to walk.

EMIL. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

DES. He says he will return incontinent;  
And hath commanded me to go to bed,  
And bade me to dismiss you.

EMIL. Dismiss me!

DES. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,  
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu;  
We must not now displease him.

EMIL. Ay, would you had never seen him!

DES. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,  
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—  
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

EMIL. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

DES. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our  
minds!—

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me  
In one of those same sheets.

EMIL. Come, come, you talk.

DES. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara;  
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,  
And did forsake her: she had a song of "willow,"  
An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,  
And she died singing it: That song, to-night,  
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,  
But to go hang my head all at one side,  
And sing it, like poor Barbara. Prithee, despatch.

EMIL. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

DES. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

EMIL. A very handsome man.

DES. He speaks well.

EMIL. I know a lady in Venice would have walked bare-  
foot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

I.

DES. The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
Sing all a green willow;  
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
Sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;  
Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones.

Lay by these :

Sing willow, willow, willow ;

Prithee, hie thee : he 'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

## II.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that 's not next.—Hark ! who is 't that knocks !

EMIL. It 's the wind.

DES. I call'd my love, false love ; but what said he then ?  
Sing willow, &c.

If I court mo women you 'll couch with mo men.

So, get thee gone ; good night. Mine eyes do itch ;

Doth that bode weeping ?

EMIL.

"T is neither here nor there."

DES. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men !

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind ?

EMIL.

There be some such, no question.

DES. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

EMIL. Why, would not you ?

DES.

No, by this heavenly light !

EMIL. Nor I neither by this heavenly light ;

I might do 't as well i' the dark.

DES. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

EMIL. The world 's a huge thing : 'T is a great price for a small vice.

DES. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

EMIL. In troth, I think I should ; and undo 't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring ; nor for measures of lawn ; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition : but, for all the whole

650 THE EXPRESSION  
AND BEEN USED  
before - in  
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world,—Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

DES. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

EMIL. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 't is a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

DES. I do not think there is any such woman.

EMIL. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.

But, I do think it is their husbands' faults

If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,

And pour our treasures into foreign laps;

Or else break out in peevish jealousies,

Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite;

Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know

Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,

As husbands have. What is it that they do,

When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think it is: and doth affection breed it?

I think it doth: Is 't frailty that thus errs?

It is so too: And have not we affections?

Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?

Then, let them use us well: else, let them know,

The ills we do their ills instruct us so.

DES. Good night, good night: Heaven me such uses send,  
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.**Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.*

IAGO. Here, stand behind this bulk ; straight will he come :  
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home ;  
Quick, quick ; fear nothing ; I 'll be at thy elbow ;  
/ It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that,  
And fix most firm thy resolution.

ROD. Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in 't.

IAGO. Here, at thy hand ; be bold, and take thy stand.  
[*Retires to a little distance.*]

ROD. I have no great devotion to the deed ;  
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons :—  
'T is but a man gone :—forth, my sword ; he dies.

[*Goes to his stand.*]

IAGO. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the seuse,  
And he grows angry. Now whether he kill Cassio,  
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,  
Every way makes my gain : Live Roderigo,  
He calls me to a restitution large  
Of gold, and jewels, that I hobb'd from him,  
As gifts to Desdemona ;  
It must not be : if Cassio do remain,  
He hath a daily beauty in his life  
That makes me ugly ; and, besides, the Moor  
May unfold me to him ; there stand I in much peril :  
No, he must die :—But so, I hear him coming.

*Enter CASSIO.*

ROD. I know his gait, 't is he :—Villain, thou diest.

CAS. I am maim'd for ever :—Help, hoa ! murder ! murder !  
[Falls]

*Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.*

OTH. The voice of Cassio :—Iago keeps his word.

ROD. O, villain that I am !

OTH. 'T is even so.

CAS. O, help ! hoa ! light ! a surgeon !

OTH. 'T is he ;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,  
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong !  
Thou teachest me :—Minion, your dear lies dead,  
And your unblest fate hies :—Strumpet, I come :  
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted ;  
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit.]

*Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.*

CAS. What, hoa ! no watch ? no passage ? murder ! murder !

GRA. 'T is some mischance ; the voice is very direful.

CAS. O, help !

LOD. Hark !

ROD. O wretched villain !

LOD. Two or three groan ;—'t is heavy night.  
These may be counterfeits ; let's think 't unsafe  
To come in to the cry without more help.

ROD. Nobody come ? then shall I bleed to death.

*Enter IAGO.*

LOD. Hark !

GRA. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

IAGO. Who's there ? whose noise is this that cries on murder ?

LOD. We do not know.

IAGO. Do you not hear a cry ?

CAS. Here, here ; for heaven's sake, help me.

IAGO. What's the matter ?

GRA. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

LOD. The same, indeed ; a very valiant fellow.

IAGO. What are you here that cry so grievously ?

CAS. Iago ? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains !  
Give me some help.

IAGO. O me, lieutenant ! what villains have done this ?

CAS. I think that one of them is hereabout,  
And cannot make away.

IAGO. O treacherous villains !—  
What are you there ? come in, and give some help.

[To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.]

ROD. O, help me here !

CAS. That's one of them.

IAGO. O murderous slave ! O villain !  
[IAGO stabs RODERIGO.]

ROD. O damn'd Iago ! O inhuman dog !

IAGO. Kill men i' the dark !—Where be these bloody  
thieves ?—

How silent is this town ! Hoa ! murder ! murder !

What may you be ? are you of good or evil ?

LOD. As you shall prove us, praise us.

IAGO. Signior Lodovico ?

LOD. He, sir.

IAGO. I cry you mercy ; Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

GRA. Cassio ?

IAGO. How is 't, brother ?

CAS. My leg is cut in two.

IAGO. Marry, heaven forbid !

Light, gentlemen ; I'll bind it with my shirt.

*Enter BIANCA.*

BIAN. What is the matter, hoa ? who is 't that cried ?

IAGO. Who is 't that cried ?

BIAN. O my dear Cassio ! my sweet Cassio !

O CASSIO ! Cassio ! Cassio !

IAGO. Lend me a garter : So.—O, for a chair,  
To bear him easily hence !

BIAN. Alas, he faints :—O Cassio ! Cassio ! Cassio !

IAGO. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash  
To be a party in this injury.—

Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come ;  
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no ?

Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman,  
Roderigo ? no :—Yes, sure ; yes, 't is Roderigo.

GRA. What, of Venice ?

IAGO. Even he, sir ; did you know him ?

GRA. Know him ? ay.

IAGO. Signior Gratiano ? I cry your gentle pardon ;  
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,  
That so neglected you.

GRA. I am glad to see you.

IAGO. How do you, Cassio ?—O, a chair, a chair !

GRA. Roderigo !

IAGO. He, he, 't is he :—O, that 's well said ;—the chair :—  
[A chair brought in.]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence ;

I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,

[To BIANCA.]

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,  
Was my dear friend : What malice was between you ?

CAS. None in the world ; nor do I know the man.

IAGO. [To BIANCA.] What, look you pale ?—O bear him o'  
the air.—[CASSIO and RODERIGO are borne off.]

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress ?

Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye ?—

Nay, an you stir :—we shall hear more anon :—

Behold her well : I pray you look upon her ;

Do you see, gentlemen ? nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

He's almost slain, and Roderigo quite dead.

EMIL. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

IAGO. This is the fruits of whoring.—Prithee, Emilia,  
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:—  
What, do you shake at that?

BIAN. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

IAGO. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

EMIL. O, fie upon thee, strumpet!

BIAN. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest  
As you that thus abuse me.

EMIL. As I? fie upon thee!

IAGO. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd:—  
Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—  
Emilia, run you to the citadel,  
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—  
Will you go on afore? This is the night,  
That either makes me or fordoes me quite.

[*Aside.*  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber: DESDEMONA in bed asleep.*  
*A light burning.*

*Enter OTHELLO.*

OTH. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—  
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster. [*Takes off his sword.*  
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
Put out the light, and then——Put out the light!  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister!  
I can again thy former light restore,  
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light.

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
And love thee after :—One more, and that 's the last :  
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,  
But they are cruel tears : This sorrow 's heavenly ;  
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes—

DES. Who 's there ? Othello ?

OTH. Ay, Desdemona.

DES. Will you come to bed, my lord ?

OTH. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona ?

DES. Ay, my lord.

OTH. If you bethink yourself of any crime  
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

DES. Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that ?

OTH. Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by :  
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;  
No,—Heavens fend.—I would not kill thy soul.

DES. Talk you of killing ?

OTH. Ay, I do.

DES. Then heaven  
Have mercy on me !

OTH. Amen, with all my heart !

DES. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

OTH. Humph !

DES. And yet I fear you ; for you are fatal then,  
When your eyes roll so : Why I should fear I know not,  
Since guiltiness I know not ; but yet, I feel, I fear.

OTH. Think on thy sins.

DES. They are loves I bear to you.

OTH. Ay, and for that thou diest.

DES. That death 's unnatural that kills for loving.—

Send for the man and ask him.

OTH. Sweet soul, take heed,  
Take heed of perjury ; thou 'rt on thy death-bed.

DES. Ay, but not yet to die.

OTH. Yes, presently ;  
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin ;  
For to deny each article with oath  
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,  
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

DES. O, heaven have mercy on me !

OTH. I say, amen.

DES. And have you mercy too !—I never did  
Offend you in my life ; never lov'd Cassio,  
But with such general warranty of heaven  
As I might love : I never gave him token.

OTH. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.  
O perjur'd woman, thou dost stone my heart,  
And mak'st me call what I intend to do,  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice :  
I saw the handkerchief.

DES. He found it then ;  
I never gave it him :—Send for him hither ;  
Let him confess a truth.

OTH. He hath confess'd.

DES. What, my lord ?

OTH. That he hath us'd thee.

DES. How ? unlawfully ?

OTH. Ay.

DES. He will not say so.

OTH. No, his mouth is stopp'd ;  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

DES. O, my fear interprets,—What, is he dead ?

OTH. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge  
Had stomach for them all.

DES. Alas ! he is betray'd, and I undone.

OTH. Out, strumpet ! Weep'st thou for him to my face !

DES. O banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

OTH. Down, strumpet !

DES. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

OTH. Nay, if you strive.—

DES. But half an hour.

OTH. Being done,

There is no pause.

DES. But while I say one prayer.

OTH. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*]

EMIL. [*Within.*] My lord! my lord! what hoa! my lord!  
my lord!

OTH. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet quite  
dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so.

EMIL. [*Within.*] What hoa, my lord! my lord!

OTH. Who's there?

EMIL. [*Within.*] O, good my lord! I would speak a word  
with you.

OTH. Yes;—'t is Emilia;—by and by:—She's dead.

'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think she stirs again:—No.—What's best to do?

If she come in she'll sure speak to my wife:

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:

O, insupportable! O heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe

Did yawn at alteration.

EMIL. [*Within.*] I do beseech you that I may speak with  
you,

O, good my lord!

OTH. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—

Soft,—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

[*Unlocks the door.*]

*Enter EMILIA.*

EMIL. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders done.

OTH. What? now?

EMIL. But now, my lord!

OTH. It is the very error of the moon;

Gr:

She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,  
And makes men mad.

EMIL. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian,  
Call'd Roderigo.

OTH. Roderigo kill'd !  
And Cassio kill'd !

EMIL. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

OTH. Not Cassio kill'd ? Then murder 's out of tune,  
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

DES. O falsely, falsely murder'd !

EMIL. Alas ; what cry is that ?

OTH. That ! what ?

EMIL. Out, and alas ! that was my lady's voice : —  
Help ! help, ho ! help ! — O lady, speak again !  
Sweet Desdemona ! O, sweet mistress, speak !

DES. A guiltless death I die.

EMIL. O, who hath done this deed ?

DES. Nobody ; I myself ; farewell :

Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell. [Dies.

OTH. Why, how should she be murder'd ?

EMIL. Alas, who knows ?

OTH. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

EMIL. She said so : I must needs report the truth.

OTH. She 's, like a liar, gone to burning hell ;  
'T was I that kill'd her.

EMIL. O, the more angel she,  
And you the blacker devil !

OTH. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

EMIL. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

OTH. She was false as water.

EMIL. Thou art rash as fire, to say  
That she was false ; O, she was heavenly true !

Had she been true,  
If heaven would make me such another world  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I'd not have sold her for it.

EMIL. My husband ?

OTH. Ay, 't was he that told me on her first ;  
An honest man he is, and hates the slime  
That sticks on filthy deeds.

EMIL. My husband ?

OTH. What needs this iterance, woman ? I say thy husband.

EMIL. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love !—  
My husband say that she was false ?

OTH. He, woman ;  
I say, thy husband : Dost understand the word ?  
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

EMIL. If he say so, may his pernicious soul  
Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart ;  
She was too foud of her most filthy bargain.

OTH. Ha !

EMIL. Do thy worst ;  
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,  
Than thou wast worthy her.

OTH. Peace, you were best.

EMIL. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,  
As I have to be hurt. O gull ! O dolt !  
As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed,—  
I care not for thy sword ; I'll make thee known,  
Though I lost twenty lives :—Help ! help ! ho ! help !  
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murder ! murder !

*Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.*

IAGO. I told him what I thought ; and told no more  
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

EMIL. But did you ever tell him she was false ?

IAGO. I did.

EMIL. You told a lie ; an odious, damned lie ;  
Upon my soul, a lie ; a wicked lie :—

She false with Cassio !—Did you say with Cassio ?

IAGO. With Cassio, mistress : Go to, charm your tongue.

EMIL. I will not charm my tongue ; I am bound to speak ;  
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

ALL. O heavens forfend !

EMIL. And your reports have set the murder on.

OTH. Nay, stare not, masters ; it is true, indeed.

GRA. 'T is a strange truth.

MON. O monstrous act !

EMIL. Villainy, villainy, villainy !—  
I think upon 't,—I think,—I smell 't ;—O villainy !—  
I thought so then ;—I 'll kill myself for grief.—  
O villainy, villainy !

IAGO. What, are you mad ? I charge you, get you home.

EMIL. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak ;  
'T is proper I obey him, but not now :  
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

OTH. Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

EMIL. Nay, lay thee down, and roar :  
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,  
That e'er did lift up eye.

OTH. O, she was foul !—  
I scarce did know you, uncle : There lies your niece,  
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd :  
I know this act shows horrible and grim.

GRA. Poor Desdemona ! I am glad thy father's dead ;  
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief  
Shore his old thread in twain : did he live now,  
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,  
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,  
And fall to reprobance.

OTH. 'T is pitiful ; but yet Iago knows,  
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame  
A thousand times committed ; Cassio confess'd it :

And she did gratify his amorous works  
With that recognisance and pledge of love  
Which I first gave her ; I saw it in his hand ;  
It was a handkerchief, an antique token  
My father gave my mother.

EMIL. O heaven ! O heavenly powers !

IAGO. Come, hold your peace.

EMIL. 'T will out, 't will out !—I hold my peace, sir ? no ;  
No, I will speak as liberal as the north ;  
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,  
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

IAGO. Be wise, and get you home.

EMIL. I will not.

[IAGO offers to stab his wife.

GRA. Fie ! your sword upon a woman ?

EMIL. O, thou dull Moor ! that handkerchief thou speak'st of  
I found by fortune, and did give my husband,  
For often with a solemn earnestness,  
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)  
He begg'd of me to steal it.

IAGO. Villainous whore !

EMIL. She give it Cassio ! no, alas, I found it,  
And I did give 't my husband.

IAGO. Filth, thou liest.

EMIL. By heaven, I do not ; I do not, gentlemen :  
O murderous coxcomb ! what should such a fool  
Do with so good a wife ? [IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out.

OTH. Are there no stones in heaven,

But what serve for the thunder ?—Precious villain !

GRA. The woman falls ; sure he has kill'd his wife.

EMIL. Ay, ay : O, lay me by my mistress' side !

GRA. He 's gone, but his wife 's kill'd.

MON. 'T is a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Let it go all.

EMIL. What did thy song bode, lady ?  
Hark, canst thou hear me ? I will play the swan, .  
And die in music ;—' Willow, willow, willow.'—  
Moor, she was chaste ; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor ;  
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true ;  
So speaking as I think, alas, I die.

[Dies

OTH. I have another weapon in this chamber,  
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper ;—  
O, here it is :—Uncle, I must come forth.

GRA. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear ;  
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

OTH. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,  
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

GRA. What is the matter ?

OTH. Behold ! I have a weapon ;  
A better never did itself sustain  
Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day,  
That with this little arm, and this good sword,  
I have made my way through more impediments  
Than twenty times your stop :—But, O vain boast !  
Who can control his fate ? 't is not so now.—  
Be not afraid though you do see me weapon'd ;  
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,  
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.  
Do you go back dismay'd ? 't is a lost fear ;  
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,  
And he retires ;—Where should Othello go ?—  
Now, how dost thou look now ? O ill-starr'd wench !  
Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at compt,  
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven

*Enter* LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *carried in a chair, and*  
*Officers, with IAGO, prisoner.*

LOD. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man ?

OTH. That's he that was Othello ; here I am.

LOD. Where is that viper ? bring the villain forth.

OTH. I look down towards his feet ;—but that's a fable :  
If that thou be'st a devil I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO wounds IAGO.]

LOD. Wrench his sword from him.

IAGO. I bleed, sir ; but not kill'd.

OTH. I am not sorry neither ; I'd have thee live ;  
For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die.

LOD. O thou Othello, that was once so good,  
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,  
What shall be said to thee ?

OTH. Why, any thing :  
An honourable murder, if you will ;  
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

LOD. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy :  
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

OTH. Ay.

CAS. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

OTH. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.  
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,  
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body ?

IAGO. Demand me nothing : What you know, you know :  
From this time forth I never will speak word.

LOD. What ? not to pray ?

GRA. Torments will ope your lips.

OTH. Well, thou dost best.

Found in his pocket too ; and this, it seems,  
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain ;  
But that, belike, Iago in the interim  
Came in and satisfied him.

OTH. O thou pernicious caitiff !—  
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief  
That was my wife's ?

CAS. I found it in my chamber ;  
And he himself confess'd, but even now,  
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,  
Which wrought to his desire.

OTH. O fool ! fool ! fool !

CAS. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—  
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him  
Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came  
That I was cast : And even but now he spake,  
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,  
Iago set him on.

LOD. You must forsake this room, and go with us ;  
Your power and your command is taken off,  
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—  
If there be any cunning cruelty,  
That can torment him much, and hold him long,  
It shall be his : You shall close prisoner rest,  
Till that the nature of your fault be known  
To the Venetian state :—Come, bring him away.

OTH. Soft you ; a word or two, before you go.  
I have done the state some service, and they know 't ;  
No more of that :—I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,

And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,  
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,  
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
And smote him—thus.

[*Stabs himself.*]

LOD. O bloody period !

GRA. All that is spoke is marr'd.

OTH. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee ;—No way but this,  
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [Dies.]

CAS. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon ;  
For he was great of heart.

LOD. O Spartan dog !  
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !  
Look on the tragic loading of this bed ;  
This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;—  
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,  
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,  
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,  
Remains the censure of this hellish villain ;  
The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it !  
Myself will straight aboard ; and, to the state,  
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[*To IAGO.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

## VARIOUS READINGS.

"*Laying* her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,  
On an extravagant and *wheeling* stranger."

ACT I., SC. 1.

The originals have:—

"*Tying* her duty, beauty, wit and  
fortunes,

In an extravagant and *wheeling*  
stranger."

Some of the commentators proposed "*laying*" and "*in*." Mr. Collier's corrected folio has "*wheeling*."

We say—"wrapped in him." Why not then "tied in him?" As to *wheeling*, it is wholly inappropriate as applied to Othello. Roderigo says she is gone off with a stranger—an erratic and shifting man, that will have no fit home for her.

"I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such *shuddering* passion, without some instruction."—ACT IV., SC. 1.

Mr. Collier's folio thus changes the "*shadowing* passion" of the original. Mr. Collier thinks that "*shadowing*" has "no meaning but that fancifully suggested by Warburton, where he supposes Othello, in the height of his grief and fury, to illustrate his own condition by reference to an eclipse."

Mr. Collier has surely forgotten Johnson's beautiful note on this passage. "There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a distance, notice is given of it to the sufferer by some dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he discovers no external cause. This is ascribed to that general communication of one part of the universe with another, which is called sympathy and antipathy; or to the secret monition, instruction, and influence of a Superior Being, which superintends the order of nature and of life. Othello says, Nature could not invest herself in such *shadowing* passion

passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words; it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities."

"A fixed figure for the *hand* of scorn  
To point his *slowly* moving finger at."

ACT IV., SC. 2.

The original folio has—  
"The fixed figure for the time of  
scorn,

To point his *slow and* moving  
finger at."

Mr. Collier's folio reads as above.

In our text we have given Mr. Hunter's suggestion, which does little violence to the original:—

"The fixed figure of the time, for  
scorn."

A very simple transposition removed the obscurity.

## GLOSSARY.

**ACKNOWLEDGE.** Act III., Sc. 3.

"Be not *acknowledged* on 't.

*Acknow*, from the Latin *agnosco*, is to confess or acknowledge.  
Ben Jonson, in his 'Volpone' (Act V., Sc. 5), has—

"You will not be *acknowledged*, sir;"

and Sir John Harrington in his translation of the 'Life of Ariosto,' 1667, writes—"Some say he was married to her privily, but durst not be *acknowledged* of it."

**AGNIZE.** Act I., Sc. 3.

"I do *agnize* a natural and prompt alacrity."

*Agnize* is to acknowledge, to confess.

**AIM.** Act I., Sc. 3.

"As in these cases where the *aim* reports."

*Aim* is used in the sense of conjecture.

**CARACK.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"He to-night hath boarded a land *carack*."

A *carack* was a ship of heavy burthen; the term was frequently applied to Spanish and Portuguese vessels.

CIRCUMSTANCED. Act III., Sc. 4.

"I must be circumstanc'd."

That is, I must yield to, be governed by, circumstances.

COD'S HEAD. Act II., Sc. 1.

"To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail."

This was to change the better for the worse. In Queen Elizabeth's Household Book, it is directed that "the master cooks shall have to fee all the salmons' tails."

COLLIED. Act II., Sc. 3.

"Having my best judgment collied."

*Collied* is blackened, darkened. In 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' (Act I., Sc. 1), we have "the collied night."

COMPLEMENT. Act I., Sc. 1.

"The native act and figure of my heart  
In complement extern."

*Complement* is here used in its Latin sense of filling up, supplying something wanting to make perfect. Iago means to say that when his actions exhibit the real intentions and motives of his heart, in *outward completeness*, he will not long after "wear his heart upon his sleeve." This bold avowal is far more in character with Iago than the interpretation of the words by Dr. Johnson, "that which I do only for an outward show of civility."

CONSULS. Act I., Sc. 2.

"And many of the consuls, rais'd and met."

By *consuls* Shakspeare no doubt means the senators. The term also occurs in the first scene of this Act, "the toged consuls."

CONTINUE. Act III., Sc. 4.

"But I shall, in a more continue time."

*Continue time* is uninterrupted time.

COURTESY. Act II., Sc. 1.

"Well kissed, and excellent courtesy."

*Courtesy* is courteous or graceful demeanour, and does not imply here, as Dr. Johnson supposes, that Desdemona has curtaied.

**CRUZADOES.** Act III., Sc. 4.

"Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse  
Full of cruzadoes."

The cruzado was a Portuguese coin, so called from the cross being stamped on it. It was of gold, and Douce says its value was nine shillings. It was no doubt current in Venice, a city of great foreign trade, as well as in England.

**DAFT.** Act IV., Sc. 2.

"Every day thou dafts me with some new device."

*Daft* is the same word as *doff*, *do off*, to put aside. Shakspeare has used *daffed* in 'Henry IV.' (Part I., Act IV., Sc. 1), and in 'Much Ado about Nothing' (Act II., Sc. 3).

**DEFEAT.** Act I., Sc. 3.

"Defeat thy favour with an usurped beard."

Change or disguise thy countenance.

**DELATIONS.** Act III., Sc. 3.

"They're close delations, working from the heart."

*Delations* are secret accusations. The word is used in the same sense by Sir Henry Wotton.

**DEMERITS.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"And my demerits."

*Demerits* is used, as in 'Coriolanus' (Act I., Sc. 1), with the meaning of merits. In Latin, *mereo* and *demereo* are synonymous.

**DOWER.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Now if this suit lay in Bianca's dower."

*Dower* is used in the sense of gift.

**ERRING.** Act I., Sc. 3.

"Betwixt an erring barbarian."

*Erring*, in the sense of wandering, errant.

**EXSUFFICATE.** Act III., Sc. 3.

"To such exsufficate and blow'd surmises."

*Exsufficate* is traced by Todd, in his edition of 'Johnson's Dictionary,' to the low Latin *exsufflare*, to spit down upon, an ancient form of exorcising, and figuratively to spit out in abhorrence or contempt; thus *exsufficate* might signify contemptible. But Richardson, in his excellent Dictionary, considers the word "not improbably a misprint for *exufflate*, i. e. efflate or efflated, puffed out, and, consequently, exaggerated, extravagant—to which *blow'd* is added, not so much for the sake of a second epithet, with a new meaning, as to give emphasis to the first."

**EXTRAVAGANT.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"In an extravagant and wheeling stranger."

*Extravagant* is wandering, unsettled. In 'Hamlet' (Act I., Sc. 1), we have—

"The extravagant and erring spirit."

**FALLS.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile."

*Falls* is here used as a verb active.

**FEAR.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"To fear, not to delight."

*Fear* used in its active sense, to affright, to terrify.

**FINELESS.** Act III., Sc. 3.

"But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter."

*Fineless* is endless. Riches is here, as in another passage of this play, used as a noun singular.

**FOR SHAME.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"For shame put on your gown."

That is—Put on your gown for the sake of decency: not used as a term of reproach.

**GRANGE.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"My house is not a grange."

A *grange* was, strictly speaking, the depository of the grain, or the farmstead, of a monastery; but, as it frequently stood alone, has been adopted by our earlier writers for a separate or isolated dwelling. Spenser has—

"Ne have the watery fowls a certain grange  
Wherein to rest."

And Shakspeare gives a like sense of *loneliness* to that indicated here, when in 'Measure for Measure' he says—

"At the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana."

**HOBLOGE.** Act II., Sc. 3.

"He'll watch the horologe a double set."

The double set of the horologe is the English reckoning of time, the day being divided into two portions. "In Italy the hours are numbered from one to twenty-four."

**IDLE.** Act I., Sc. 3.

"Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle."

*Idle* is sterile, uncultivated, left barren. Pope substituted *wild*.

**INGENER.** Act II., Sc. 1.

"Does tire the ingener."

The *ingener* is the contriver by ingenuity, the designer, and, as

applied here to a poet is almost the Greek *poietes*—maker. Daniell has used the word *ingeniate* for *contrive*, Ben Jonson *ingine* for understanding, and for contrivance in 'Volpone' (Act V., Sc. 4):—

"And call you this an ingine?  
My own device."

**LIBERAL.** Act II., Sc. 1.

"A most profane and liberal counsellor."

*Liberal* in the sense of licentious, too free.

**LIST.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Confine yourself but in a patient list."

*List* is a bound, or barrier, applied particularly to those used in tournaments, but often, as here, and in 'Henry V.' (Act V., Sc. 2), to a boundary generally;—"Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion."

**MANDRAGORA.** Act III., Sc. 3.

"Not poppy, nor mandragora."

Mandragora, or mandrake, was considered formerly to be a powerful opiate.

**MAMMERING.** Act III., Sc. 3.

"Or stand so mammering on."

*Mammering* is suspense or doubt, and is frequently used by our old writers.

**MERE.** Act II., Sc. 2.

"The mere perdition of the Turkish fleet."

*Mere* is entire, total.

**NAPKIN.** Act III., Sc. 3.

"Your napkin is too little."

*Napkin* was formerly synonymous with handkerchief. In the Scotch proceedings in the Douglas cause, a lady is described as dressed in a hoop with a large napkin on her breast, and in Scotland a pocket-handkerchief is still called a pocket-napkin. (Warner's 'Plan of a Glossary to Shakspeare,' 1768.) In 'Julius Cæsar' we have—

"And dip their napkins in his sacred blood."

**NEPHEWS.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"You'll have your nephews neigh to you."

*Nephew* was formerly used for grandson, or any lineal descendant. It is the Latin *nepos*. In 'Richard III.' (Act IV., Sc. 1), the grand-daughter of the Duchess of York is called *niece*.

**PROBAL.** Act II., Sc. 3.

"Probal to thinking."

Probal is an abbreviation for probable, but Shakspeare is the only writer, we believe, who has used it.

**QUAT.** Act V., Sc. 1.

"I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense."

A *quat* is a provincial word for a pimple or pustule, Johnson says, used in the midland counties.

**REPROBANCE.** Act V., Sc. 2.

"And fall to reprobance."

*Reprobance* is reprobation; which latter word indeed is used in the quarto edition of this play; and *iteration* in that edition stands *iteration* in the speech of Othello in the preceding page.

**RICHES.** Act II., Sc. 1.

"The riches of the ship is come on shore."

*Riches* is here used as a noun singular, as in Sonnet 87:—

"And for that riches where is my deserving."

**SAGITTARY.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"Lead to the Sagittary the raised search."

The *Sagittary* was not an inn, as has been generally supposed, but the residence at the arsenal of the commanders of the navy and army of the republic. It is possible that Shakspeare might have seen the figure of an archer with his drawn bow, over the gates, which even yet indicates the place.

**SECT.** Act I., Sc. 3.

"That you call love, to be a sect or scion."

*Sect* is a section, what in horticulture is now called a *cutting*.

**SIEGE.** Act 1., Sc. 2.

"From men of royal siege."

.. . . .

TA'EN OUT. Act III., Sc. 3.

"I'll have the work ta'en out."

*Ta'en out* is not here used for obliterating or destroying the work, but for having it copied; this is seen from the address of Cassio to Bianca (Scene 4), "take me this work out," and "I like the work well. . . . I'll have it copied."

TWIGGEN. Act II., Sc. 3.

"I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle."

A bottle formed of twigs or wicker.

UNHOUSED. Act I., Sc. 2.

"I would not my unhoused free condition."

There have been several explanations of *unhoused*, but it appears to us to be simply used for unmarried. The husband is the head or *band* of the *house*—the unmarried is unhoused—*band*—the *unhoused*.

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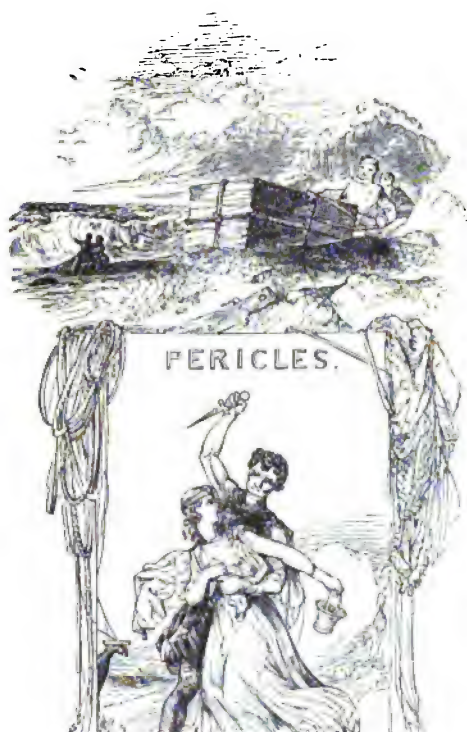
## PLOT AND CHARACTERS.

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IN the Italian novels of Giraldi Cinthio, there is one entitled 'The Moor of Venice.' Unquestionably Shakspeare found in that popular tale the *scaffolding* of Othello. There was formerly in Venice a valiant Moor, says the story. It came to pass that a virtuous lady of wonderful beauty, named Desdemona, became enamoured of his great qualities and noble virtues. The Moor loved her in return, and they were married in spite of the opposition of the lady's friends. It happened too (says the story), that the senate of Venice appointed the Moor to the command of Cyprus, and that his lady determined to accompany him thither. Amongst the officers who attended upon the General was an ensign, of the most agreeable person, but of the most depraved na-

became terrible hate, and he resolved to accuse Desdemona to her husband of infidelity, and to connect with the accusation a captain of Cyprus. That officer, having struck a sentinel, was discharged from his command by the Moor; and Desdemona, interested in his favour, endeavoured to reinstate him in her husband's good opinion. The Moor said one day to the ensign, that his wife was so importunate for the restoration of the officer, that he must take him back. "If you would open your eyes, you would see plainer," said the ensign. The romance-writer continues to display the perfidious intrigues of the ensign against Desdemona. He steals a handkerchief which the Moor had given her, employing the agency of his own child. He contrives with the Moor to murder the captain of Cyprus, after he has made the credulous husband listen to a conversation to which he gives a false colour and direction; and, finally, the Moor and the guilty officer destroy Desdemona together, under circumstances of great brutality. The crime is, however, concealed, and the Moor is finally betrayed by his accomplice.

M. Guizot has pointed out, with his usual judgment, the great essential difference between the novel and the drama:—"There was wanting in the narrative of Cinthio the poetical genius which furnished the actors—which created the individuals—which imposed upon each a figure and a character—which made us see their actions, and listen to their words—which presented their thoughts and penetrated their sentiments:—that vivifying power which summons events to arise, to progress, to expand, to be completed—that creative breath which, breathing over the



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1.*

PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.*

*Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.*

HELICANUS, *a lord of Tyre.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.*

ESCANES, *a lord of Tyre.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4.*

SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.*

CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 4.*

LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*

*Appears, Act IV. sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.*

CERIMON, *a lord of Ephesus.*

*Appears, Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3.*

THALIARD, *servant to Antiochus.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

LEONINE, *servant to Dionysa.*

*Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

Marshal.

*Appears, Act II. sc. 3.*

A Pander and his Wife.

*Appear, Act IV. sc. 8; sc. 6.*

*Helicanus Appears in  
4. Servant to Cleon*

The Daughter of Antiochus.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1.*

DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4.*

THAIRA, daughter to Simonides.

*Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3.*

MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaira.

*Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 6.*

*Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.*

LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.

*Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

DIANA.

*Appears, Act V. sc. 2.*

*Lords, Knights, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.*

SCENE,—DISPERSEDLY IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

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The first edition of 'Pericles' appeared in 1609, under the following title:—"The late and much admired play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true relation of the whole historie, adventures, and fortunes of the said prince: As also the no lesse strange and worthy accidents, in the birth and life of his daughter Mariana. As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted [by] his Maiesties Seruants at the Globe on the Bank-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the sign of the Sunne in Paternoster-row, &c. 1609." Other quarto editions appeared in 1611, in 1619, in 1630, and in 1635. The variations in these from the text of 1609 are very slight. In 1664 'Pericles' first appeared in the folio collection of Shakspeare's works, being introduced into the third edition, whose title-page states—"Unto this impression is added seven plays never before printed in folio."

# PERICLES.

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## ACT I.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Before the Palace of Antioch.*

To sing a song of old was sung,  
From ashes ancient Gower is come ;  
Assuming man's infirmities,  
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.  
It hath been sung, at festivals,  
On ember-eves, and holy-ales ;  
And lords and ladies, in their lives  
Have read it for restoratives.  
The purpose is to make men glorious ;  
*Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius.*  
If you, born in these latter times,  
When wit 's more ripe, accept my rhymes,  
And that to hear an old man sing,  
May to your wishes pleasure bring,  
I life would wish, and that I might  
Waste it for you, like taper-light.  
This Antioch then, Antiochus the Great  
Built up, this city, for his chiefest scat ;  
The fairest in all Syria ;  
(I tell you what mine authors say :)  
This king unto him took a pheere,  
Who died and left a female heir,  
So buxom, blythe, and full of face,  
As Heaven had lent her all his grace :  
With whom the father liking took,  
And her to incest did provoke ;

Bad child, worse father ! to entice his own  
To evil, should be done by none.  
By custom, what they did begin  
Was with long use account'd no sin.  
The beauty of this sinful dame  
Made many princes thither frame,  
To seek her as a bedfellow,  
In marriage-pleasures playfellow :  
Which to prevent, he made a law,  
(To keep her still, and men in awe,) [*Erd.*  
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,  
His riddle told not, lost his life :  
So for her many a wight did die,  
As yon grim looks do testify.  
What ensues, to the judgment of your eye  
I give, my cause who best can justify.

SCENE I.—*The Palace of Antioch.*

*Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.*

ANT. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd,  
The danger of the task you undertake.

PER. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul  
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,  
Think death no hazard, in this enterprise. [*Music.*

ANT. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,  
For the embracements, even of Jove himself ;  
At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd)  
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence ;  
The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
To knit in her their best perfections.

*Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.*

PER. See where she comes, apparel'd like the spring,  
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives renown to men !  
Her face the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence  
Sorrow were ever 'ras'd, and testy wrath

Could never be her mild companion.  
Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflam'd desire in my breast  
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,  
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness !

ANT. Prince Pericles—

PER. That would be son to great Antiochus.

ANT. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,  
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd ;  
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard :  
Her face, like heav'n, enticeth thee to view  
Her countless glory, which desert must gain :  
And which, without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.  
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,  
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,  
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,  
That, without covering save yon field of stars,  
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars ;  
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist  
For going on Death's net, whom none resist.

PER. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught  
My frail mortality to know itself,  
And by those fearful objects to prepare  
This body, like to them, to what I must :  
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,  
Who tells us, life 's but breath, to trust it error.  
I'll make my will then ; and, as sick men do  
Who know the world, see heav'n, but feeling woe,  
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did ;

Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,  
As these before, so thou thyself shalt bleed.

DAUGH. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous !  
Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness !

PER. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,  
Nor ask advice of any other thought,  
But faithfulness, and courage.

#### THE RIDDLE

" I am no viper, yet I feed  
On mother's flesh which did me breed :  
I sought a husband, in which labour,  
I found that kindness in a father.  
He 's father, son, and husband mild,  
I mother, wife, and yet his child.  
How they may be, and yet in two,  
As you will live, resolve it you."

Sharp physic is the last : but O, ye powers !  
That give heav'n countless eyes to view men's acts,  
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,  
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it !  
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

*[Takes hold of the hand of the Princess]*

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill :  
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt ;  
For he 's no man on whom perfections wait,  
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.  
You 're a fair viol, and your sense the strings ;  
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,  
Would draw heav'n down, and all the gods to hearken ;  
But being play'd upon before your time,  
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime :  
Good sooth, I care not for you.

'T would 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it  
Who hath a book of all that monarchs do,  
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown :  
For vice repeated is like the wand'ring wind,  
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself ;  
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear ;  
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts  
Copp'd hills toward heaven, to tell, the earth is throng'd  
By man's oppression ; and the poor worm doth die for 't.  
Kings are earth's gods : in vice their law's their will ;  
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill ?  
It is enough you know ; and it is fit,  
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.—  
All love the womb that their first being bred,  
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

ANT. Heaven, that I had thy head ! he has found the  
meaning !

But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of Tyre,  
Though by the tenor of our strict edict,  
Your exposition misinterpreting,  
We might proceed to cancel of your days ;  
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree  
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :  
Forty days longer we do respite you,  
If by which time our secret be undone,  
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son :  
And, until then, your entertain shall be,  
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt* ANTIOCHUS, his Daughter, and Attendants.

PER. How courtesy would seem to cover sin !  
When what is done is like an hypocrite,  
The which is good in nothing but in sight.  
If it be true that I interpret false,  
Then were it certain. you were not so bad.

By the defiling of her parent's bed ;  
And both like serpents are, who though they feed  
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.  
Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men  
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.  
One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;  
Murder 's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.  
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame :  
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,  
By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

*Re-enter* ANTIOCHUS.

ANT. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean  
To have his head ;  
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,  
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin  
In such a loathed manner :  
And therefore instantly this prince must die ;  
For by his fall my honour must keep high.  
Who attends us there ?

*Enter* THALIARD.

THAL. Doth your highness call ?

ANT. Thaliard, you 're of our chamber, and our mind  
Partakes her private actions to your secrecy ;  
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.  
Thaliard, behold here 's poison, and here 's gold ;  
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him ;  
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
Because we bid it. Say, is it done ?

THAL. My lord, 't is done.

*Enter a Messenger.*

From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark  
His eye doth level at, so do thou ne'er return,  
Unless thou say'st, prince Pericles is dead.

THAL. My lord, if I can get him within my pistol's length,  
I'll make him sure enough : so farewell to your highness.

[Exit.

ANT. Thaliard, adieu ! till Pericles be dead,  
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Tyre.

*Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.*

PER. Let none disturb us : why should this charge of  
thoughts,—

*The sad companion, dull-ey'd Melancholy,*

By me [be] so us'd a guest, as not an hour,  
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,  
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me quiet ?  
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,  
And danger which I feared, is at Antioch,  
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here ;  
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me :  
Then it is thus ; the passions of the mind,  
That have their first conception by mis-dread,  
Have after-nourishment and life by care ;  
And what was first but fear what might be done,  
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.  
And so with me ;—the great Antiochus  
(Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
Since he's so great, can make his will his act)  
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence ;  
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,  
If he suspect I may dishonour him :  
And what may make him blush in being known,  
He'll stop the source by which it might be known.

And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence :  
Which care of them, not pity of myself,  
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,  
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)  
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,  
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 LORD. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast !

2 LORD. And keep your mind, till you return to us,  
Peaceful and comfortable !

HEL. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue :  
They do abuse the king that flatter him,  
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;  
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,  
To which that spark gives heat and stronger glowing ;  
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,  
Fits kings as they are men, for they may err.  
When signior Sooth here doth proclaim a peace,  
He flatters you, makes war upon your life :  
Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please ,  
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

PER. All leave us else ; but let your cares o'erlook  
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,  
And then return to us. Helicanus, thou  
Hast moved us : what seest thou in our looks ?

HEL. An angry brow, dread lord.

PER. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,  
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

HEL. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence  
They have their nourishment ?

PER. Thou know'st I have power to take thy life from thee.

HEL. I have ground the axe myself ; do but you strike the  
blow.

PER. Rise, prithee, rise : sit down, thou art no flatterer ;  
I thank thee for it ; and heaven forbid,

PER. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus ;  
That minister'st a potion unto me,  
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.  
Attend me then ; I went to Antioch,  
Whereas, thou know'st, against the face of death,  
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,  
From whence an issue I might propagate ;  
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.  
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder ;  
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest ;  
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father,  
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth : but thou know'st this,  
( 'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.  
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,  
Under the covering of a careful night,  
Who seem'd my good protector : and, being here,  
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed ;  
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears  
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years ;  
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)  
That I should open to the listening air,  
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,  
To keep his bed of blackness unladen,—  
To lop that doubt, he 'll fill this land with arms,  
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him ;  
When all, for mine, if I may call 't offence,  
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence :  
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,  
Who now reprov'st me for it)——

HEL. Alas, sir !

PER. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,  
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,  
Till that his rage and anger be forgot ;  
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life :  
Your rule direct to any ; if to me,  
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

PER. I do not doubt thy faith ;  
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence—

HEL. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,  
From whence we had our being and our birth.

PER. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus  
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ;  
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.  
The care I had and have of subjects' good,  
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.  
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;  
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both :  
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,  
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,  
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

*Enter THALIARD.*

THAL. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I  
kill king Pericles ; and if I do it not, I am sure to be  
hanged at home : 't is dangerous.—Well, I perceive, he was  
a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask  
what he would of the king, desired he might know none of  
his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it : for if  
a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture  
of his oath to be one.  
Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

*Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords of Tyre.*

HEL. You shall not need, my fellow-peers of Tyre,

Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,  
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.  
Being at Antioch——

THAL. What from Antioch?

[*Aside.*

HEL. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)  
Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd so :  
And doubting lest he had err'd or sinn'd,  
To show his sorrow, he 'd correct himself ;  
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,  
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

THAL. Well, I perceive  
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would ;  
But since he 's gone, the king sure must please.  
He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—  
I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre.

HEL. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

THAL. From him I come  
With message unto princely Pericles ;  
But since my landing I have understood,  
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels ;  
My message must return from whence it came.

HEL. We have no reason to desire it,  
Commended to our master, not to us :  
Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire,  
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Tharsus.

*Enter* CLEON, DIONYZA, and others.

CLE. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,  
And, by relating tales of others' griefs,  
See if 't will teach us to forget our own ?

DIO. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it ;  
For who digs hills because they do aspire,  
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.  
O my distressed lord, ev'n such our griefs are ;  
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,  
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

CLE. O Dionyza,  
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,

Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish ?  
 Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes  
 Into the air ; our eyes do weep, till tongues  
 Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder, that  
 If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,  
 They may awake their helpers to comfort them.  
 I'll then discourse our woes felt several years,  
 And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

DIO. I'll do my best, sir.

CLE. This Tharsus, over which I have the government,  
 A city, on whom plenty held full hand,  
 For riches strew'd herself even in the streets ;  
 Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,  
 And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at ;  
 Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,  
 Like one another's glass to trim them by :  
 Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,  
 And not so much to feed on, as delight ;  
 All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
 The name of help grew odious to repeat.

DIO. Oh, 't is too true.

CLE. But see what heaven can do ! By this our change,  
 These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,  
 Were all too little to content and please,  
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,  
 As houses are defil'd for want of use,  
 They are now starv'd for want of exercise ;  
 Those palates, who, not us'd to hunger's savour,  
 Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it ;  
 Those mothers who, to nuzzle up their babes,  
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,

= to nurse. is bring up

CLE. O let those cities that of Plenty's cup  
And her prosperities so largely taste,  
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears !  
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

LORD. Where 's the lord governor ?

CLE. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st, in haste,  
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

LORD. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,  
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

CLE. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,  
That may succeed as his inheritor ; *See Hamlet, 4, 5. P. 257.*  
And so in ours : some neighbouring nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,  
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,  
To beat us down, the which are down already ;  
And make a conquest of unhappy me,  
Whereas no glory 's got to overcome.

LORD. That 's the least fear ; for, by the semblance  
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,  
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

(CLE. Thou speak'st like him 's untutor'd to repeat,  
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.  
But bring they what they will, and what they can,  
What need we fear ?  
The ground 's the lowest, and we are half way there :  
Go tell their general, we attend him here,  
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,  
And what he craves.

LORD. I go, my lord.

CLE. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist ;  
If wars, we are unable to resist.

---

We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
And seen the desolation of your streets :  
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,  
But to relieve them of their heavy load ;  
And these our ships (you happily may think  
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,  
With bloody views expecting overthrow)  
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,  
And give them life, whom hunger starv'd half dead.

OMNES. The gods of Greece protect you !  
And we will pray for you.

PER. Arise, I pray you, rise ;  
We do not look for reverence, but for love,  
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

CLA. The which when any shall not gratify,  
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,  
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils !  
Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen),  
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

PER. Which welcome we'll accept ; feast here a while,  
Until our stars, that frown, lend us a smile. [Exeunt

---

## ACT II.

*Enter GOWER.*

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king  
His child, I wis, to incest bring ;  
A better prince and benign lord,  
That will prove awful both in deed and word.  
Be quiet then, as men should be,  
Till he hath past necessity.  
I'll show you those in trouble's reign,  
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.  
The good, in conversation

Is still at Tharsus, where each man  
Thinks all is writ he spoken can :  
And, to remember what he does,  
Build his statue to make him glorious :  
But tidings to the contrary  
Are brought to your eyes ; what need speak I ?

*Dumb show.*

*Enter at one door PERICLES talking with CLEON ; all the Train with them. Enter at another door a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES ; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON ; PERICLES gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him.*

*[Exit PERICLES at one door, and CLEON at another.]*

Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,  
Not to eat honey, like a drone,  
From others' labours ; for though he strive  
To killen bad, keeps good alive ;  
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,  
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre :  
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,  
And had intent to murder him ;  
And that in Tharsus 't was not best  
Longer for him to make his rest :  
He, knowing so, put forth to seas,  
Where when men bin, there 's seldom ease ;  
For now the wind begins to blow ;  
Thunder above, and deeps below,  
Make such unquiet, that the ship  
Should house him safe, is wrack'd and split ;  
And he, good prince, having all lost,  
By waves from coast to coast is toss'd :  
All perishen of man, of pelf,  
Ne aught escapen'd but himself ;  
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,  
Threw him ashore to give him glad :  
And here he comes ; what shall be next,  
Pardon old Gower ; this 'longs the text.

*[Exit.]*

## SCENE I.—Pentapolis.

*Enter PERICLES, cast.*

PER. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven !  
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man  
Is but a substance, that must yield to you ;  
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.  
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath,  
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death :  
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,  
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;  
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave,  
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

*Enter three Fishermen.*

1 FISH. What, ho, Pilche !

2 FISH. Ha, come, and bring away the nets.

1 FISH. What, Patch-breech, I say !

3 FISH. What say you, master ?

1 FISH. Look how thou stirrest now : come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 FISH. 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 FISH. Alas, poor souls ! it griev'd my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 FISH. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled ? they say, they are half fish, half flesh ; a plague on them ! they ne'er come but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 FISH. Why, as men do a-land ; the great ones eat up the little ones ; I can compare our fish wars to nothing so

PER. A pretty moral.

3 FISH. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 FISH. Why, man?

3 FISH. Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells; that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

PER. Simonides?

3 FISH. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

PER. How from the finny subject of the sea  
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;  
And from their watery empire recollect  
All that may men approve, or men detect!  
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 FISH. Honest, good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

PER. You may see, the sea hath cast me on your coast.

2 FISH. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

PER. A man whom both the waters and the wind,  
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball  
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;  
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 FISH. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

2 FISH. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

PER. I never practis'd it.

2 FISH. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

PER. What I have been, I have forgot to know;  
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;

1 FISH. Die, quoth-a ! Now gods forbid ! I have a gown here ; come, put it on, keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow ! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks ; and thou shalt be welcome.

PER. I thank you, sir.

2 FISH. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

PER. I did but crave.

2 FISH. But crave ? then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

PER. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then ?

2 FISH. O, not all, my friend, not all ; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be a beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

*[Exeunt two of the Fishermen.]*

PER. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour !

1 FISH. Hark you, sir, do you know where you are ?

PER. Not well.

1 FISH. Why, I'll tell you ; this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

PER. The good king Simonides, do you call him ?

1 FISH. Ay, sir, and he deserves so to be called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

PER. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore ?

1 FISH. Marry, sir, half a-day's journey ; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday ; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

PER. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

PER. An armour, friends ! I pray you, let me see it.  
Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,  
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself ;  
And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage  
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,  
With this strict charge (even as he left his life),  
" Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield  
" Twixt me and death (and pointed to this brace) ;  
For that it sav'd me, keep it ; in like necessity,  
The which the gods protect thee from ! 't may defend thee."  
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it ;  
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,  
Took it in rage, though calm'd they 've given it again :  
I thank thee for it ; my shipwrack now 's no ill,  
Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

1 FISH. What mean you, sir ?

PER. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,  
For it was some time target to a king ;  
I know it by this mark ; he lov'd me dearly,  
And for his sake, I wish the having of it ;  
And that you 'd guide me to your sovereign's court,  
Where with it I may appear a gentleman ;  
And if that ever my low fortune 's better,  
I 'll pay your bounties ; till then, rest your debtor.

1 FISH. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady ?

PER. I 'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 FISH. Why, d' ye take it, and the gods give thee good  
on 't !

2 FISH. Ay, but hark you, my friend ; 't was we that  
made up this garment through the rough seams of the  
water : there are certain condelements, certain vails. I  
hope, sir, if you thrive, you 'll remember from whence you  
had it.

PER. Believe it, I will ;  
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel ;  
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,  
This jewel holds his bidding on my arm ;  
Unto thy value I will mount myself  
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps  
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—

Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided  
Of a pair of bases.

2 FISH. We 'll sure provide : thou shalt have my best  
gown to make thee a pair ; and I 'll bring thee to the court  
myself.

PER. Then honour be but a goal to my will,  
This day I 'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A public Way or Platform, leading to the Lists  
A Pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King  
and Princess.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.*

SIM. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph ?

1 LORD. They are, my liege ;  
And stay your coming, to present themselves.

SIM. Return them, we are ready ; and our daughter,  
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,  
Sits here, like Beauty's child, whom Nature gat  
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*]

THAI. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express  
My commendations great, whose merit 's less.

SIM. 'T is fit it should be so ; for princes are  
A model which heaven makes like to itself :  
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,  
So princes their renown, if not respected.  
'T is now your honour, daughter, to explain  
The labour of each knight, in his device.

THAI. Which, to preserve mine honour, I 'll perform.

[*Enter a Knight ; he passes over the stage, and his  
Squire presents his shield to the Princess.*]

SIM. Who is the first that doth prefer himself ?

THAI. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father ;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun ;  
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

SIM. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[*The second Knight passes.*]

Who is the second that presents himself ?

THAL. A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is an arm'd knight, that 's conquer'd by a lady :  
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulcura que per fuerça.*  
[The third Knight passes.]

SIM. And what 's the third ?

THAL. The third of Antioch ; and his device,  
A wreath of chivalry: the word, *Me pompæ prorexit apex.*  
[The fourth Knight passes.]

SIM. What is the fourth ?

THAL. A burning torch that 's turned upside down ;  
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

SIM. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,  
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[The fifth Knight passes.]

THAL. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,  
Holding out gold, that 's by the touchstone tried :  
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[The sixth Knight passes.]

SIM. And what 's the sixth and last, the which the knight  
himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ?

THAL. He seems to be a stranger ; but his present  
Is a wither'd branch, that 's only green at top ;  
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

SIM. A pretty moral ;  
From the dejected state wherein he is,  
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 LORD. He had need mean better than his outward  
show

Can any way speak in his just commend :  
For, by his rusty outside, he appears  
To have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.

2 LORD. He well may be a stranger, for he comes  
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 LORD. And on set purpose let his armour rust  
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

SIM. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man.  
But stay, the knights are coming ; we 'll withdraw

Into the gallery.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean Knight!*

SCENE III.—*A Hall of State. A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Attendants, and the Knights, from tilting.*

SIM. Knights,

To say you are welcome, were superfluous.  
To place upon the volume of your deeds,  
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,  
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,  
Since every worth in show commends itself.  
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:  
You are princes, and my guests.

THAL. But you, my knight and guest;  
To whom this wreath of victory I give,  
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

PER. 'T is more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

SIM. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;  
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.  
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,  
To make some good, but others to exceed;  
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,  
(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place:  
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

KNIGHTS. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

SIM. Your presence glads our days; honour we love,  
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

MARSH. Sir, yonder is your place.

PER. Some other is more fit.

1 KNIGHT. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,  
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,  
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

PER. You are right courteous knights.

SIM. Sit, sir, sit.

By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,  
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

THAL. By Juno, that is queen of marriage,  
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,

Wishing him my meat : sure he 's a gallant gentleman.

SIM. He 's but a country gentleman ; has done no more  
Than other knights have done ; has broken a staff,  
Or so ; so let it pass.

THAI. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

PER. Yon king 's to me, like to my father's picture,  
Which tells me, in that glory once he was ;  
Had princes sit like stars about his throne,  
And he the sun, for them to reverence.  
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,  
Did veil their crowns to his supremacy ;  
Where now his son 's like a glow-worm in the night,  
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light ;  
Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men,  
For he 's their parent, and he is their grave,  
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

SIM. What, are you merry, knights ?

1 KNIGHT. Who can be other in this royal presence ?

SIM. Here, with a cup that 's stor'd unto the brim,  
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)  
We drink this health to you.

KNIGHTS. We thank your grace.

SIM. Yet pause a while ; yon knight doth sit too melau-  
choly,

As if the entertainment in our court  
Had not a show might countervail his worth.  
Note it not you, Thaisa ?

THAI. What is 't to me, my father ?

SIM. O, attend, my daughter ;  
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,  
Who freely give to every one that comes  
To honour them :  
And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats,  
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.

SIM. How ! do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

THAI. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

[*Aside.*]

SIM. And further tell him, we desire to know of him,  
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

THAI. The king, my father, sir, hath drunk to you.

PER. I thank him.

THAI. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

PER. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

THAI. And further he desires to know of you,  
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

PER. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name Pericles ;  
My education has been in arts and arms ;)  
Who, looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,  
And, after shipwrack, driven upon this shore.

THAI. He thanks your grace ; names himself Pericles,  
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by  
Misfortune of the sea has been bereft  
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

SIM. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy.  
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.  
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,  
Will very well become a soldier's dance :  
I will not have excuse, with saying, this  
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads ;  
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd ; 't was so well perform'd.  
Come, sir ; here is a lady that wants breathing too :  
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre  
Are excellent in making ladies trip ;  
And that their measures are as excellent.

PER. In those that practise them. they are. my lord.

But you the best. [*To PERICLES.*] Pages and lights, to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir,  
We have given order to be next our own.

PER. I am at your grace's pleasure.

SIM. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,  
For that's the mark I know you level at:  
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;  
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Tyre.

*Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.*

HEL. No, Escanes, know this of me,  
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;  
For which, the most high gods not minding longer  
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,  
Due to this heinous capital offence;  
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
When he was seated in a chariot of  
An inestimable value, and his daughter  
With him, a fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up  
Those bodies, even to foathing; for they so stunk,  
That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall,  
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

ESCA. 'T was very strange.

HEL. And yet but justice; for though  
This king were great, his greatness was no guard  
To bar heav'n's shaft, but sin had his reward.

ESCA. 'T is very true.

*Enter three Lords.*

1 LORD. See, not a man in private conference,  
Or council, hath respect with him but he.

HEL. Your griefs, for what ? wrong not your prince you love.

1 LORD. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane ;  
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground 's made happy by his breath.  
If in the world he live, we 'll seek him out ;  
If in his grave he rest, we 'll find him there ;  
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,  
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,  
And leaves us to our free election.

2 LORD. Whose death 's, indeed, the strongest in our censure :

And knowing this kingdom is without a head,  
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof  
Soon fall to ruin,) your noble self,  
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,  
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

OMNES. Live, noble Helicane.

HEL. Try honour's cause ; forbear your suffrages :  
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.  
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,  
Where 's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.  
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you  
To forbear the absence of your king ;  
If in which time expir'd, he not return,  
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.  
But if I cannot win you to this love,  
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,  
And in your search spend your adventurous worth ;  
Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 LORD. To wisdom he 's a fool that will not yield ;  
And since lord Helicane enjoineth us,  
We with our travels will endeavour it.

## SCENE V.—Pentapolis.

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter ; the Knights meet him.*

1 KNIGHT. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

SIM. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,  
That for this twelvemonth she will not undertake  
A married life :

Her reason to herself is only known,  
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 KNIGHT. May we not get access to her, my lord ?

SIM. 'Faith, by no means ; she hath so strictly tied her  
To her chamber, that it is impossible.  
One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery ;  
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,  
And on her virgin honour will not break.

3 KNIGHT. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

*[Exeunt.]*

SIM. So,

They're well despatch'd ; now to my daughter's letter :  
She tells me here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,  
Or never more to view nor day nor light.  
'T is well, mistress, your choice agrees with mine ;  
I like that well :—nay, how absolute she 's in 't,  
Not minding whether I dislike or no.  
Well, I do commend her choice,  
And will no longer have it be delay'd :  
Soft, here he comes ;—I must dissemble it.

*Enter PERICLES.*

PER. All fortune to the good Simonides !

SIM. To you as much ! Sir, I am beholden to you.

Of my daughter, sir ?

PER. A most virtuous princess.

SIM. And she is fair too, is she not ?

PER. As a fair day in summer ; wond'rous fair.

SIM. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you ;

Ay, so well, that you must be her master,

And she will be your scholar ; therefore look to it.

PER. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

SIM. She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else.

PER. What's here !

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre ?

'T is the king's subtilty to have my life.

[*Aside.*

Oh, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

SIM. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art  
A villain.

PER. By the gods I have not ;

Never did thought of mine levy offence ;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

SIM. Traitor, thou liest.

PER. Traitor !

SIM. Ay, traitor.

PER. Even in his throat (unless it be a king),

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

SIM. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage. [*Aside*

PER. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relish'd of a base descent.

Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
To any syllable that made love to you ?

THAL. Why, sir, say if you had, who takes offence  
At that would make me glad ?

SIM. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory ?  
I am glad of it with all my heart.

[*Aside.*

I'll tame you ; I'll bring you in subjection.  
Will you, not having my consent, bestow  
Your love and your affections upon a stranger ?  
(Who, for aught I know,

May be, nor can I think the contrary,  
As great in blood as I myself.)

[*Aside.*

Therefore, hear you, mistress ; either frame  
Your will to mine—and you, sir, hear you, .  
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—  
Man and wife ;

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too :  
And, being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy ;—  
And for a further grief,—God give you joy !—  
What, are you both pleas'd ?

THAL. Yes, if you love me, sir.

PER. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.

SIM. What, are you both agreed ?

BOTH. Yes, if it please your majesty.

SIM. It pleaseth me so well, that I'll see you wed ;  
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT III.

*Enter GOWER.*

Gow. Now sleep valaked hath the rout :

And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,  
Are the blither for their drouth.  
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
A babe is moulded :—Be attent,  
And time that is so briefly spent,  
With your fine fancies quaintly eche ;  
What 's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

*Dumb show.*

*Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES, at one door, with Attendants ; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES ; the Lords kneel to him. Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA, a nurse. SIMONIDES shows [his daughter] the letter : she rejoices ; she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart.*

By many a derne and painful perch,  
Of Pericles the careful search,  
By the four opposing coignes,  
Which the world together joins,  
Is made, with all due diligence,  
That horse and sail, and high expense,  
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre  
(Fame answering the most strange inquire)  
To the court of king Simonides  
Are letters brought ; the tenor these :  
Antiochus and his daughter dead ;  
The men of Tyrus on the head  
Of Helicanus would set on  
The crown of Tyre, but he will none ;  
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress ;  
Says to them, if king Pericles  
Come not home in twice six moons,  
He, obedient to their dooms,  
Will take the crown. The sum of this,

Brief he must hence depart to Tyre ;  
His queen with child, makes her desire  
(Which who shall cross ?) along to go ;  
(Omit we all their dole and woe :)  
Lychorida her nurse she takes,  
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes  
On Neptune's billow ; half the flood  
Hath their keel cut ; but fortune mov'd,  
Varies again : the grizzled north  
Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
That, as a duck for life that dives,  
So up and down the poor ship drives.  
The lady shrieks, and well a-need  
Doth fall in travail with her fear :  
And what ensues in this fell storm,  
Shall for itself, itself perform ;  
I will relate ; action may  
Conveniently the rest convey :  
Which might not what by me is told.—  
In your imagination hold  
This stage, the ship, upon whose deck  
The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak. [Exit

## SCENE I.

*Enter PERICLES, on a ship at sea.*

PER. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,  
Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou that hast  
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
Having call'd them from the deep ! O still  
Thy deaf'ning, dreadful thunders ; gently quench  
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes !—O how, Lychorida,  
How does my queen ?—Thou storm, venomously,  
Wilt thou spit all thyself ?—The seaman's whistle  
Is, as a whisper in the ear of death,  
Unheard.—Lychorida !—Lucina, O  
Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle  
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
Aboard our dancing boat ; make swift the pangs  
Of my queen's travails !—Now, Lychorida—

*Enter Lychorida.*

LYC. Here is a thing too young for such a place,  
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I  
Am like to do : take in your arms this piece  
Of your dead queen.

PER. How ! how, Lychorida !

LYC. Patience, good sir, do not assist the storm.  
Here 's all that is left living of your queen,  
A little daughter ; for the sake of it,  
Be manly, and take comfort.

PER. Oh, ye gods !  
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away ? We, here below,  
Recall not what we give, and therein may  
Use honour with you.

LYC. Patience, good sir,  
Even for this charge.

PER. Now, mild may be thy life !  
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe :  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions !  
For thou art the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,  
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows !  
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,  
To herald thee from the womb :  
Even at the first, thy loss is more than can  
Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find here.—  
Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it !

*Enter two Sailors.*

1 SAIL. Sir, your queen must overboard ; the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

PER. That 's your superstition.

1 SAIL. Pardon us, sir ; with us at sea it hath been still observed ; and we are strong in, astern. Therefore briefly yield her ; for she must overboard straight.

PER. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen !

LYO. Here she lies, sir.

PER. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear ;  
No light, no fire : the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly ; nor have I time

To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight  
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze ;  
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,  
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
Lying with simple shells. O, Lychorida,  
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,  
My casket and my jewels ; and bid Nicander  
Bring me the satin coffin : lay the babe  
Upon the pillow ; hie thee, whiles I say  
A priestly farewell to her ; suddenly, woman.

2 SAIL. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

PER. I thank thee. Mariner, say, what coast is this ?

2 SAIL. We are near Tharsus.

PER. Thither, gentle mariner ;  
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it ?

2 SAIL. By break of day, if the wind cease.

PER. O make for Tharsus.  
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe

*Enter PHILEMON.*

PHIL. Doth my lord call ?

CER. Get fire and meat for these poor men ;  
It hath been a turbulent and stormy night.

SER. I have been in many ; but such a night as this,  
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

CER. Your master will be dead ere you return ;  
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,  
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,  
And tell me how it works. [To PHILEMON]

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 GENT. Good morrow.

2 GENT. Good morrow to your lordship.

CER. Gentlemen, why do you stir so early ?

1 GENT. Sir, our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,  
Shook as the earth did quake ;  
The very principals did seem to rend,  
And all to topple : pure surprise and fear  
Made me to leave the house.

2 GENT. That is the cause we trouble you so early ;  
'T is not our husbandry.

CER. O you say well.

1 GENT. But I much marvel that your lordship, having  
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose :  
It is most strange,  
Nature should be so conversant with pain,  
Being thereto not compell'd.

CER. I held it ever,  
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs  
May the two latter darken and expend ;  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a god. 'T is known, I ever  
Have studied physick, through which secret art,  
By turning o'er authorities, I have  
(Together with my practice) made familiar  
To me and to my aid, the bless'd infusions



A passport too ! Apollo, perfect me

In the characters !

[*He reads out of a scroll*]

“ Here I give to understand  
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land),  
I, king Pericles, have lost  
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.  
Who finds her, give her burying,  
She was the daughter of a king :  
Besides this treasure for a fee,  
The gods requito his charity ! ”

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart  
That even cracks for woe ! This chanc'd to-night.

2 GENT. Most likely, sir.

CER. Nay, certainly to-night ;

For look how fresh she looks !—They were too rough  
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within ;  
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.  
Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
And yet the fire of life kindle again  
The o'erpress'd spirits. I have heard of an Egyptian  
That had nine hours lien dead,  
Who was by good appliance recovered.

*Enter a Servant, with napkins and fire.*

Well said, well said ; the fire and the cloths.—  
The rough and woeful music that we have,  
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.  
The viol once more ;—How thou stirr'st, thou block !—  
The music there.—I pray you, give her air ;—  
Gentlemen, this queen will live :  
Nature awakes ; a warmth breathes out of her ;  
She hath not been entranc'd above five hours.  
See how she 'gins to blow into life's flower again !

1 GENT. The heavens, through you, increase our wonder  
And set up your fame for ever.

CER. She is alive ; behold,  
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
Which Pericles hath lost,  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold ;

The diamonds of a most praised water  
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,  
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,  
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*]

THAL. O dear Diana,  
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2 GENT. Is not this strange?

1 GENT. Most rare.

CER. Hush, my gentle neighbours;  
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.  
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,  
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come,  
And Esculapius guide us! [*Exeunt, carrying her away.*]

SCENE III.—Tharsus. *A room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, and MARINA.*

PER. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;  
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands  
In a litigious peace. You and your lady  
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods  
Make up the rest upon you!

CLE. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,  
Yet glance full wond'ringly on us.

DION. O your sweet queen!  
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her  
hither,  
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

PER. We cannot but obey  
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar  
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end  
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe, Marina,  
(Whom, for she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,)  
Here I charge your charity withal,  
Leaving her the infant of your care, beseeching you  
To give her princely training, that she may be  
Manner'd as she is born.

CLE. Fear not, my lord; but think,  
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,

(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)  
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection  
Should therein make me vile, the common body,  
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty :  
But if to that my nature need a spur,  
The gods' revenge it upon me and mine,  
To the end of generation !

PER. I believe you ;  
Your honour and your goodness teach me to it,  
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,  
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,  
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show will in 't. So I take my leave :  
Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
In bringing up my child.

DION. I have one myself,  
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,  
Than yours, my lord.

PER. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

CLE. We 'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the shore ;  
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and  
The gentlest winds of heaven.

PER. I will embrace  
Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—O, no tears,  
Lychorida, no tears :  
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace  
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

*Enter CERIMON and THAISA.*

CER. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,  
Lay with you in your coffer ; which are now  
At your command. Know you the character ?

THAI. It is my lord's. That I was shipp'd at sea  
I well remember, even on my yearning time ;  
But whether there delivered or no,  
By the holy gods, I cannot rightly say ;  
But since king Pericles, my wedded lord,  
I ne'er shall see again, a vestal livery

Will I take me to, and never more have joy.

CER. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,  
Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may 'bide until your date expire :  
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

THAL. My recompense is thanks, that's all ;  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

*Enter GOWER.*

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,  
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.  
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana there a votaress.  
Now to Marina bend your mind,  
Whom our fast-growing scene must find  
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd  
In music, letters ; who hath gain'd  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes her both the heart and place  
Of general wonder. But, alack !  
That monster Envy, oft the wrack  
Of earned praise, Marina's life  
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.  
And in this kind hath our Cleon  
One daughter, and a wench full grown,  
Even right for marriage fight ; this maid  
Hight Philoten : and it is said  
For certain in our story, she  
Would ever with Marina be.  
Be 't when she weav'd the sleided silk  
With fingers, long, small, white as milk ;

Or when she would with sharp needl wound  
The cambric, which she made more sound  
By hurting it ; or when to the lute  
She sung, and made the night-bird mute  
That still records with moan ; or when  
She would with rich and constant pen  
Vail to her mistress Dian ; still  
This Philoten contends in skill  
With absolute Marina : so  
The dove of Paphos might with the crow  
Vie feathers white. Marina gets  
All praises, which are paid as debts,  
And not as given. This so darks  
In Philoten all graceful marks,  
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,  
A present murderer does prepare  
For good Marina, that her daughter  
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.  
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead,  
And cursed Dionyza hath  
The pregnant instrument of wrath  
Prest for this blow. The unborn event  
I do commend to your content :  
Only I carried winged time  
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;  
• Which never could I so convey,  
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—  
Dionyza doth appear,  
With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit

SCENE I.—Tharsus. *An open place near the sea-shore.**Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.*

DION. Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do it.  
T is but a blow, which never shall be known.  
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,  
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,  
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,  
Inflame too nicely ; nor let pity, which

Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
A soldier to thy purpose.

LEON. I'll do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

DION. The fitter then the gods above should have her.  
Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death.  
Thou art resolv'd?

LEON. I am resolv'd.

*Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.*

MAR. No: I will rob Tellus of her weed,  
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,  
The purple violets, and marigolds,  
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,  
While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,  
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,  
This world to me is like a lasting storm,  
Whirring me from my friends.

DION. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?  
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not  
Consume your blood with sorrowing; you have  
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd  
With this unprofitable woe!

Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar them.  
Walk with Leonine; the air's quick there,  
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,  
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

MAR. No, I pray you;  
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

DION. Come, come;  
I love the king your father, and yourself,  
With more than foreign heart. We every day  
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find  
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,  
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;  
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en  
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,  
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve  
That excellent complexion which did steal  
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;  
I can go home alone.

MAR. Well, I will go ;  
But yet I have no desire to it.

DION. Come, come, I know 't is good for you.  
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least ;  
Remember what I have said.

LEON. I warrant you, madam.

DION. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while ;  
Pray walk softly, do not heat your blood :  
What ! I must have a care of you.

MAR. My thanks, sweet madam.  
[Exit DIONIZA.]

Is this wind westerly that blows ?

LEON. South-west.

MAR. When I was born the wind was north.

LEON. Was 't so !

MAR. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,  
But cried, " Good seamen," to the sailors, galling  
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes ;  
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea  
That almost burst the deck.

LEON. When was this ?

MAR. When I was born.  
Never was waves nor wind more violent ;  
And from the ladder-tackle washes off  
A canvas-climber : " Ha ! " says one, " wilt out ! "  
And with a dropping industry they skip  
From stem to stern : the boatswain whistles, and  
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

LEON. Come, say your prayers.

MAR. What mean you ?

LEON. If you require a little space for prayer,  
I grant it : pray ; but be not tedious,  
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn  
To do my work with haste.

MAR. Why will you kill me ?

LEON. To satisfy my lady.

MAR. Why would she have me kill'd ?  
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,  
I never did her hurt in all my life ;  
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn,

To any living creature : believe me, la,  
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly :  
I trod upon a worm against my will,  
But I wept for it. How have I offended,  
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,  
Or my life imply her any danger ?

LEON. My commission  
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

MAR. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.  
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow  
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,  
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought :  
Good sooth, it show'd well in you ; do so now :  
Your lady seeks my life ;—come you between,  
And save poor me, the weaker.

LEON. I am sworn,  
And will despatch.

*Enter Pirates whilst she is struggling.*

1 PIRATE. Hold, villain ! [LEONINE runs away.]

2 PIRATE. A prize ! a prize !

3 PIRATE. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let 's have  
her aboard suddenly. [Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Re-enter LEONINE.*

LEON. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes ;  
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go ;  
There 's no hope she 'll return. I 'll swear she 's dead,  
And thrown into the sea.—But I 'll see further ;

PAND. Search the market narrowly ; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

BAWD. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do ; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

PAND. Therefore let 's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

BAWD. Thou say'st true : 't is not our bringing up of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some eleven——

BOULT. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market ?

BAWD. What else, man ? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

PAND. Thou say'st true ; they 're too unwholesome o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead that lay with the little baggage.

BOULT. Ay, she quickly poop'd him ; she made him roast-meat for worms :—but I 'll go search the market.

[*Exit BOULT.*]

PAND. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

BAWD. Why, to give over, I pray you ? Is it a shame to get when we are old ?

PAND. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity ; nor the commodity wages not with the danger : therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

BAWD. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

PAND. As well as we, and better than we offend

1 PIRATE. O sir, we doubt it not.

BOULT. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

BAWD. Boul't, has she any qualities?

BOULT. She has a good face, speaks well, and hath excellent good clothes; there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

BAWD. What's her price, Boul't?

BOULT. I cannot be baited one doit of a thousand pieces.

PAND. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*]

BAWD. Boul't, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, "He that will give most, shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

BOULT. Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOULT.*]

MAR. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates, Not enough barbarous, had but overboard Thrown me, for to seek my mother!

BAWD. Why lament you, pretty one?

MAR. That I am pretty.

BAWD. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

MAR. I accuse them not.

BAWD. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

MAR. The more my fault, to 'scape his hands, where I Was like to die.

BAWD. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

MAR. No.

BAWD. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

MAR. Are you a woman?

BAWD. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

MAR. An honest woman, or not a woman.

BAWD. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

MAR. The gods defend me!

BAWD. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

*Enter BOULT.*

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

BOULT. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

BAWD. And I prithee, tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

BOULT. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

BAWD. We shall have him here to-morrow, with his best ruff on.

BOULT. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

BAWD. Who? monsieur Veroles?

BOULT. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

BAWD. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he doth but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

BOULT. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

BAWD. Pray you, come hither a while. You have for-

blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

BAWD. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must ; for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

BOULT. 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

BAWD. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

BOULT. I may so.

BAWD. Who should deny it ? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

BOULT. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

BAWD. Boul't, spend thou that in the town : report what a sojourner we have ; you 'll lose nothing by custom. When Nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn ; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

BOULT. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out of her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I 'll bring home some to-night.

BAWD. Come your ways ; follow me.

MAR. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,  
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.  
Diana, aid my purpose !

BAWD. What have we to do with Diana ? Pray you, will you go with us ?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Cleon's House at Tharsus.*

*Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.*

DION. Why, are you foolish ? Can it be undone ?

CLE. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter  
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon !

DION. I think you 'll turn a child again.

If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness  
Becoming well thy face : What canst thou say  
When noble Pericles shall demand his child ?

DION. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,  
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.  
She died at night ; I'll say so. Who can cross it ?  
Unless you play the impious innocent,  
And for an honest attribute, cry out,  
"She died by foul play."

CLE. O, go to. Well, well,  
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods  
Do like this worst.

DION. Be one of those that think  
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,  
And open this to Pericles. I do shame  
To think of what a noble strain you are,  
And of how coward a spirit.

CLE. To such proceeding  
Who ever but his approbation added,  
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow  
From honourable courses.

DION. Be it so then :  
Yet none doth know, but you, how she came dead,  
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.  
She did disdain my child, and stood between  
Her and her fortunes : none would look on her,  
But cast their gazes on Marina's face ;  
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin  
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me through ;  
And though you call my course unnatural,  
You not your child well loving, yet I find,  
It greets me, as an enterprise of kindness,  
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

CLE. Heavens forgive it !

DION. And as for Pericles,  
What should he say ? We wept after her hearse,  
And even yet we mourn : her monument  
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs  
In glittering golden characters express  
A general praise to her, and care in us

At whose expense 't is done.

CLE.                               Thou art like the harpy,  
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,  
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

DION. You are like one, that superstitiously  
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies :  
But yet I know you 'll do as I advise.                               [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA at Tharsus.*

GOW. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short,  
Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for 't ;  
Making (to take your imagination)  
From bourn to bourn, region to region.  
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime  
To use one language, in each several clime  
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,  
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you  
The stages of our story. Pericles  
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,  
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,)  
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.  
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late  
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,  
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,  
Old Helicanus goes along behind.  
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought  
This king to Tharsus (think his pilot thought ;  
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on),  
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.  
Like motes and shadows see them move a while ;  
Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

*Dumb show.*

And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,  
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'ershow'r'd,  
 Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears  
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs ;  
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears  
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,  
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit  
 The epitaph is for Marina writ  
 By wicked Dionyza.

*[Reads the inscription on MARINA's monument.]*

"The fairest, sweetest, best, lies here,  
 Who wither'd in her spring of year.  
 She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,  
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter ;  
 Marina was she call'd ; and at her birth,  
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth :  
 Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,  
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd :  
 Wherefore she does, and swears she 'll never stint,  
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No vizor does become black villainy,  
 So well as soft and tender flattery.  
 Let Pericles believe his daughter 's dead,  
 And bear his courses to be ordered  
 By lady Fortune ; while our tears must play  
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,  
 In her unholy service. Patience then,  
 And think you now are all in Mitylene.

*[Exit]*

SCENE V.—Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

*Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.*

1 GENT. Did you ever hear the like ?

2 GENT. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this,  
 she being once gone

1 GENT. I'll do anything now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—*The Same. A Room in the Brothel.*

*Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.*

PAND. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

BAWD. Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees: that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

BOULT. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfigure us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

PAND. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

BAWD. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on 't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

BOULT. We should have both lord and low, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

*Enter LYSIMACHUS.*

LYS. How now? How a dozen of virginities?

BAWD. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

BOULT. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

LYS. You may so; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal and defy the surgeon?

BAWD. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

LYS. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

BAWD. Your honour knows what 't is to say, well enough.

LYS. Well; call forth, call forth.

BOULT. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

LYS. What, prithee ?

BOULT. O, sir, I can be modest.

LYS. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

*Enter MARINA.*

BAWD. Here comes that which grows to the stalk ;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature ?

LYS. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there 's for you ;—leave us.

BAWD. I beseech your honour, give me leave : a word, and I 'll have done presently.

LYS. I beseech you, do.

BAWD. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

*[To MARINA, whom she takes aside.*

MAR. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

BAWD. Next, he 's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

MAR. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed ; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

BAWD. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly ? He will line your apron with gold.

MAR. What he will do graciously I will thankfully receive.

LYS. Have you done ?

BAWD. My lord, she 's not paced yet ; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. *[Exeunt Bawd, Pand., and BOULT.*

LYS. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade ?

MAR. What trade, sir ?

LYS. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

MAR. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

LYS. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

MAR. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

LYS. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

MAR. Who is my principal?

LYS. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

MAR. If you were born to honour, show it now;  
If put upon you, make the judgment good  
That thought you worthy of it.

LYS. How 's this? how 's this?—Some more;—be sage.

MAR. For me, that am a maid, though most ungentle  
Fortune hath plac'd me in this loathsome sty,  
Where since I came, diseases have been sold  
Dearer than physic,—O that the good gods  
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,  
Though they did change me to the meanest bird  
That flies i' the purer air!

LYS. I did not think  
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.  
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,  
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here 's gold for thee:  
Persever in that clear way thou goest,  
And the gods strengthen thee!

MAR. The good gods preserve you!

It shall be for thy good.

[As *LYSIMACHUS* is putting up his purse, *BOULT* enters.

*BOULT.* I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

*LYS.* Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!

Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,  
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away. [Exit.

*BOULT.* How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

*MAR.* Whither would you have me?

*BOULT.* I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

*Re-enter Bawd.*

*BAWD.* How now! what's the matter?

*BOULT.* Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

*BAWD.* O abominable!

*BOULT.* She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

*BAWD.* Marry, hang her up for ever!

*BOULT.* The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball; saying his prayers too.

*BAWD.* Boul't, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

*BOULT.* An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

*MAR.* Hark, hark, ye gods!

*BAWD.* She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of womankind! Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [Exit *Bawd*.

*BOULT.* Come, mistress; come your way with me.

*MAR.* Whither would you have me?

BOULT. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

MAR. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

BOULT. Come now, your one thing?

MAR. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

BOULT. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or, rather, my mistress.

MAR. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change:

x ( Thou art the damn'd door-keeper to every coyst'rel ( x That comes inquiring for his tib;

To the cholerick fisting of every rogue thy ear Is liable; thy food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

( BOULT. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one? /

MAR. Do anything but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, or common sewers of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman; Any of these ways are better yet than this: For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak, Would own a name too dear. That the gods would safely Deliver me from this place! Here, here 's gold for thee. If that thy master would gain aught by me, Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance, With other virtues, which I 'll keep from boast; And I will undertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous city will Yield many scholars.

BOULT. But can you teach all this you speak of?

MAR. Prove that I cannot, take me home again, And prostitute me to the basest groom That doth frequent your house.

BOULT. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

MAR. But amongst honest women?

BOULT. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them.

But since my master and mistress have bought you, there 's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. *[Exeunt.]*

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## ACT V.

*Enter GOWER.*

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances  
Into an honest house, our story says.  
She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
As goddess-like to her admired lays:  
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needl composes  
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;  
That even her art sisters the natural roses;  
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:  
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,  
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain  
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place,  
And to her father turn our thoughts again,  
Where we left him on the sea. We there him lost:  
Where driven before the winds he is arriv'd  
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast

SCENE I.—*On board PERICLES' ship off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

*Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.*

TYR. SAIL. Where is the lord Helicanus? He can resolve you. [*To the Sailor of Mitylene.*] O, here he is. Sir, there is a barge put off from Mitylene, and in it is Lysimachus the governor, who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

HEL. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

TYR. SAIL. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 GENT. Doth your lordship call?

HEL. Gentlemen, there is some one of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet him fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*]

*Enter from thence LYSIMACHUS, attended; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.*

TYR. SAIL. Sir, this is the man that can, in aught you would, resolve you.

LYS. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

HEL. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,  
And die as I would do.

LYS. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,  
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,  
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

HEL. First, what is your place?

LYS. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

HEL. Sir, our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;  
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken  
To any one, nor taken sustenance,  
But to prorogue his grief.

LYS. Upon what ground is his distemperature ?

HEL. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat ;  
But the main grief of all springs from the loss  
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

LYS. May we not see him ?

HEL. You may,  
But bootless is your sight ; he will not speak to any.

LYS. Yet let me obtain my wish.

HEL. Behold him, sir. [PERICLES discovered.] This was a  
goodly person,  
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,  
Drove him to this.

LYS. Sir, king, all hail ! the gods preserve you ! Hail,  
Royal sir !

HEL. It is in vain ; he will not speak to you.

LORD. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,  
Would win some words of him.

LYS. 'T is well bethought.  
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,  
And other chosen attractions, would allure,  
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,  
Which now are midway stopp'd :  
She is all happy as the fairest of all,  
And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon  
The leafy shelter that abuts against  
The island's side.

[*Whispers one of the attendant Lords. Exit Lord in  
the barge of LYSIMACHUS.*]

HEL. Sure all 's effectless ; yet nothing we 'll omit  
That bears recovery's name. But since your kindness  
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you,  
That for our gold we may provision have,  
Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
But weary for the staleness.

LYS. O, sir, a courtesy,  
Which if we should deny, the most just God  
For every graff would send a caterpillar,  
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more  
Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
Of your king's sorrow.

HEL. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.  
But see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, and a young Lady.*

LYS. O, here 's the lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!  
Is 't not a goodly presence?

HEL. She 's a gallant lady.

LYS. She 's such a one, that were I well assur'd  
Came of a gentle kind, and noble stock,  
I 'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.  
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:  
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat  
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,  
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay  
As thy desires can wish.

MAR. Sir, I will use  
My utmost skill in his recovery,  
Provided none but I and my companion  
Be suffer'd to come near him.

LYS. Come, let us leave her,  
And the gods make her prosperous! [MARINA sings

LYS. Mark'd he your music?

MAR. No, nor look'd on us.

LYS. See, she will speak to him.

MAR. Hail, sir! my lord,  
Lend ear.

PER. Hum, ha!

MAR. I am a maid,  
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,  
But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks,  
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief  
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.  
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,  
My derivation was from ancestors  
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:  
But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
And to the world and awkward casualties  
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;

But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak." [Aside]

PER. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—  
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

MAR. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,  
You would not do me violence.

PER. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.  
You are like something, that—What country-woman?  
Here of these shores?

MAR. No, nor of any shores:  
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
No other than I appear.

PER. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.  
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one  
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;  
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;  
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,  
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;  
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,  
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

MAR. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck  
You may discern the place.

PER. Where were you bred?  
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which  
You make more rich to owe?

MAR. If I should tell my history, it would seem  
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

PER. Prithee, speak;  
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st  
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace  
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,

And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,  
If both were open'd.

MAR. Some such thing I said, and said no more  
But what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

PER. Tell thy story ;  
If thine, consider'd, prove the thousandth part  
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I  
Have suffer'd like a girl : yet thou dost look  
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling  
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends ?  
How lost thou them ? Thy name, my most kind virgin ?  
Recount, I do beseech thee ; come, sit by me.

MAR. My name is Marina.

PER. O, I am mock'd,  
And thou by some incensed god sent hither  
To make the world to laugh at me.

MAR. Patience, good sir, or here I'll cease.

PER. Nay, I'll be patient ;  
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,  
To call thyself Marina.

MAR. The name was given me  
By one that had some power ; my father and a king.

PER. How ! a king's daughter, and call'd Marina ?

MAR. You said you would believe me ;  
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,  
I will end here.

PER. But are you flesh and blood ?  
Have you a working pulse ? and are no fairy-motion ?  
Well ; speak on. Where were you born ?  
And wherefore call'd Marina ?

MAR. Call'd Marina,  
For I was born at sea.

PER. At sea ? who was thy mother ?

MAR. My mother was the daughter of a king ;  
Who died the very minute I was born,  
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft  
Deliver'd weeping.

PER. O, stop there a little !  
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep  
Did mock sad fools withal : this cannot be

My daughter buried. [*Aside.*] Well;—where were you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.

MAR. You'll scarce believe me; 't were best I did give o'er.

PER. I will believe you by the syllable  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet give me leave—  
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

MAR. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me;  
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd  
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,  
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;  
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir, whither  
Will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be  
You think me an impostor; no, good faith;  
I am the daughter to king Pericles,  
If good king Pericles be.

PER. Ho, Helicanus!

HEL. Calls my lord?

PER. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,  
Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst,  
What this maid is, or what is like to be,  
That thus hath made me weep?

HEL. I know not; but  
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene  
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell her parentage;  
Being demanded that, she would sit still and weep.

PER. O, Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;  
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;  
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,  
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,  
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither  
Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;  
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,  
And found at sea again!—O, Helicanus,

What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,  
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep.

MAR. First, sir, I pray, what is your title?

PER. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now  
My drown'd queen's name: as in the rest you said,  
Thou hast been god-like perfect, the heir of kingdoms,  
And another like to Pericles thy father.

MAR. Is it no more to be your daughter, than  
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?  
Thaisa was my mother, who did end  
The minute I began.

PER. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.  
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus, she is;  
Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,  
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;  
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,  
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

HEL. Sir, 't is the governor of Mitylene,  
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
Did come to see you.

PER. I embrace you.  
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.  
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music's this  
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him  
O'er point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,  
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

HEL. My lord, I hear none.

PER. None?

The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.

LYS. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

PER. Rarest sounds do ye not hear?

LYS. Music? My lord, I hear—

Dem.

Most heavenly music.

*See Helic. 9. line*

*to the same harmony, &c.*

I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and attendant Lady.

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

PERICLES *on deck asleep*; DIANA *appearing to him as in a vision.*

DIA. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,  
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.  
There, when my maiden priests are met together,  
Before the people all  
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:  
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,  
And give them repetition to the like.  
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:  
Do 't, and be happy: by my silver bow  
Awake, and tell thy dream. [DIANA *disappears*

PER. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,  
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike  
Th' inhospitable Cleon; but I am  
For other service first: toward Ephesus  
Turn our blown sails: eftsoons I'll tell thee why.

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,  
And give you gold for such provision  
As our intents will need?

LYS. Sir,  
With all my heart; and when you come ashore,  
I have another suit.

PER. You shall prevail,  
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems  
You have been noble towards her.

LYS. Sir, lend me your arm.

PER. Come, my Marina.

[*To Helicanus*  
*Sysimachus*

[*Exeunt*

*Enter GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA at Ephesus.*

GOW. Now our sands are almost run ;  
More a little, and then dumb.  
This, as my last boon, give me,  
(For such kindness must relieve me,) That you aptly will suppose  
What pageantry, what feasts, what shows,  
What minstrelsy, what pretty din,  
The regent made in Mitylin,  
To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,  
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd  
To fair Marina ; but in no wise,  
Till he had done his sacrifice,  
As Dian bade : whereto being bound  
The interim, pray you, all confound.  
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,  
And wishes fall out as they're will'd,  
At Ephesus, the temple see,  
Our king, and all his company.  
That he can hither come so soon,  
Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus ; THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess ; a number of Virgins on each side ; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

*Enter PERICLES with his Train ; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.*

PER. Hail, Dian ! to perform thy just command,  
I here confess myself the king of Tyre ;  
Who, frighted from my country, did wed  
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.  
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth  
A maid-child called Marina ; who, O goddess,  
Wears yet thy silver livery. She, at Tharsus,  
Was nurs'd with Cleon ; whom at fourteen years  
He sought to murder : but her better stars  
Brought her to Mitylene ; against whose shore

Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,  
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she  
Made known herself my daughter.

THAL. Voice and favour!—

You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [She faints.

PER. What means the woman? she dies! help, gentlemen!

CER. Noble sir,  
If you have told Diana's altar true,  
This is your wife.

PER. Reverend appearer, no;  
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

CER. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

PER. 'T is most certain.

CER. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.  
Early in blust'ring morn this lady was  
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin, and  
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her  
Here in Diana's temple.

PER. May we see them?

CER. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,  
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is  
Recovered.

THAL. O, let me look upon him!  
If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,  
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,  
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,  
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,  
A birth, and death?

PER. The voice of dead Thaisa!

THAL. That Thaisa am I, supposed drown'd  
And dead.

PER. Immortal Dian!

That on the touching of her lips I may  
Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried  
A second time within these arms.

MAR. My heart  
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Kneels to THAISA]

PER. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;  
Thy burthen at the sea, and call'd Marina,  
For she was yielded there.

THAI. Bless'd, and mine own!

HEL. Hail, madam, and my queen!

THAI. I know you not.

PER. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,  
I left behind an ancient substitute.  
Can you remember what I call'd the man?  
I have nam'd him oft.

THAI. 'T was Helicanus then.

PER. Still confirmation:  
Embrace him, dear Thaisa: this is he.  
Now do I long to hear how you were found;  
How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,  
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

THAI. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man, through whom  
The gods have shown their power; that can from first  
To last resolve you.

PER. Reverend sir, the gods  
Can have no mortal officer more like  
A god than you. Will you deliver how  
This dead queen re-lives?

CER. I will, my lord  
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,  
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;  
How she came placed here within the temple;  
No needful thing omitted.

PER. Pure Diana!  
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer  
Night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,  
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,  
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,  
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,

Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form ;  
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,  
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

THAL. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,  
Sir, that my father's dead.

PER. Heavens make a star of him ! Yet there, my queen,  
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves  
Will in that kingdom spend our following days ;  
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.  
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,  
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter GOWER.*

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter, you have heard  
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward :  
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen  
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen)  
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,  
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.  
In Helicanus may you well descry  
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty :  
In reverend Cerimon there well appears  
The worth that learned charity aye wears.  
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame  
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name  
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn ;  
That him and his they in his palace burn.  
The gods for murder seemed so content  
To punish them ; although not done, but meant.  
So, on your patience ever more attending,

## VARIOUS READINGS.

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"Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed, and we are strong in *earnest*."—ACT III., Sc. 1.

The above is Mr. Mason's reading. Boswell reads "strong in *custom*," which Mr. Dyce advocates. The originals have "we are strong in *easterne*," which Massone interprets as, "there is a strong easterly wind."

Our reading of *astern*, which Mr Dyce calls "egregious"—and "a jewel picked out of Jackson's 'Shakspeare's Genius Justified,'" was noticed by us as follows:—"It appears to us that the sailor, at such a moment, was not very likely to enter into an explanation of his superstition. He believes in it, and he points out the danger. Will not the slightest change give a nautical sense, with the conciseness of nautical language? All that one of the sailors wants is 'sea-room.' The ship, as we learn immediately, is off the coast of Tharsus. The sailor dreads the coast, and the ship is driving upon it, unmanageable—answering not the helm:—'We are *strong* in [driving strongly in shore] *astern*.'"

"Unscissor'd shall this hair of mine remain  
Though I shew *ill* in 't." ACT III., Sc. 3.

## GLOSSARY.

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**ALTER.** Act III., Sc. 1.

"Alter thy course for Tyre."

That is, change thy course for Tyre to that towards *Tharsus*.

**ARMS.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"Are arms to princes."

*Which* is to be understood before *are arms*.

**BASES.** Act II., Sc. 1.

"Of a pair of bases."

Nares, in his 'Glossary,' explains that "*bases*," a plural noun, was an embroidered mantle. But why "*a pair of bases*?" Johnson interprets the word as "*stockings, or, perhaps, armour for the legs.*"

**CARPET.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave."

The *carpet*, in Shakspeare's time, was a table cover of tapestry or embroidery, and the flowers which Marina strewed on the grave reminded her of the bright flowers of the needle wrought upon such coverings. Floors were covered with rushes.

**CENSURE.** Act II., Sc. 4.

"The strongest in our censure."

*Censure* is opinion.

**COFFER.** Act III., Sc. 4.

"Lay with you in your coffer."

*Coffer* and *coffin* are the same word, meaning a trunk or chest. In Scene 1 of this Act Pericles says, "Bring me the satin

CONVINCE. Act I., Sc. 2.

"That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince."

*Convince* in its Latin sense of overcome.

CUNNING. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Virtue and cunning were endowments greater."

*Cunning*, from the Anglo-Saxon *cunnian*, is knowledge, experience.

DERNE. Chorus to Act III.

"By many a derne and painful perch."

*Derne* is sad or solitary, from the Anglo-Saxon *dearn*, dark or secret. In Spenser's 'Thestylis,' we have—

"Their puissance whilom full dernly tried."

ECHÉ. Chorus to Act III.

"With your fine fancies quaintly eche."

*Eche*, from the Anglo-Saxon *eacan*, is to add to, to eke out. The *c* in the Anglo-Saxon became sometimes soft and sometimes hard, almost indifferently.

MERE. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"And that opinion a mere profit."

*Mere*, as in many other passages, is absolute, certain.

OWE. Act V., Sc. 1.

"You make more rich to owe."

*Owe* and *own* were interchangeable.

PHÉERE. Chorus to Act I.

"The king unto him took a pheere."

*Pheere* is a mate. See *fere* in 'Henry IV., Part I.'

PILCHE. Act II., Sc. 1.

"What, ho, Pilche!"

*Pilche* is most probably meant for a name, as Patch-breech afterwards.

PREST. Chorus to Act IV.

"Prest for this blow."

*Prest*, from the French *prêt*, is ready, prepared.

PRINCIPALS. Act III., Sc. 2.

"The very principals did seem to rend."

*Principals* are the chief or strongest timbers of a building.

RECORDS. Chorus to Act IV.

"That still records with moan."

To *record* is to make music, to sing.

**RESERVE.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Reserve that excellent complexion."

*Reserve* is used in the sense of preserve, take care of.

**SMOOTH.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"Seem'd not to strike, but smooth."

To *smooth* is to flatter; a not quite obsolete sense.

**STINT.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"And with the stint of war will look so huge."

*Stint* is synonymous with stop in the old writers, but Malone changed *stint* to *ostent*, which is the usual reading. It has been said before, "He'll stop the course by which it might be known," which shows that *stint* is the right word.

**WHEREAS.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"Whereas, thou know'st."

*Whereas*, here, as in many other places, is used for where. In Act II., Sc. 3, *where* is used for whereas:—

"Where now his son is like a glow-worm in the night."

**WIT.** Act IV., Sc. 4.

"Now please you wit."

*Please you wit* is be pleased to know. To wit is still a legal phrase.

## PLOT AND CHARACTERS.

DR. DRAKE has bestowed very considerable attention upon the endeavour to prove that 'Pericles' ought to be received as the indisputable work of Shakspeare. Yet his arguments, after all, amount only to the establishment of

bearing indisputable testimony to the genius and execution of the great master."\* This theory of companionship in the production of the play is merely a repetition of the theory of Stevens: "The *purpursi panni* are Shakspeare's, and the rest the productions of some inglorious and forgotten playwright." We have no faith whatever in this very easy mode of disposing of the authorship of a doubtful play—of leaving entirely out of view the most important part of every drama, its action, its characterisation, looking at the whole merely as a collection of passages, of which the worst are to be assigned to some *âme damnée*, and the best triumphantly claimed for Shakspeare. There are some, however, who judge of such matters upon broader principles. Mr. Hallam says, "'Pericles' is generally reckoned to be in part, and only in part, the work of Shakspeare. From the poverty and bad management of the fable, the want of any effective or distinguishable character (for Marina is no more than the common form of female virtue, such as all the dramatists of that age could draw), and a general feebleness of the tragedy as a whole, I should not believe the structure to have been Shakspeare's. But many passages are far more in his manner than in that of any contemporary writer with whom I am acquainted."† Here "the poverty and bad management of the fable"—"the want of any effective or distinguishable character," are assigned for the belief that the structure could not have been Shakspeare's. But let us accept Dryden's opinion, that

"Shakspeare's own muse his Pericles first bore,"

with reference to the original structure of the play, and the difficulty vanishes. It was impossible that the character of the early drama should not have been impressed upon Shakspeare's earliest efforts. Do we therefore think that the drama, as it has come down to us, is presented in the form in which it was first written? By no means. We agree with Mr. Hallam that in parts the language seems rather that of

\* 'Shakspeare and his Times,' vol. ii. p. 263.

† 'History of Literature,' vol. iii. p. 569.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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**SATURNINUS**, *son to the late Emperor of Rome.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 4.  
Act V. sc. 3.

**BASSIANUS**, *brother to Saturninus.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2, sc. 3.

**TITUS ANDRONICUS**, *a noble Roman.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.  
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

**MARCUS ANDRONICUS**, *brother to Titus.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.  
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

**LUCIUS**, *son to Titus Andronicus.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

**QUINTUS**, *son to Titus Andronicus.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

**MARTIUS**, *son to Titus Andronicus.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

**MUTIUS**, *son to Titus Andronicus.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2.

**Young LUCIUS**, *a boy, son to Lucius.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.

**PUBLIUS**, *son to Marcus the tribune.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 2.

## DEMETRIUS, son to TAMORA.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.  
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

## AARON, a Moor.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.  
Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

## A Captain.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2.

## A Tribune.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 3.

## A Messenger.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1.

## A Clown.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4.

## Goths.

*Appear*, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

## Romans.

*Appear*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.

## TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 4.  
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

## LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.  
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

## A Nurse.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2.

## A Black Child.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

*Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—ROME, AND THE COUNTRY NEAR IT.

The earliest edition, of which any copy is at present known, of 'Titus

# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—Rome.

*Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators, aloft: and then enter SATURNINUS and his Followers at one door, and BASSIANUS and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours.*

SAT. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,  
Defend the justice of my cause with arms ;  
And, countrymen, my loving followers,  
Plead my successive title with your swords :  
I am his first-born son, that was the last  
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome :  
Then let my father's honours live in me,  
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

BASS. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,  
If ever Bassianus, Caesar's son,  
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,  
Keep then this passage to the Capitol ;  
And suffer not dishonour to approach  
Th' imperial seat ; to virtue consecrate,  
To justice, continence, and nobility :  
But let desert in pure election shine ;  
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

In election for the Roman empery,  
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,  
For many good and great deserts to Rome :  
A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
Lives not this day within the city walls.  
He by the senate is accited home,  
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,  
That with his sons, a terror to our foes,  
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.  
Ten years are spent; since first he undertook  
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms  
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd  
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons  
In coffins from the field ;  
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,  
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.  
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,  
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,  
And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—  
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;  
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,  
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

SAT. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts !

BASS. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy  
In thy uprightness and integrity,  
And so I love and honour thee and thine,  
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,  
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,  
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,  
That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;  
And to my fortunes and the people's favour  
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Followers of* BASSIANUS.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,  
As I am confident and kind to thee.

Open the gates and let me in.

BASS. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

*[Flourish. They fight up into the Senate-house.]*

SCENE II.—*The same*

*Enter a Captain, and others.*

CAP. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,  
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,  
Successful in the battles that he fights,  
With honour and with fortune is return'd.  
From where he circumscribed with his sword,  
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*[Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter two of TITUS' Sons. After them two Men bearing a coffin covered with black: then two other Sons. After them TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, the queen of Goths, and her two Sons, CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, with AARON the Moor, and others, as many as can be. They set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.]*

TIT. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!  
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her freight,  
Returns with precious lading to the bay  
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,  
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,  
To re-salute his country with his tears,  
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.  
Thou great defender of this Capitol,  
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!  
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,  
Half of the number that king Priam had,  
.....

To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ?  
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars :  
O sacred receptacle of my joys,  
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,  
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,  
That thou wilt never render to me more !

LUC. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,  
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,  
*Ad manes fratrum*, sacrifice his flesh,  
Before this earthly prison of their bones ;  
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,  
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

TIT. I give him you, the noblest that survives,  
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

TAM. Stay, Roman brethren, gracious conqueror,  
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,  
A mother's tears in passion for her son :  
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,  
O think my son to be as dear to me.  
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome  
To beautify thy triumphs, and return  
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke ;  
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,  
For valiant doings in their country's cause ?  
O, if to fight for king and commonweal  
Were piety in thine, it is in these.  
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.  
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?  
Draw near them then in being merciful :  
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge,  
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

TIT. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.  
These are the brethren whom you Goths beheld

LUC. Away with him, and make a fire straight ;  
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,  
Let 's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* TITUS' Sons *with* ALARBUS.

TAM. O cruel, irreligious piety !

CHL. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous ?

DEMET. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.  
Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive  
To tremble under Titus' threat'ning look.  
Then, madam, stand resolv'd ; but hope withal,  
The self-same gods that arm'd the queen of Troy  
With opportunity of sharp revenge  
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,  
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,  
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)  
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Enter the Sons of ANDRONICUS again.*

LUC. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd  
Our Roman rites : Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,  
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,  
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.  
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,  
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

TIT. Let it be so, and let Andronicus  
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Flourish. Sound trumpets, and they lay the coffin  
in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons ;  
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,  
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps :  
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
Here grow no damned grudges ; here are no storms,  
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.  
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons.

*Enter LAVINIA.*

LAV. In peace and honour live lord Titus long ;  
My noble lord and father, live in fame !  
Lo, at this tomb, my tributary tears

I render for my brethren's obsequies :  
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy  
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.  
O bless me here with thy victorious hand,  
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

TIT. Kind Rome, thou hast thus lovingly reserv'd  
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !  
Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,  
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise.

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS,  
and others.*

MARC. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,  
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

TIT. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

MARC. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,  
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame :  
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,  
That in your country's service drew your swords.  
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,  
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,  
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.  
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,  
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,  
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,  
This palliament of white and spotless hue,  
And name thee in election for the empire,  
With these our late deceased emperor's sons :  
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,  
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

TIT. A better head her glorious body fits,  
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.  
What ! should I don this robe, and trouble you ?  
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,  
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,

Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,  
In right and service of their noble country ;  
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,  
But not a sceptre to control the world !  
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

MARC. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

SAT. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell ?

TIT. Patience, prince Saturninus.

SAT. Romans, do me right.

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not  
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor :  
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,  
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

LUC. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good  
That noble-minded Titus means to thee !

TIT. Content thee, prince, I will restore to thee  
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

BASS. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,  
But honour thee, and will do till I die ;  
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,  
I will most thankful be, and thanks to men  
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

TIT. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,  
I ask your voices and your suffrages ;  
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

TRIBUNES. To gratify the good Andronicus,  
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,  
The people will accept whom he admits.

TIT. Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,  
That you create your emperor's eldest son,  
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,  
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,  
And ripen justice in this commonweal :

To us in our election this day,  
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :  
And for an onset, Titus, to advance  
Thy name and honourable family,  
Lavinia will I make my empress,  
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,  
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse :  
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

TIT. It doth, my worthy lord ; and in this match  
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace.  
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,  
King and commander of our commonweal,  
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate  
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,—  
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :  
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,  
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

SAT. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !  
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,  
Rome shall record ; and when I do forget  
The least of these unspeakable deserts,  
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

TIT. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor ;

[To TAMORA.

To him that, for your honour and your state,  
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

SAT. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue  
That I would choose, were I to choose anew :  
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance :  
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,  
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :  
Princely shall be thy usage every way.  
Rest on my word, and let not discontent  
Daunt all your hopes : madam, he comforts you  
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths ;  
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

LAV. Not I, my lord, sith true nobility  
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

SAT. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go :  
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.

Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

BASS. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[Seizing LAVINIA.]

TIT. How, sir? are you in earnest then, my lord?

BASS. Ay, noble Titus, and resolv'd withal  
To do myself this reason and this right.

MARC. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:  
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

LUC. And that he will and shall, if Lucius live.

TIT. Traitors, avaunt! where is the emperor's guard?  
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd.

SAT. Surpris'd! by whom?

BASS. By him that justly may  
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.]

MUT. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,  
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.]

TIT. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

MUT. My lord, you pass not here.

TIT. What! villain, boy! barr'st me my way in Rome?

MUT. Help, Lucius, help! [TITUS kills him.]

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

LUC. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so:  
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

TIT. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:  
My sons would never so dishonour me.  
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

LUC. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,  
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [Exit.]

Full well, Andronicus,  
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,  
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

TIT. O monstrous ! what reproachful words are these ?

SAT. But go thy ways ; go, give that changing piece  
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword :

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy ;  
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,  
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

TIT. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

SAT. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,  
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,  
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,  
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,  
Behold I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,  
And will create thee empress of Rome.

Speak, queen of Goths ; dost thou applaud my choice ?  
And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,—  
Sith priest and holy water are so near,  
And tapers burn so bright, and everything  
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,  
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place  
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

TAM. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,  
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,  
She will a handmaid be to his desires,  
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

SAT. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon : Lords, accompany  
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,

*Re-enter* MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

MARC. O, Titus, see! O see what thou hast done!  
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

TIT. No, foolish tribune, no: no son of mine,—  
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed  
That hath dishonour'd all our family;  
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

LUC. But let us give him burial as becomes:  
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

TIT. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:  
This monument five hundred years hath stood,  
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:  
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,  
Repose in fame: none basely slain in brawls:  
Bury him where you can; he comes not here.

MARC. My lord, this is impiety in you:  
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:  
He must be buried with his brethren.

QUINT. MART. And shall, or him we will accompany.

TIT. And shall! What villain was it spake that word!

QUINT. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

TIT. What! would you bury him in my despite?

MARC. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee  
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

TIT. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,  
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded:  
My foes I do repute you every one.

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

MART. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

QUINT. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

*[The Brother and the Sons kneel.]*

MARC. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

QUINT. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

TIT. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

MARC. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul!

LUC. Dear father, soul and substance of us all!

MARC. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter  
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,  
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous :  
The Greeks upon advice, did bury Ajax,  
That slew himself ; and wise Laertes' son  
Did graciously plead for his funerals :  
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,  
Be barr'd his entrance here.

TIT. Rise, Marcus, rise !  
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,  
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome :  
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put MUTIUS in the tomb.*]

LUC. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,  
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

[*They all kneel, and say,*  
No man shed tears for noble Mutius ;  
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.)

[*Exeunt all but MARCUS and TITUS.*]

MARC. My lord,—to step out of these sudden dumps,—  
How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths  
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome ?

TIT. I know not, Marcus : but I know it is :  
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell ;  
Is she not then beholding to the man  
That brought her for this high good turn so far ?  
Yes ; and will nobly him remunerate.

*Enter the EMPEROR, TAMORA, and her two SONS, with the Moor,  
at one side ; enter at the other side, BASSIANUS and LAVINIA,  
with others.*

SAT. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize !  
God give you lov. sir. of your gallant bride !

But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

BASS. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,  
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.  
Only thus much I give your grace to know :  
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,  
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,  
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,  
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,  
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,  
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,  
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave.  
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,  
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,  
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

TIT. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds :  
'T is thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me.  
Rome, and the righteous heavens, be my judge,  
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

TAM. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora  
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,  
Then hear me speak, indifferently for all :  
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

SAT. What, madam ! be dishonour'd openly,  
And basely put it up without revenge ?

TAM. Not so, my lord ; the gods of Rome forbend  
I should be author to dishonour you.  
But on mine honour, dare I undertake  
For good lord Titus' innocence in all ;  
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs :  
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him :  
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose ;  
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

I'll find a day to massacre them all ;  
And rase their faction and their family,  
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,  
To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;  
And make them know, what 't is to let a queen  
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.

*[The preceding fourteen lines are spoken aside.]*

Come, come, sweet emperor ; come, Andronicus ;  
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart  
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

SAT. Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath prevail'd.

TIT. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.  
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

TAM. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,  
A Roman now adopted happily,  
And must advise the emperor for his good.  
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;  
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,  
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.  
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd  
My word and promise to the emperor,  
That you will be more mild and tractable :  
And fear not, lords : and you, Lavinia,  
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,  
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

LUC. We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,  
That what we did was mildly, as we might,  
Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.

MARC. That on mine honour here I do protest.

SAT. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.—

TAM. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends :  
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;  
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

SAT. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,  
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,  
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.  
Stand up. Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,  
I found a friend : and sure as death I swear,  
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.  
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends :  
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

TIT. To-morrow, an it please your majesty  
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,  
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.

SAT. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [Exit.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Palace.*

*Enter AARON.*

AARON. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,  
Safe out of Fortune's shot ; and sits aloft,  
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,  
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach :  
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,  
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,  
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,  
And overlooks the highest peering hills ;  
So Tamora.  
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,  
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.  
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,  
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long  
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,  
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes  
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.  
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts !  
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,

And see his shipwrack, and his commonweal's.  
Hollo ! what storm is this ?

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.*

DEMET. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,  
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd ;  
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

CHI. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all ;  
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.  
'T is not the difference of a year or two  
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate :  
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,  
To serve, and to deserve my mistress's grace ;  
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,  
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

AARON. Clubs, clubs ! these lovers will not keep the peace.

DEMET. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,  
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,  
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends ?  
Go to ; have your lath glued within your sheath,  
Till you know better how to handle it.

CHI. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,  
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

DEMET. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave ? *[They draw.]*

AARON. Why, how now, lords ?  
So near the emperor's palace, dare you draw,  
And maintain such a quarrel openly ?  
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge ;  
I would not for a million of gold  
The cause were known to them it most concerns,  
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,  
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.  
For shame, put up.

DEMET. Not I, till I have sheath'd  
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,  
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,  
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

CHI. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,  
Foul-spoken coward, that thund'rest with thy tongue,  
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

AARON. Away, I say !  
 Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,  
 This petty brabble will undo us all !  
 Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous  
 It is to jet upon a prince's right ?  
 What, is Lavinia then become so loose,  
 Or Bassianus so degenerate,  
 That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,  
 Without controlment, justice, or revenge ?  
 Young lords, beware ; and should the empress know  
 This discord's ground, the music would not please.

CHL. I care not, I, knew she, and all the world,  
 I love Lavinia more than all the world.

DEMET. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner  
 choice :

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

AARON. Why, are ye mad ? or know ye not, in Rome,  
 How furious and impatient they be,  
 And cannot brook competitors in love ?  
 I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths  
 By this device.

CHL. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,  
 To achieve her whom I do love.

AARON. To achieve her, how ?

DEMET. Why mak'st thou it so strange ?  
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;  
She is a woman, therefore may be won ;  
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.  
 What, man ! more water glideth by the mill  
 Than wots the miller of ; and easy it is  
 Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know :  
 Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,  
 Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

AARON. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

DEMET. Then why should he despair that knows to court  
 it

*See 1 Hen. VI., 3. 3.*

Would serve your turns.

CHL. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

DEMET. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

AARON. Would you had hit it too,

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye, and are you such fools

To square for this ? would it offend you then

That both should speed ?

CHL. Faith, not me.

DEMET. Nor me, so I were one.

AARON. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar.

'T is policy and stratagem must do

That you affect, and so must you resolve

That what you cannot as you would achieve,

You must perforce accomplish as you may :

Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than ling'ring languishment

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand ;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :

The forest walks are wide and spacious,

And many unfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by kind for rape and villainy :

Single you thither then this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words :

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,

To villainy and vengeance consecrate,

Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;

And she shall file our engines with advice,

That will not suffer you to square yourselves,

But to your wishes' height advance you both.

The emperor's court is like the house of fame,

The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :

The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull :

There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns.

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

CHL. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

DEMET. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream  
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,  
*Per Styga, per manes vehor.*

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*A Forest.*

*Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, his three Sons, and MARCUS, making  
a noise with hounds and horns.*

TIT. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,  
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green ;  
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,  
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,  
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,  
That all the court may echo with the noise.  
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,  
To attend the emperor's person carefully :  
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,  
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal ; then enter  
SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON,  
DEMETRIUS, and their Attendants.*

TIT. Many good morrows to your majesty ;  
Madam, to you as many and as good.  
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

SAT. And you have rung it lustily, my lords ;  
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

BAS. Lavinia, how say you ?

LAV. I say no :  
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

SAT. Come on, then ; horse and chariots let us have,  
And to our sport : madam, now shall ye see  
Our Roman hunting.

MARC. I have dogs, my lord,  
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,  
And climb the highest promontory top.

TIT. And I have horse will follow where the game  
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

DEMET. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound ;  
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—*The Forest.**Enter AARON.*

AARON. He that had wit would think that I had none,  
To bury so much gold under a tree,  
And never after to inherit it.  
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly  
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,  
Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
A very excellent piece of villainy :  
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,  
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

*Enter TAMORA.*

TAM. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,  
When everything doth make a gleeful boast ?  
The birds chant melody on every bush ;  
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;  
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
And make a checker'd shadow on the ground :  
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,  
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,  
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,  
As if a double hunt were heard at once,  
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise :  
And, after conflict such as was suppos'd  
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd  
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,  
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,  
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,  
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber,  
While hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,  
Be unto us as is a nurse's song  
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

AARON. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,  
Saturn is dominator over mine :  
What signifies my deadly standing eye,  
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,  
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls

Even as an adder when she doth unroll  
To do some fatal execution ?  
No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;  
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.  
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,  
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,  
This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;  
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day ;  
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,  
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.  
Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,  
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.  
Now question me no more ; we are espied :  
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

*Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.*

TAM. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life !

AARON. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes.  
Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons  
To back thy quarrels, whatsoever they be.

[*Exit.*

BASS. Who have we here ? Rome's royal empress,  
Unfurnish'd of our well-beseeming troop ?  
Or is it Dian, habited like her,  
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,  
To see the general hunting in this forest ?

TAM. Saucy controller of our private steps,  
Had I the power that some say Dian had,  
Thy temples should be planted presently  
With horns as was Actæon's, and the hounds  
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,  
Unmannerly intruder as thou art !

LAV. Under your patience, gentle empress,  
'T is thought you have a goodly gift in horning.  
And to be doubted that your Moor and you  
Are singled forth to try experiments :  
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day ;  
'T is pity they should take him for a stag.

BASS. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable.  
Why are you sequestered from all your train ?  
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,  
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,  
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,  
If foul desire had not conducted you ?

LAV. And, being intercepted in your sport,  
Great reason that my noble lord be rated  
For sauciness ; I pray you, let us hence,  
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love ;  
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

BASS. The king, my brother, shall have notice of this.

LAV. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long ;  
Good king, to be so mightily abused !

TAM. Why have I patience to endure all this ?

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*

DEMET. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,  
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan ?

TAM. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale ?  
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,  
A barren detested vale, you see it is ;  
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,  
O'ercome with moss and baleful misseltoe.  
Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,  
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven :  
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,  
They told me here, at dead time of the night,  
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,  
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,  
Would make such fearful and confused cries,  
As any mortal body, hearing it,

That ever ear did hear to such effect.  
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,  
This vengeance on me had they executed :  
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,  
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

DEMET. This is a witness that I am thy son. [*Stabs him.*

CHL. And this for me struck home to show my strength.

[*Stabs him likewise.*

LAV. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora !  
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

TAM. Give me thy poniard ; you shall know, my boys,  
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

DEMET. Stay, madam ; here is more belongs to her ;  
First thresh the corn, then after burn the straw ;  
This minion stood upon her chastity,  
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,  
And, with that painted hope, braves your mightiness :  
And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

CHL. And if she do, I would I were an eunuch.  
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,  
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

TAM. But when ye have the honey you desire,  
Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.

CHL. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.  
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy  
That nice preserved honesty of yours.

LAV. Oh, Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face—

TAM. I will not hear her speak ; away with her !

LAV. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

DEMET. Listen, fair madam ; let it be your glory  
To see her tears, but be your heart to them  
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

LAV. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam ?  
O, do not learn her wrath ; she taught it thee.  
The milk thou suck'st from her did turn to marble ;  
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.  
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike ;  
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. [*To CHIRON.*

CHL. What ! wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard ?

LAV. 'T is true ; the raven doth not hatch a lark :

Yet have I heard,—oh could I find it now!—  
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure  
To have his princely paws par'd all away.  
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,  
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:  
Oh, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,  
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

TAM. I know not what it means; away with her.

LAV. Oh let me teach thee! For my father's sake,  
That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee,  
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

TAM. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,  
Even for his sake am I pitiless.  
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,  
To save your brother from the sacrifice;  
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:  
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will;  
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

LAV. Oh Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,  
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:  
For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long;  
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

TAM. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

LAV. 'T is present death I beg; and one thing more,  
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:  
Oh, keep me from their worse than killing lust,  
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,  
Where never man's eye may behold my body;—  
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

TAM. So should I rob my sweet sons of their see.  
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

DEMET. Away, for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

LAV. No grace!—no womanhood! Ah, beastly creature,  
The blot and enemy to our general name!  
Confusion fall—

Till all the Andronici be made away :  
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,  
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*The Forest.*

*Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.*

AARON. Come on, my lords, the better foot before :  
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,  
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

QUINT. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

MART. And mine, I promise you ; were 't not for shame,  
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[MARTIUS falls into the pit.

QUINT. What, art thou fallen ? What subtle hole is this,  
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude growing briars,  
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,  
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers ?  
A very fatal place it seems to me :

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

MART. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt  
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

AARON. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them  
here,

That he thereby may have a likely guess,  
How these were they that made away his brother. [Exit

MART. Why dost not comfort me and help me out  
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole ?

QUINT. I am surprised with an uncouth fear ;  
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints ;  
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

MART. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,  
Aaron and thou look down into this den,  
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

QUINT. Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart  
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold  
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise :  
O, tell me how it is, for ne'er till now  
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

MART. Lord Bassianus lies embrued here,  
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

QUINT. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he ?

MART. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear  
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole :  
Which, like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly checks,  
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit :  
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,  
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.  
O, brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—  
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—  
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,  
As hateful as Coeytus' misty mouth.

QUINT. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out ;  
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,  
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb  
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.  
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

MART. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

QUINT. Thy hand once more ; I will not loose again,  
Till thou art here aloft, or I below :  
'Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[*Falls*]

*Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.*

SAT. Along with me :—I'll see what hole is here,  
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.  
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend  
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

MART. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,  
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,  
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

SAT. My brother dead ? I know thou dost but jest :  
He and his lady both are at the lodge,  
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;  
'T is not an hour since I left him there.

MART. We know not where you left him all alive,

*Enter TAMORA, ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.*

TAM. Where is my lord the king ?

SAT. Here, Tamora, though griev'd with killing grief.

TAM. Where is thy brother Bassianus ?

SAT. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound ;  
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

TAM. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,  
The complot of this timeless tragedy ;  
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold  
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

*[She gives SATURNINUS a letter.*

*SATURNINUS reads the letter.*

" An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—  
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is we mean,—  
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him ;  
Thou know'st our meaning : Look for thy reward  
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,  
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,  
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.  
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."

SAT. Oh Tamora, was ever heard the like ?  
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree :  
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,  
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

AARON. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

SAT. Two of thy whelps [*to TITUS*], fell curs of bloody kind,  
Have here bereft my brother of his life :  
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison ;  
There let them bide until we have devis'd  
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

TAM. What, are they in this pit ? oh wondrous thing !  
How easily murder is discovered !

TIT. High emperor, upon my feeble knee,  
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,  
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,  
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

SAT. If it be prov'd ! you see it is apparent.

Who found this letter, Tamora, was it you ?

TAM. Andronicus himself did take it up.

TIT. I did, my lord ; yet let me be their bail :

For by my father's reverent tomb I vow  
They shall be ready at your highness' will,  
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

SAR. Thou shalt not bail them, see thou follow me.  
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murtherers :  
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain ;  
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,  
That end upon them should be executed.

TAM. Andronicus, I will entreat the king :  
Fear not thy sons ; they shall do well enough.

TIT. Come, Lucius, come ; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Forest.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

DEMET. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,  
Who 't was that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

CHL. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,  
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

DEMET. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

CHL. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

DEMET. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash ;  
And so let 's leave her to her silent walks.

CHL. An 't were my cause, I should go hang myself.

DEMET. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

*Enter MARCUS, from hunting.*

MARC. Who is this ? my niece, that flies away so fast ?  
Cousin, a word ; where is your husband ?

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me !

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep !

Speak, gentle niece ; what stern ungentle hands  
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments  
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,  
And might not gain so great a happiness  
As half thy love? why dost not speak to me?  
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,  
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,  
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,  
Coming and going with thy honey breath.  
But sure some Tereus hath deflowered thee,  
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.  
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!  
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,  
As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,  
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,  
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.  
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 't is so?  
O that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,  
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!  
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,  
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.  
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,  
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.  
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;  
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,  
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,  
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.  
Oh! had the monster seen those lily hands  
Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute,  
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,  
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.  
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony  
Which that sweet tongue hath made,  
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,  
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.  
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;  
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:  
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;  
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes;  
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;  
Oh, could our mourning ease thy misery!

| *Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

*Enter the Judges and Senators, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution; and TITUS going before, pleading.*

TIT. Hear me, grave fathers ! noble tribunes, stay !  
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent  
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept ;  
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed ;  
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd ;  
And for these bitter tears, which now you see  
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks ;  
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,  
Whose souls are not corrupted, as 't is thought.  
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,  
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

*[ANDRONICUS lies down, and the Judges pass by him.]*

For these, tribunes, in the dust I write  
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears :  
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;  
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

*[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, and Prisoners.]*

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,  
That shall distil from these two ancient ruins,  
Than youthful April shall with all his showers.  
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still ;  
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,  
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,  
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

*Enter LUCIUS, with his weapon drawn.*

Oh, reverend tribunes ! oh, gentle, aged men !  
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;  
And let me say, that never wept before,  
My tears are now prevailing orators !

LUC. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain ;  
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,

And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

TIT. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead :  
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you !

LUC. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

TIT. Why, 't is no matter, man ; if they did hear  
They would not mark me : oh, if they did hear  
They would not pity me :

Therefore I tell my sorrows bootless to the stones,  
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,  
Yet in some sort they 're better than the tribunes,  
For that they will not intercept my tale :  
When I do weep, they, humbly at my feet,  
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;  
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,  
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.  
A stone is as soft wax, tribunes more hard than stones ;  
A stone is silent, and offendeth not ;  
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.  
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?

LUC. To rescue my two brothers from their death :  
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd  
My everlasting doom of banishment.

TIT. Oh, happy man, they have befriended thee :  
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive  
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers ?  
Tigers must prey ; and Rome affords no prey  
But me and mine : how happy art thou, then,  
From these devourers to be banished !  
But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

*Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.*

MARC. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,  
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break :  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

TIT. Will it consume me ? Let me see it, then.

MARC. This was thy daughter.

TIT. Why, Marcus, so she is.

LUC. Ah me ! this object kills me.

TIT. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her :  
Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand

Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight ?  
 What fool hath added water to the sea ?  
 Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy ?  
 My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,  
 And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds :  
 Give me a sword, I 'll chop off my hands too ;  
 For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;  
 And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life ;  
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,  
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use.  
 Now all the service I require of them  
 Is that the one will help to cut the other.  
 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;  
 For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

LUC. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

MARC. Oh, that delightful engine of her thoughts,  
 That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,  
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,  
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
 Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

LUC. Oh, say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

MARC. Oh, thus I found her, straying in the park,  
 Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer  
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

TIT. It was my deer ; and he that wounded her  
 Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead :  
 For now I stand as one upon a rock,  
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,  
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
 Expecting ever when some envious surge  
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.  
 This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;  
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;  
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes :  
 But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn  
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.  
 Had I but seen thy picture in this plight  
 It would have maddened me : what shall I do  
 Now I behold thy lively body so ?

Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :  
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death  
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.  
Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her !  
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears  
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew  
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

MARC. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband :

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

TIT. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,  
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.  
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;  
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.  
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,  
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease :  
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,  
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,  
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks  
How they are stain'd like meadows yet not dry  
With miry slime left on them by a flood ?  
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long  
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,  
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?  
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?  
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows  
Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?  
What shall we do ? let us that have our tongues  
Plot some device of further misery  
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

LUC. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for at your grief  
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

MARC. Patience, dear niece ; good Titus, dry thine eyes.

TIT. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I wote  
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,  
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

LUC. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

TIT. Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her signs ;  
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say  
That to her brother which I said to thee.

His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,  
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.  
Oh, what a sympathy of woe is this ;  
As far from help as limbo is from bliss !

*Enter AARON.*

AARON. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor  
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,  
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,  
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,  
And send it to the king : he, for the same,  
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,  
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

TIT. Oh, gracious emperor ! oh, gentle Aaron !  
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,  
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?  
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand :  
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

LUC. Stay, father ; for that noble hand of thine,  
That hath thrown down so many enemies,  
Shall not be sent : my hand will serve the turn :  
My youth can better spare my blood than you,  
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

MARC. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,  
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,  
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle ?  
Oh, none of both but are of high desert :  
My hand hath been but idle : let it serve  
To ransom my two nephews from their death,  
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

AARON. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,  
For fear they die before their pardon come.

MARC. My hand shall go.

LUC.

By heaven, it shall not go !

TIT. Sirs, strive no more : such wither'd herbs as these

TIT. Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

LUC. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

MARC.

But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

TIT. Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them both :  
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

AARON. If that be called deceit, I will be honest,  
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :  
But I'll deceive you in another sort,  
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*  
[*He cuts off TITUS's hand.*]

• *Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.*

TIT. Now, stay your strife : what shall be is despatch'd :  
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand,  
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him  
From thousand dangers : bid him bury it :  
More hath it merited, that let it have.  
As for my sons, say I account of them  
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;  
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

AARON. I go, Andronicus ; and, for thy hand,  
Look by-and-by to have thy sons with thee.  
Their heads I mean : oh, how this villainy [*Aside.*  
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it !  
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,  
Aaron will have his soul black like his face ! [*Exit.*

TIT. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,  
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :  
If any power pities wretched tears,  
To that I call : What, wilt thou kneel with me ?

[*To LAVINIA.*]

Do, then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers,  
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,  
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,  
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

MARC. Oh brother, speak with possibilities,  
And do not break into these deep extremes.

TIT. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?  
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

MARC. But yet, let reason govern thy lament.  
TIT. If there were reason for these miseries,  
Then into limits could I bind my woes :  
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow ?  
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoll'n face ?  
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil ?  
I am the sea. Hark how her sighs do blow :  
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth :  
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs ;  
Then must my earth with her continual tears  
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd :  
For why ? my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.  
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave  
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.*

MESSEN. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid  
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor :  
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,  
And here 's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back :  
Thy griefs their sports : thy resolution mock'd :  
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,  
More than remembrance of my father's death. [Exit.

MARC. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in Sicily,  
And be my heart an ever-burning hell :  
These miseries are more than may be borne.  
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal ;  
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

LUC. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,  
And yet detested life not shrink thereat !  
That ever death should let life bear his name,  
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

*[LAVINIA kisses TITUS.]*

MARC. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,  
As frozen water to a starved snake.

TIT. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

MARC. Now farewell flattery : Die Andronicus ;  
Thou dost not slumber : see thy two sons' heads,

Thy warlike hand ; thy mangled daughter here ;  
Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight  
Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,  
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.  
Ah, now no more will I control my griefs :  
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand  
Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight  
The closing up of our most wretched eyes :  
Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

TIT. Ha, ha, ha !

MARC. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this hour.

TIT. Why, I have not another tear to shed :

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,  
And make them blind with tributary tears.  
Then, which way shall I find revenge's cave ?  
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,  
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,  
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,  
Even in their throats that have committed them.  
Come, let me see what task I have to do.  
You heavy people, circle me about,  
That I may turn me to each one of you,  
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.  
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head,  
And in this hand the other will I bear.  
And, Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things.  
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth :  
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight ;  
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay :  
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there ;  
And if you love me, as I think you do,  
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do. •

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

LUC. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father ;  
The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome :  
Farewell, proud Rome, till Lucius come again :  
He leaves his pledges, dearer than his life.  
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister :  
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been !

But now, nor Lucius, nor Lavinia, lives  
But in oblivion and hateful griefs :  
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,  
And make proud Saturnine and his empress  
Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.  
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,  
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit LUCIUS.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Titus's House. A Banquet set out.*

*Enter* TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and Young LUCIUS, a boy.

TIT. So, so ; now sit : and look you eat no more  
Than will preserve just so much strength in us  
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.  
MARCUS, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot ;  
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,  
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief  
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine  
Is left to tyrannise upon my breast ;  
And when my heart, all mad with misery,  
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,  
Then thus I thump it down.—  
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs !  
[To LAVINIA.]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,  
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.  
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;  
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,  
And just against thy heart make thou a hole ;  
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall  
May run into that sink and soaking in.

O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands ;  
Lest we remember still that we have none.—  
Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk !  
As if we should forget we had no hands, \  
If Marcus did not name the word of hands !—  
Come, let 's fall to ; and, gentle girl, eat this :—  
Here is no drink ! Hark, Marcus, what she says ;—  
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs ;—  
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,  
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks :—  
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;  
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect  
As begging hermits in their holy prayers :  
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,  
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,  
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,  
And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments :  
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

MARC. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,  
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

TIT. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears,  
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife ?

MARC. At that that I have kill'd, my lord ; a fly.

TIT. Out on thee, murderer ! thou kill'st my heart ;  
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :  
A deed of death, done on the innocent,  
Becomes not Titus' brother : Get thee gone ;  
I see thou art not for my company.

MARC. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

TIT. But how, if that fly had a father and mother ?  
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,  
And buzz lamenting doings in the air !  
Poor harmless fly !  
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,

TIT. O, O, O,  
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,  
For thou hast done a charitable deed.  
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;  
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,  
Come hither purposely to poison me.—  
There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.—  
Ah, sirrah !  
Yet, I think we are not brought so low,  
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,  
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.  
MARC. Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought on him,  
He takes false shadows for true substances.  
TIT. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me :  
I 'll to thy closet ; and go read with thee  
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.—  
Come, boy, and go with me ; thy sight is young,  
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS ; then Young LUCIUS, and LAVINIA running after him, the boy flying from her with his books under his arm.*

BOY. Help, grandsire, help ! my aunt Lavinia  
Follows me everywhere, I know not why.  
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes !  
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

MARC. Stand by me, Lucius ; do not fear thy aunt.

TIT. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

BOY. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

MARC. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs ?

TIT. Fear her not, Lucius : somewhat doth she mean.  
See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee :

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.  
Ay, boy, Cornelia never with more care  
Read to her son than she hath read to thee,  
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator :  
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus ?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,  
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her :  
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,  
(Extremity of griefs would make men mad : )  
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy  
Ran mad through sorrow : That made me to fear ;  
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt  
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,  
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth :  
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,  
Causeless, perhaps : but pardon me, sweet aunt :  
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,  
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

MARC. Lucius, I will.

[*LAVINIA turns over the books which LUCIUS has let fall*

TIT. How now, Lavinia ? Marcus, what means this ?  
Some book there is that she desires to see :  
Which is it, girl, of these ? open them, boy.  
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd :  
Come, and take choice of all my library ;  
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens  
Reveal the damu'd contriver of this deed.  
What book ?

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

MARC. I think she means that there was more than one  
Confederate in the fact ;—ay, more there was :  
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

TIT. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

Boy. Grandsire, 't is Ovid's *Metamorphoses* ;  
My mother gave it me.

MARC. For love of her that's gone,  
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

TIT. Soft ! How busily she turns the leaves !  
Help her : what would she find ? Lavinia, shall I read ?  
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,

And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape ;  
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

MARC. See, brother, see ; note how she quotes the leaves !

TIT. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,  
Ravish'd and wrong'd as Philomela was,  
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods ?  
See, see ! Ay, such a place there is where we did hunt,  
(O had we never, never hunted there !)  
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,  
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

MARC. O, why should nature build so foul a den,  
Unless the gods delight in tragedies ?

TIT. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—  
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed ?  
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,  
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed ?

MARC. Sit down, sweet niece ; brother, sit down by me.  
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,  
Inspire me that I may this treason find.  
My lord, look here ; look here, Lavinia.

*[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with  
feet and mouth.]*

This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,  
This, after me. I have writ my name,  
Without the help of any hand at all.  
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift !  
Write thou, good niece, and here display at last,  
What God will have discover'd for revenge.  
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,  
That we may know the traitors and the truth !

*[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with  
her stumps, and writes.]*

TIT. Oh, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ ?  
"Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius."

MARC. What, what ! the lustful sons of Tamora,  
Performers of this heinous bloody deed ?

To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,  
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.  
My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;  
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;  
And swear with me,—as with the woful fere,  
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,  
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—  
That we will prosecute, by good advice,  
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,  
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

TIT. 'T is sure enough, an you knew how ;  
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware :  
The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,  
She 's with the lion deeply still in league,  
And lulls him while she playeth on her back,  
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.  
You are a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it alone ;  
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,  
And with a gad of steel will write these words,  
And lay it by : the angry northern wind  
Will blow these sands like Sibyls' leaves abroad,  
And where 's your lesson then ? Boy, what say you ?

BOY. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,  
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe,  
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

MARC. Ay, that 's my boy : thy father hath full oft  
For his ungrateful country done the like.

BOY. And uncle, so will I, an if I live.

TIT. Come, go with me into mine armoury ;  
Lucius, I 'll fit thee ; and withal, my boy  
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons  
Presents that I intend to send them both :

And not relent, or not compassion him ?

Marcus, attend him in his extasy,  
That bath more scars of sorrow in his heart,  
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield ;  
But yet so just that he will not revenge :  
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS at one door : at another door Young LUCIUS and Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses written upon them.*

CHL. Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius ;  
He hath some message to deliver us.

AARON. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

BOY. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,  
I greet your honours from Andronicus ;  
And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

[*Aside.*]

DEMET. Gramercy, lovely Lucius, what 's the news ?

BOY. That you are both decipher'd, that 's the news,  
For villains mark'd with rape [*Aside*]. May it please you,  
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me  
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,  
To gratify your honourable youth,  
The hope of Rome ; for so he bad me say :  
And so I do, and with his gifts present  
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,  
You may be armed and appointed well,  
And so I leave you both : [*Aside*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*]

DEMET. What 's here ? a scroll ; and written round about ?

Let 's see :

*"Integer vitiæ, scelerisque purus,  
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu."*

CHL. O, 't is a verse in Horace ; I know it well :  
I read it in the grammar long ago.

AARON. Ay, just a verse in Horace ; right, you have it.  
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass !

Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt,  
And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,  
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick :  
But were our witty empress well a-foot,  
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.  
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.

*[The preceding seven lines are spoken aside.]*

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star  
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,  
Captives, to be advanced to this height?  
It did me good, before the palace gate,  
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

DEMET. But me more good, to see so great a lord  
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

AARON. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?  
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

DEMET. I would we had a thousand Roman dames  
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

CHL. A charitable wish, and full of love.

AARON. Here lacks but your mother for to say Amen.

CHL. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

DEMET. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods,  
For our beloved mother in her pains.

AARON. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.

*[Aside. Trumpets sound.]*

DEMET. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

CHL. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

DEMET. Soft; who comes here?

*Enter Nurse, with a blackamoor child.*

NURSE. Good morrow, lords;

O, tell me, did you see Aaron, the Moor?

AARON. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,  
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

NURSE. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!  
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

AARON. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!  
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

NURSE. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,—  
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;

She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

AARON. To whom ?

NURSE. I mean she is brought a-bed.

AARON. Well, God giv' her good rest ! What hath he sent her ?

NURSE. A devil.

AARON. Why, then she is the devil's dam ; a joyful issue.

NURSE. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue :

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,  
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,  
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

AARON. Out, you whore ! is black so base a hue ?  
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom sure.

DEMET. Villain, what hast thou done ?

AARON. That which thou canst not undo.

CHI. Thou hast undone our mother.

AARON. Villain, I have done thy mother.

DEMET. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.  
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice !  
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend.

CHI. It shall not live.

AARON. It shall not die.

NURSE. Aaron, it must ; the mother wills it so.

AARON. What ! must it, nurse ? Then let no man but I  
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

DEMET. I 'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point :  
Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon despatch it.

AARON. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

*[Takes the Child from the Nurse.]*

Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother ?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point

That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what ! ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys !

Ye white-lim'd walls ! ye ale-house painted signs !  
Coal-black is better than another hue,  
In that it scorns to bear another hue :  
For all the water in the ocean  
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,  
Although she lave them hourly in the flood :  
Tell the empress from me, I am of age  
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

DEMET. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

AARON. My mistress is my mistress ; this, myself ;  
The vigour, and the picture of my youth :  
This before all the world do I prefer ;  
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,  
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

DEMET. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

CHL. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

NURSE. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

CHL. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

AARON. Why, there 's the privilege your beauty bears :  
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing  
The close enacts and counsels of the heart :  
Here 's a young lad fram'd of another leer.  
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,  
As who should say, " Old lad, I am thine own."  
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed  
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;  
And from that womb, where you imprison'd were,  
He is enfranchised and come to light :  
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,  
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

NURSE. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress ?

DEMET. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,  
And we will all subscribe to thy advice :  
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

AARON. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.  
My son and I will have the wind of you :  
Keep there ; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

DEMET. How many women saw this child of his ?

AARON. Why, so, brave lords : When we join in league  
I am a lamb ; but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,  
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms :  
But say, again, how many saw the child ?

NURSE. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,  
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

AARON. The empress, the midwife, and yourself,  
\* (Two may keep counsel when the third's away :)  
Go to the empress, tell her this I said : [He kills her.  
Weke, weke—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.

DEMET. What mean'st thou, Aaron ? wherefore didst thou  
this ?

AARON. Oh, lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy ;  
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?  
A long-tongued babbling gossip ! No, lords, no :  
And now be it known to you my full intent.  
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman ;  
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed ;  
His child is like to her, fair as you are :  
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,  
And tell them both the circumstance of all,  
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,  
And be received for the emperor's heir,  
And substituted in the place of mine,  
To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;  
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.  
Hark ye, lords ; ye see I have given her physick,  
[Pointing to the Nurse.

And you must needs bestow her funeral ;  
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms :  
This done, see that you take no longer days,

Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence ;  
For it is you that puts us to our shifts :  
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,  
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,  
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up  
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*A public Place in Rome.*

*Enter TITUS, MARCUS, Young LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen, with bows, and TITUS bears the arrows with letters on them.*

TIT. Come, Marcus ; come, kinsmen ; this is the way :  
Sir boy, let me see your archery ;  
Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there straight.  
*Terras Astræa reliquit*, be you remember'd, Marcus.  
She's gone, she's fled. Sirs, take you to your tools ;  
Yon, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,  
And cast your nets. Happily, you may find her in the sea ;  
Yet there's as little justice as at land :  
No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;  
'T is you must dig with mattock and with spade,  
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth ;  
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,  
I pray you, deliver him this petition ;  
Tell him it is for justice and for aid,  
And that it comes from old Andronicus,  
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.  
Ah, Rome ! well, well, I made thee miserable  
What time I threw the people's suffrages  
On him that thus doth tyrannise o'er me.  
Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,  
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd :  
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence ;  
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

MARC. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,  
To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

PUB. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,  
By day and night t' attend him carefully ;  
And feed his humour kindly as we may,  
Till time beget some careful remedy.

MARC. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.  
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war  
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,  
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

TIT. Publius, how now ? how now, my masters ?  
What, have you met with her ?

PUB. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you word,  
If you will have revenge from hell you shall :  
Marry, for Justice she is so employ'd,  
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,  
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

TIT. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.  
I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.  
Marcus, we are but shrubs ; no cedars we,  
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size ;  
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,  
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear :  
And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,  
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods,  
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.  
Come to this gear ; you are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them arrows.*]

*Ad Jovem*, that's for you ; here, *ad Apollinem* :

*Ad Martem*, that's for myself ;

Here, boy, to Pallas ; here, to Mercury ;

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,

You were as good to shoot against the wind.

To it, boy : Marcus, loose when I bid :

Of my word I have written to effect,

There's not a god left unsolicited.

MARC. This was the sport, my lord : when Publius shot,  
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,  
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court,  
And who should find them but the empress' villain :  
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose  
But give them to his master for a present.

TIT. Why, there it goes : God give your lordship joy.

*Enter Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.*

TIT. News, news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is come.  
Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?  
Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

CLOWN. Ho ! the gibbet-maker ? he says that he hath  
taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged  
till the next week.

TIT. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee ?

CLOWN. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter :  
I never drank with him in all my life.

TIT. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier ?

CLOWN. Ay, of my pigeons, sir ; nothing else.

TIT. Why, didst thou not come from heaven ?

CLOWN. From heaven ? alas, sir, I never came there. God  
forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young  
days ! Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal  
Plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and  
one of the imperial's men.

MARC. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your  
oration ; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor  
from you.

TIT. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor  
with a grace ?

CLOWN. Nay, truly, sir ; I could never say grace in all my  
life.

TIT. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

CLOWN. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

TIT. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,

For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.

And when thou hast given it to the emperor,

Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

CLOWN. God be with you, sir; I will.

[*Exit.*]

TIT. Come, Marcus, let us go; Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*Before the Palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords, and others. The Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that Titus shot at him.*

SAT. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen  
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,  
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent  
Of equal justice, used in such contempt?  
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,  
However these disturbers of our peace  
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,  
But even with law, against the wilful sons  
Of old Andronicus. And what an if  
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits;  
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,  
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?  
And now, he writes to heaven for his redress,  
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury,  
This to Apollo, this to the god of war:  
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!  
What's this, but libelling against the senate,  
And blazoning our injustice everywhere?  
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?  
As who would say, in Rome no justice were:  
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies

Shall be no shelter to these outrages ;  
But he and his shall know that Justice lives  
In Saturninus' health, whom, if he sleep,  
He 'll so awake, as he in fury shall  
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

TAM. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,  
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,  
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,  
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,  
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart ;  
And rather comfort his distressed plight,  
Than prosecute the meanest or the best  
For these contempts : Why, thus it shall become  
High-witted Tamora to glose with all :  
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,  
Thy life-blood out : if Aaron now be wise,  
Then is all safe, the anchor 's in the port.

[*Aside.*]

*Enter Clown.*

How now, good fellow, wouldst thou speak with us ?

CLOWN. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

TAM. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

CLOWN. 'T is he. God and Saint Stephen give you good  
den ; I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons  
here.

[SATURNINUS reads the letter.]

SAT. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

CLOWN. How much money must I have ?

TAM. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

CLOWN. Hanged ! by 'r lady then I have brought up a  
neck to a fair end.

[*Exit guarded.*]

SAT. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs !

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy ?

I know from whence this same device proceeds :

May this be borne, as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully ?

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair ;

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege :

For this proud mock I 'll be thy slaughter-man ;

Sly frantic wretch, that holpet to make me great,  
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

*Enter EMILIUS.*

SAT. What news with thee, Æmilius ?

ÆMIL. Arm, my lords ; Rome never had more cause !  
The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power  
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,  
They hither march amain, under conduct  
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus ;  
Who threats in course of this revenge to do  
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

SAT. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths ?  
These tidings nip me ; and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms :  
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach :  
'T is he the common people love so much !  
Myself hath often heard them say,  
(When I have walked like a private man,)  
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,  
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

TAM. Why should you fear ? is not your city strong ?

SAT. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,  
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

TAM. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.  
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it ?  
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby,  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing  
He can at pleasure stint their melody.

Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome !  
Then cheer thy spirit : for know, thou emperor,  
I will enchant the old Andronicus,

With golden promises, that, were his heart  
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,  
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.  
Go thou before to be our ambassador ; [To ÆMILIUS.  
Say that the emperor requests a parley  
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

SAT. Æmilius, do this message honourably :  
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,  
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

ÆMIL. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[Exit ÆMILIUS.

TAM. Now will I to that old Andronicus ;  
And temper him, with all the art I have,  
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.  
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,  
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

SAT. Then go successantly, and plead to him. [Exeunt.

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome.*

*Flourish. Enter LUCIUS, with an army of Goths, with drum.*

LUC. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,  
I have received letters from great Rome,  
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,  
And how desirous of our sight they are.  
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,  
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs ;  
And wherein Rome hath done you any scaith,

Be bold in us ; we 'll follow where thou lead'st,  
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,  
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,  
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora :  
And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

LUC. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.  
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth ?

*Enter a Goth, leading AARON with his child in his arms.*

GOTH. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,  
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,  
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
Upon the wasted building, suddenly  
I heard a child cry underneath a wall :  
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard  
The crying babe controll'd with his discourse :  
"Peace, tawny slave, half me, and half thy dam !  
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,  
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor.  
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,  
They never do beget a coal-black calf :  
Peace, villain, peace !"—even thus he rates the babe,—  
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,  
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,  
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."  
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,  
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither  
To use as you think needful of the man.

LUC. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil  
That rebell'd Andronicus of his good hand.

First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;  
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

AARON. Get me a ladder ! Lucius, save the child,  
And bear it from me to the empress :  
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,  
That highly may advantage thee to hear ;  
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
I'll speak no more, but vengeance rot you all.

LUC. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,  
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

AARON. And if it please thee ? why, assure thee, Lucius,  
'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak :  
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,  
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies  
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd ;  
And this shall all be buried by my death,  
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

LUC. Tell on thy mind ; I say thy child shall live.

AARON. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

LUC. Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no God ;  
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

AARON. What if I do not, as indeed I do not :  
Yet, for I know thou art religious,  
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,  
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,  
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,  
Therefore I-urge thy oath ; for that I know  
An idiot holds his bauble for a God,  
And keeps the oath which by that God he swears ;  
To that I'll urge him : therefore thou shalt vow  
By that same God, what God soe'er it be,  
That thou ador'st, and hast in reverence,  
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up ;  
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

LUC. Even by my God I swear to thee I will.

AARON. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

LUC. Oh most insatiate, luxurious woman !

AARON. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,  
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'T was her two sons that murder'd Bassianus ;  
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,  
And cut her hands off, and trimm'd her as thou sawest.

LUC. Oh, detestable villain ! call'st thou that trimming ?

AARON. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd,  
And 't was trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

LUC. Oh, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself !

AARON. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them .  
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,

As sure a card as ever won the set :

That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me,

As true a dog as ever fought at head :

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay :

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within, the letter mention'd ;

Confederate with the queen and her two sons.

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;

And, when I had it, drew myself apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,

When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads ;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his :

And when I told the empress of this sport,

She swoounded almost at my pleasing tale,

And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

GOTH. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush ?

AARON. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

LUC. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

AARON. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day,—and yet I think

Even some within the compass of my arms

Set deadly enmity between two friends ;  
Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;  
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,  
And bid the owners quench them with their tears :  
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,  
And set them upright at their dear friends' door,  
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;  
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,  
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,  
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."  
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things  
As willingly as one would kill a fly ;  
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,  
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

LUC. Bring down the devil, for he must not die  
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

AARON. If there be devils, would I were a devil,  
To live and burn in everlasting fire,  
So I might have your company in hell,  
But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

LUC. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

•  
*Enter a Goth.*

GOTH. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome  
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

LUC. Let him come near.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

Welcome, Æmilius : What 's the news from Rome ?

ÆMIL. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,  
The Roman emperor greets you all by me ;  
And, for he understands you are in arms,  
He craves a parley at your father's house,  
Willing you to demand your hostages,

SCENE II.—*Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.*

TAM. Thus in this strange and sad habiliment  
I will encounter with Andronicus,  
And say I am Revenge, sent from below,  
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.  
Knock at his study, where they say he keeps,  
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge :  
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,  
And work confusion on his enemies.

*[They knock, and TITUS opens his Study door.]*

TIT. Who doth molest my contemplation ?  
Is it your trick to make me open the door,  
That so my sad decrees may fly away,  
And all my study be to no effect ?  
You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do  
See here in bloody lines I have set down ;  
And what is written shall be executed.

TAM. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

TIT. No, not a word : how can I grace my talk,  
Wanting a hand to give it action ?  
Thou hast the odds of me ; therefore no more.

TAM. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

TIT. I am not mad ; I know thee well enough,  
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines,  
Witness these trenches made by grief and care,  
Witness the tiring day and heavy night,  
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well  
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora :  
Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

TAM. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ;  
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.

No vast obscurity or misty vale,  
Where bloody Murther, or detested Rape,  
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;  
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name—  
Revenge—which makes the foul offenders quake.

TIT. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me  
To be a torment to mine enemies ?

TAM. I am ; therefore come down, and welcome me.

TIT. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.  
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murther, stands !  
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge ;  
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels ;  
And then I 'll come and be thy waggoner,  
And whirl along with thee about the globes.  
Provide thee two proper palfreys, as black as jet,  
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,  
And find out murderers in their guilty caves.  
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,  
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel  
Trot like a servile footman all day long,  
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east  
Until his very downfall in the sea.  
And, day by day, I 'll do this heavy task,  
So thou destroy Rapine and Murther there.

TAM. These are my ministers, and come with me.

TIT. Are they thy ministers ? what are they call'd ?

TAM. Rape and Murther ; therefore called so,  
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

TIT. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are,  
And you the empress ! but we worldly men  
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.  
Oh, sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,  
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,  
I will embrace thee in it by-and-by. [TITUS closes the door.

TAM. This closing with him fits his lunacy.  
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits.  
Do you uphold, and maintain in your speeches ;  
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,  
And, being credulous in this mad thought,  
I 'll make him send for Lucius, his son ;

And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,  
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand  
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,  
Or, at the least, make them his enemies :  
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

*Enter TITUS.*

TIT. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.  
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house ;  
Rapine, and Murther, you are welcome too.  
How like the empress and her sons you are !  
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor !  
Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?  
For well I wot the empress never wags  
But in her company there is a Moor ;  
And, would you represent our queen aright,  
It were convenient you had such a devil :  
But welcome as you are : What shall we do ?

TAM. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus ?

DEMET. Show me a murtherer : I'll deal with him.

CHI. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,  
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

TAM. Show me a thousand, that have done thee wrong.  
And I will be revenged on them all.

TIT. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,  
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,  
Good Murther, stab him ; he's a murtherer.  
Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap  
To find another that is like to thee,  
Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher.  
Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court  
There is a queen attended by a Moor ;  
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,  
For up and down she doth resemble thee.  
I pray thee do on them some violent death :  
They have been violent to me and mine.

And bid him come and banquet at thy house :  
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
I will bring in the empress and her sons,  
The emperor himself, and all thy foes ;  
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel ;  
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.  
What says Andronicus to this device ?

*Enter MARCUS.*

TIT. Marcus, my brother, 't is sad Titus calls.  
Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius :  
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.  
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him  
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;  
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.  
Tell him the emperor, and the empress too,  
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.  
This do thou for my love ; and so let him,  
As he regards his aged father's life.

MARC. This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*

TAM. Now will I hence about my business,  
And take my ministers along with me.

TIT. Nay, nay ; let Rape and Murther stay with me,  
Or else, I'll call my brother back again,  
And cleave to no Revenge but Lucius.

TAM. What say you, boys ? will you bide with him,  
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,  
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?  
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,  
And tarry with him till I turn again.

[*Aside.*

TIT. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,

And will stomach them in their own devices.

TIT. Tut ! I have work enough for you to do.  
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine.

*Enter PUBLIUS and others.*

PUB. What is your will ?

TIT. Know you these two ?

PUB. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron, Demetrius.

TIT. Fie, Publius, fie ; thou art too much deceiv'd :

The one is Murther, Rape is the other's name ;

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius :

Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it ; therefore bind them sure,

And stop their mouths if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TITUS. PUBLIUS, &c., lay hold on CHIRON  
and DEMETRIUS.*]

CHI. Villains, forbear ! we are the empress' sons.

PUB. And therefore do we what we are commanded.

Stop close their mouths ; let them not speak a word ;

Is he sure bound ? look that you bind them fast.

*Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS with a knife, and LAVINIA  
with a basin.*

TIT. Come, come, Lavinia ; look, thy foes are bound :

Sirs, stop their mouths ; let them not speak to me,

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

Oh, villains, Chiron and Demetrius !

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud ;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.

You kill'd her husband ; and for that vile fault

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,

My hand cut off, and made a merry jest ;

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold  
The basin that receives your guilty blood.  
You know your mother means to feast with me ;  
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.  
Hark, villains ! I will grind your bones to dust,  
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,  
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,  
And make two pasties of your shameful heads,  
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,  
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.  
This is the feast that I have bid her to,  
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on :  
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter ;  
And worse than Progué I will be reveng'd.  
And now prepare your throats : Lavinia, come,  
Receive the blood ; and when that they are dead,  
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,  
And with this hateful liquor temper it,  
And in that paste let their vild heads be bak'd.  
Come, come, be every one officious  
To make this banquet, which I wish may prove  
More stern and bloody than the centaur's feast.

*[He cuts their throats]*

So ; now bring them in ; for I'll play the cook,  
And see them ready against their mother comes. *[Exeunt]*

SCENE III.—Titus's House. A Pavilion.

*Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the Goths, with AARON.*

LUC. Uncle Marcus, since 't is my father's mind  
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

GOth. And ours, with thine ; befall what fortune will.

LUC. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,  
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil ;  
Let him receive no sustenance, fether him,  
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,  
For testimony of her foul proceedings :  
And see the ambush of our friends be strong :  
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth  
The venomous malice of my swelling heart !

LUC. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave !

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand. [Flourish.

*Sound trumpets. Enter SATURNINUS, and TAMORA, with  
Tribunes and others.*

SAT. What, hath the firmament more suns than one ?

LUC. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun ?

MARC. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle !  
These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordained to an honourable end ;

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome :

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

SAT. Marcus, we will. [Haulboys.

*Enter TITUS, like a cook, placing the meat on the table ; LA-  
VINIA, with a veil over her face ; Young LUCIUS, and others.*

TIT. Welcome, my gracious lord ; welcome, dread queen ;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths ; welcome, Lucius ;

And welcome, all ; although the cheer be poor,

'T will fill your stomachs : please you eat of it.

SAT. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus ?

TIT. Because I would be sure to have all well,  
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

TAM. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

TIT. An if your highness knew my heart, you were :  
My lord the emperor, resolve me this :

Was it well done of rash Virginius,

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd ?

SAT. It was, Andronicus.

TIT. Your reason, mighty lord ?

SAT. Because the girl should not survive her shame,  
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

TIT. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,  
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.  
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,  
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die. [*He kills her.*]

SAT. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind ?

TIT. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.  
I am as woful as Virginius was,  
And have a thousand times more cause than he  
To do this outrage ; and it is now done.

SAT. What, was she ravish'd ? tell, who did the deed ?

TIT. Will 't please you eat, will 't please your highness  
feed ?

TAM. Why hast thou slain thy only daughter ?

TIT. Not I ; 't was Chiron and Demetrius.  
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,  
And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong.

SAT. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

TIT. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie,  
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,  
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.  
'T is true, 't is true, witness my knife's sharp point.

[*He stabs TAMORA.*]

SAT. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed !

[*He kills TITUS.*]

LUC. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed ?  
There 's meed for meed ; death for a deathly deed.

[*He kills SATURNINUS. The people disperse in terror.*]

MARC. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,  
By uproars sever'd, like a flight of fowl  
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,  
Oh, let me teach you how to knit again  
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,  
These broken limbs again into one body—

Speak, Rome's dear friend [*To LUCIUS*], as erst our ancestor,  
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse  
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,  
The story of that baleful burning night,  
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy.  
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,  
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in  
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.  
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,  
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;  
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,  
And break my very utterance, even in the time  
When it should move you to attend me most,  
Lending your kind commiseration.  
Here is a captain; let him tell the tale;  
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

LUC. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,  
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius  
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother,  
And they it was that ravished our sister:  
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;  
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd  
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,  
And sent her enemies unto the grave:  
Lastly, myself, unkindly banished;  
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,  
To beg relief amongst Rome's enemies,  
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,  
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend;  
And I am the turned forth, be it known to you,  
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,  
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,

Of this was Tamora delivered,  
The issue of an irreligious Moor,  
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.  
The villain is alive in Titus' house,  
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.  
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge  
These wrongs, unspeakable past patience,  
Or more than any living man could bear.  
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans ?  
Have we done aught amiss ? show us wherein,  
And, from the place where you behold us now,  
The poor remainder of Andronici  
Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down,  
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,  
And make a mutual closure of our house :  
Speak, Romans, speak ; and if you say we shall,  
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

ÆMIL. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,  
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,—  
Lucius, our emperor ; for well I know,  
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

MARC. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor !  
Go, go, into old Titus' sorrowful house,  
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,  
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,  
As punishment for his most wicked life. [To Attendants.  
Lucius, all hail to Rome's gracious governor !

LUC. Thanks, gentle Romans ! May I govern so,  
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe :  
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,  
For nature puts me to a heavy task !  
Stand all aloof ; but, uncle, draw you near,  
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.  
Oh, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[Kisses TITUS.  
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,  
The last true duties of thy noble son.

MARC. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,  
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.  
Oh, were the sum of these that I should pay

Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

LUC. Come hither, boy ; come, come, and learn of us  
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well ;  
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,  
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow ;  
Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy ;  
In that respect, then, like a loving child,  
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,  
Because kind nature doth require it so :  
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.  
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave,  
Do him that kindness and take leave of him.

BOY. O, grandsire, grandsire, even with all my heart  
Would I were dead, so you did live again !  
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping ;  
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

*Enter Attendants with AARON.*

ROMAN. You sad Andronici, have done with woes !  
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,  
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

LUC. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him :  
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food :  
If any one relieves or pities him,  
For the offence he dies ; this is our doom.  
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

AARON. Ah ! why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb ?  
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers  
I should repent the evils I have done :  
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did  
Would I perform, if I might have my will :  
If one good deed in all my life I did,  
I do repent it from my very soul.

LUC. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,  
And give him burial in his father's grave.  
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith  
Be closed in our household's monument :  
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,

No fun'ral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,  
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;  
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:  
Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,  
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.  
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,  
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:  
Then afterwards, to order well the state,  
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt.*]

## VARIOUS READINGS.

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THERE are few who will make a study of this disagreeable play, which, in spite of its generally revolting nature, we believe to have been a very early play of Shakspeare. (See Plot and Characters.) There are few important "Various Readings." But it is curious to see how it has been tampered with by the Corrector of Mr. Collier's folio, in the transformations from blank verse to couplets. Mr. Collier thinks the passages, as corrected, belong to the time when the play was first written. We think they belong to the period after the Restoration, when rhyming tragedies were in fashion. One parallel example will be sufficient:—

### CORRECTED FOLIO OF 1632.

"The hunt is up, the moon is  
bright and *gay*,  
The fields are fragrant, and  
the woods are *wide*;  
Uncouple here, and let us make  
a bay,  
And wake the emperor and his  
lovely bride,  
And rouse the prince, and *sing*  
a hunter's *round*,  
That all the court may echo with  
the *sound*.  
Sons, let it be your charge, and  
*so will I*,

### ORIGINAL READINGS.

"The hunt is up, the morn is  
bright and *gray*,  
The fields are fragrant, and the  
woods are *green*;  
Uncouple here, and let us make  
a bay,  
And wake the emperor and his  
lovely bride,  
And rouse the prince, and *ring*  
a hunter's *peal*,  
That all the court may echo with  
the *noise*.  
Sons, let it be your charge, as *it*  
*is ours*,

## GLOSSARY.

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**AGE.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"Nor wrong mine age with this indignity."

Age is used here for seniority.

**COFFIN.** Act V., Sc. 2.

"And of the paste a coffin I will rear."

The crust of a raised pie was called a *coffin*.

**FERE.** Act IV., Sc. 1.

"As with the woful fere."

*Fere*, in its general sense, means companion, but is here applied to a husband.

**LEER.** Act IV., Sc. 2.

"Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer."

*Leer* is hue, complexion. In 'As You Like It,' we have—

"A Rosalind of a better lecr."

**PACK.** Act IV., Sc. 2.

"Go pack with him."

To *pack* is to cheat, here used in the sense of contrive, arrange, so as to deceive.

**PALLIAMENT.** Act I., Sc. 2.

"This palliament of white and spotless hue."

*Palliament*, from the Latin *pallium*, is a sort of large cloak or upper garment.

**PARLE.** Act V., Sc. 3.

"Break the parle."

*Break the parle* is to begin the parley; "these quarrels must be quietly debated."

**PATIENT.** Act I., Sc. 2.

SACRED. Act II., Sc. 1.

"Come, come, our empress with her sacred wit."

*Sacred* is here used in its Latin sense of *accursed, wicked*.

SUCCESSANTLY. Act IV., Sc. 4.

"Then go successantly, and plead to him."

*Successantly* is with success, successfully, to which the old word has been changed in modern editions.

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## PLOT AND CHARACTERS.

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It is easy to understand how Shakspeare, at the period when he first entered upon those labours which were to build up a glorious fabric out of materials that had been previously used for the basest purposes,—without models,—at first, perhaps, not voluntarily choosing his task, but taking the business that lay before him so as to command popular success,—ignorant, to a great degree, of the height and depth of his own intellectual resources,—not seeing, or dimly seeing, how poetry and philosophy were to elevate and purify the common staple of the coarse drama about him,—it is easy to conceive how a story of fearful bloodshed should force itself upon him as a thing that he could work into something better than the dumb show and fiery words of his

the grosser stimulant. Before Webster had written 'The Duchess of Malfi' and 'Vittoria Corombona,' Shakspere had produced 'Lear' and 'Othello.' But there were writers, *not* of inferior genius, who had committed the same mistake as the author of 'Titus Andronicus'—who use blood as they would "the paint of the property-man in the theatre." Need we mention other names than Marlowe and Kyd? The "old Jeronimo," as Ben Jonson calls it,—perhaps the most popular play of the early stage, and, in many respects, a work of great power,—thus concludes, with a sort of Chorus spoken by a ghost:—

"Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,  
When blood and sorrow finish my desires.  
Horatio murder'd in his father's bower;  
Vile Serberine by Pedringano slain;  
False Pedringano hang'd by quaint device;  
Fair Isabella by herself misdane;  
Prince Balthazar by Belimperia stabb'd;  
The Duke of Castille, and his wicked son,  
Both done to death by old Hieronimo,  
By Belimperia fallen, as Dido fell;  
And good Hieronimo slain by himself:  
Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul."

Here is murder enough to match even 'Andronicus.' This slaughtering work was accompanied with another peculiarity of the unformed drama—the dumb show. Words were sometimes scarcely necessary for the exposition of the story; and, when they were, no great care was taken that they should be very appropriate or beautiful in themselves. Thomas Heywood, himself a prodigious manufacturer of plays in a more advanced period, writing as late as 1612, seems to look upon these semi-pageants, full of what the actors call "bustle," as the wonderful things of the modern stage:—"To see, as I have seen, Hercules, in his own shape, hunting the boar, knocking down the bull, taming the hart, fighting with Hydra, murdering Geryon, slaughtering Diomed, wounding the Stympthalides, killing the Centaurs, pashing the lion, squeezing the dragon, dragging Cerberus in chains, and, lastly, on his high pyramides writing *Nil ultra*—oh, these were sights to make an Alexander."\* With a stage that presented attractions like these to the multitude, is it wonderful

\* 'An Apology for Actors.'

that the young Shakspeare should have written a Tragedy of Horrors?

But Shakspeare, it is maintained, has given us no other tragedy constructed upon the principle of 'Titus Andronicus.' Are we quite sure? Do we know what the first 'Hamlet' was? We have one sketch, which may be most instructively compared with the finished performance; but it has been conjectured, and we think with perfect propriety, that the 'Hamlet' which was on the stage in 1589, and then sneered at by Nash, "has perished, and that the quarto of 1603 gives us the work in an intermediate state between the rude youthful sketch and the perfected 'Hamlet,' which was published in 1604." \* All the *action* of the perfect 'Hamlet' is to be found in the sketch published in 1603; but the profundity of the character is not all there,—very far from it. We have little of the thoughtful philosophy, of the morbid feelings, of Hamlet. But let us imagine an earlier sketch, where that wonderful creation of Hamlet's character may have been still more unformed; where the poet may have simply proposed to exhibit in the young man a desire for revenge, combined with irresolution—perhaps even actual madness. Make Hamlet a common dramatic character, instead of one of the subtlest of metaphysical problems, and what is the tragedy? A tragedy of blood. It offends us not now, softened as it is, and almost hidden, in the atmosphere of poetry and philosophy which surrounds it. But look at it merely with reference to the *action*; and of what materials is it made? A ghost described; a ghost appearing; the play within a play, and that a play of murder; Polonius killed; the ghost again; Ophelia mad and self-destroyed; the struggle at the grave between Hamlet and Laertes; the queen poisoned; Laertes killed with a poisoned rapier; the king killed by Hamlet; and, last of all, Hamlet's death. No wonder Fortinbras exclaims—

"This quarry cries on havoc."

Again, take another early tragedy, of which we may well believe that there was an earlier sketch than that published

\* 'Edinburgh Review,' vol. lxxi. p. 475.

in 1597—'Romeo and Juliet.' We may say of the delicious poetry, as Romeo says of Juliet's beauty, that it makes the charnel-house "a feasting presence full of light." But imagine a 'Romeo and Juliet' conceived in the immaturity of the young Shakspeare's power—a tale of love, but surrounded with horror. There is enough for the excitement of an uninstructed audience; the contest between the houses; Mercutio killed; Tybalt killed; the apparent death of Juliet; Paris killed in the churchyard; Romeo swallowing poison; Juliet stabbing herself. The marvel is, that the surpassing power of the poet should make us forget that 'Romeo and Juliet' can present such an aspect. All the changes which we know Shakspeare made in 'Hamlet,' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' were to work out the peculiar theory of his mature judgment—that the terrible should be held, as it were, in solution by the beautiful, so as to produce a tragic consistent with pleasurable emotion. Herein he goes far beyond Webster. His art is a higher art.









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